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LIEUTENANT MAURY'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.*

"THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA."†—What an incongruous idea do these words present to the scholar! How thoroughly incomprehensible by the ordinary mind! Considering the ocean as but the great reservoir for receiving the superfluous waters of the earth, as the nursery of the whale and its congeners, or as the dreaded grave of the seafaring man, we have seldom regarded it under

its nobler phase, as the common highway of nations, which even despotism can not appropriate, and as an essential part of the complex terraqueous apparatus which constitutes "The Life of the Earth."

From the earliest times, before the sailor trusted himself to the open sea, a certain degree of knowledge of the tides and the winds was required for the safe navigation of his shores; but when he adven-

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., U.S.N., Superintendent of the National Observatory. An entirely New Edition (6th.), with Addenda. New York, 1857. With 13 Plates, pp. 284.

Maury's Sailing Directions. 7th Edition. February, 1857. Pp. 870.

Report of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. 1857.

First and Second Reports of the Liverpool Com-

† Humboldt has given this name to what he justly regards as a new department of science.

pass Committee to the Board of Trade, with Letters from the ASTRONOMER ROYAL thereupon. London, 1857.

Instructions for Correcting the Deviation of the Compass. Edited by ARTHUR SMITH, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1857.

Swinging Ships for Deviation. London, 1857.

Weather Book; Abstract of Log and Meteorological Register. Issued by the Board of Trade.

First Number of Meteorological Papers. Published by Authority of the Board of Trade. London, 1857.

Wind Charts. Published by the Board of Trade.

tured across the Atlantic, or into the bosom of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, or attempted to circumnavigate the globe, and reach its ice-bound poles, seamanship more advanced, and science more profound, were required. The currents in the atmosphere, the trade winds and monsoons, the belts of calm, tropical and equatorial, the hurricanes and tornadoes of the torrid zone, the thunder storms, and the air and water-spouts of southern climates, perpetually distract the mariner in his course, and demand from him all the skill which can be derived from science and experience. Nor are the currents of the ocean less amenable to inquiry, and less formidable to the seaman than those of the atmosphere. The two Gulf Streams of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, the currents from the Poles to the Equator, and from the Equator to the Poles, and the bores and tidal waves of the East, perform important functions in our terraqueous world, and are only now revealing to science their origin and their laws.

The study, therefore, of the sea, of its geography, its movements, and its physical condition, while it presents to the general reader topics at once popular and instructive, affords to the philosopher a rich and boundless field of research, and must eventually promote the highest interests of humanity and civilization. As a new department of science, it has already excited the notice of every nation in the Old and New World; and societies and governments are actively employed in promoting the various inquiries which it demands, in order to shorten the voyages to distant lands, to guard life and property which are risked at sea, and to advance those branches of knowledge which are associated with winds and waves, and embrace that profusion of life

of which the sea is the nursery and the grave. A brief history, therefore, of what has already been accomplished in this great enterprise, may be useful to some of our readers, and we trust may be made interesting and instructive to all.

It would be a difficult task, and one not necessary to our present purpose, to give an account of the delays and dangers to which the navigator is exposed in those remote seas which have been comparatively little visited by European or transatlantic communities. It will be sufficient to refer to the Atlantic Ocean, the great common of civilization, which is covered, at every season of the year, with thousands of vessels, intercarrying the produce of the old and new worlds, and freighted with so many precious lives. The grand and peculiar feature of the Atlantic is the GULF STREAM, which till recently has been regarded by the seaman as a serious obstruction in his course. Ignorant of its strength and limits, his vessel was often drifted many miles out of its course, and the length of his voyage greatly extended.* Before the high temperature of this current was ascertained, a voyage from Europe to New-England and New-York, and even so far south as Cape Chesapeake, was both difficult and dangerous. In approaching the American coast, vessels were beset by snow-storms and gales, which baffled the strength and skill of the seaman. His bark became a mass of ice, her crew frosted and helpless, and "she remained obedient only to her helm, and was kept away for the Gulf Stream." On reaching its edge, she passed from a wintry sea into one at summer heat. The ice disappeared from the ship, and "the sailor bathed his stiffened limbs in the tepid waters of the stream;" but in attempting again to "make his port," he is driven back from the north-west, and exposed to the dangers which he had surmounted. In gales of this kind many ships annually founder; and there are numerous instances in which vessels, with their crews enervated in tropical climates, have encountered, near the capes of Virginia, snow-storms which have driven them back, again and again, into the Gulf Stream, and prevented them from

Great Circle Sailing. Published by the Board of Trade.

The Principles of Great Circle and Composite Sailing. By JOHN THOMAS TOWSON. Printed for Private Circulation. Liverpool, 1857.

Translation of Dutch Pamphlets on the Herring Fishery. London, 1858.

Meteorological Register kept by the EARL OF GIFFORD, in his Yacht Fair Rosamond, in 1857. London, 1857. Issued by the Board of Trade.

The Log of a Merchant Officer viewed with reference to the Education of Young Officers, and the Youth of the Merchant Service. By ROBERT METHVEN, Commander in the Peninsular and Oriental Company. London, 1854.

* In his passage a few years ago from Sierra Leone to New-York, General Sabine was drifted, 1600 miles off his way by the force of currents alone.

making an anchorage, for fifty or sixty days. In mid-winter, the number of wrecks and the loss of life, along the Atlantic sea front, was frightful. Sometimes, in the month's average, the wrecks amounted to three a day; and vessels which escaped this calamity, were blown off and obliged to take refuge in the West-Indies, where they remained till spring, before they could venture to approach the inhospitable coast.

The Gulf Stream, to which these calamities were due, has, by the agency of science, become a boon to navigation. In 1770, when Dr. Franklin was in London, he learned the curious fact, that the Falmouth packets to Boston arrived a fortnight later than the trading vessels from London to Rhode Island, although the distance was much less. Captain Folger, a Nantucket whaler, then in London, explained to the Doctor this singular anomaly. The Rhode Island captain was acquainted with the high temperature and great velocity of the Gulf Stream, and turned it to account, not only as a refuge from the snow-storms, and as a land-mark or beacon for the coast in all weathers, but as a means of shortening their voyage. The English captains, ignorant of the properties of the current, kept their ships in it, and were set back sixty or seventy miles a day. Dr. Franklin viewed the discovery of the high temperature of the Gulf Stream as of such importance that he ungenerously, we think, kept it a secret, as if it was a solution of the great problem of finding the longitude at sea, for which a reward, similar to that given to Harrison, might be claimed.* Vessels having often been 5° and even 10° out of their reckoning, it was naturally thought to be a solution of the problem of the longitude, "for, on approaching the coast," as our author observes, "the current of warm water in the Gulf Stream, and of cold water on this side of it, if tried with the thermometer, would enable the mariner to judge with

great certainty, and in the event of hazy weather, as to his position." Although this important discovery was made in 1775, it was not generally made known till 1790, when Dr. Franklin published his work on Thermometrical Navigation. Its beneficial employment in navigation was immediate. The northern ports of America were as accessible in winter as in summer; and there seems to be no doubt that it was then the cause of the great decline which took place in the trade of the two Carolinas, "Charleston, the great southern emporium of that day, being removed from its position as a half-way house, and placed in the category of an outside station."

In consequence of the great boon obtained for navigation by the study of the Gulf Stream, Lieutenant Maury, a distinguished officer in the United States Navy, was led to collect from the captains of the mercantile marine all the facts which they had observed respecting the winds, tides, currents, and temperature of the ocean. After a careful examination of them, he published the results at which he arrived, in his volume, entitled "The Wind and Current Charts," a work which has, to an extraordinary extent, shortened and rendered safe voyages that had always been long and perilous. By the use of his charts and sailing directions, the average passage from England to Australia has been reduced from 125 to 97 days, the homeward passage having been once made in 63 days! The passage from New-York to California has, in like manner, been reduced from 183 to 135 days. The benefits thus conferred on every maritime nation were so obvious, that their respective governments, at the desire of Lieutenant Maury, were induced to take an interest in the subject, and to send qualified persons to discuss it at a general conference. Representatives from England, France, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, and the United States, accordingly met in Brussels on the 23d August, 1853, and adopted a system of observations to be made on board all their vessels. Spain, Prussia, Sardinia, the Holy See, Austria, Brazil, the republics of Bremen and Chili, and the free city of Hamburg, subsequently offered their coöperation in the same plan; and the sea is now crowded with observers, who will carry on their researches in war as well as in peace. In

* Mr. Maury says that Dr. Franklin concealed his discovery for a while "through political considerations;" but his observations on the longitude problem indicate clearly that the motives of the Doctor must have been of a personal kind, for no consideration could be called political which withheld from the American navigator the means of saving himself from shipwreck, and from the American merchant the rapid and safe conveyance of his property.

the event of any of these vessels being captured by an enemy, it has been arranged that the journal containing the observations, shall be held sacred; and we trust that this union of nations to promote the common interest of humanity and commerce may lead to a more glorious combination to cultivate only the arts of peace. In reducing to law the elements which disturb the ocean, and in subjugating the rebellious powers which are so fatally at play in the physical world, there is work enough to exhaust all the resources of the state, and to call forth all the skill and heroism of its servants. In this peaceful strife, where conquests more valuable than kingdoms are the prize, the command to love our neighbor is never broken, and fame, the reward of victory, is as enduring as time and as noble as virtue.

After the Report of the Brussels conference had been laid before Parliament, a grant of money was made for the purchase of instruments, and the discussion of observations, and a department of the Board of Trade, under Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, was charged with the important task of carrying into effect the contemplated arrangements. In order to assist the officers of the navy and the ship-masters who may agree to coöperate in this great work, forms of abstract logs have been prepared for men-of-war and merchantmen; and those who shall keep a journal of observations and results, and send an abstract of it to the National Observatory at Washington, will be furnished, free of cost, with a copy of Lieutenant Maury's Sailing Directions, and such sheets of the chart as relate to the cruising-ground of the co-operator. The American ship-masters entered warmly into these views; and in a short time the captains of more than a thousand floating observatories were engaged day and night, in every part of the ocean, in making and recording their observations. Since the meeting of the Brussels conference, it has been proposed to extend this system of observations, to the land, and thus to obtain from every inhabited part of the globe, a series of simultaneous observations on the weather, which can not fail to advance the agricultural and sanitary interests of nations.

Our readers will understand from these details how Lieutenant Maury was led to compose his treatise on the Physical Geography of the Sea—a work of European

importance, and one which can not fail to interest and to instruct every class of readers.

After giving a description of the Gulf Stream, one of the most remarkable phenomena in the ocean, he treats, in eighteen chapters, of the influence of this great current on the climates of the north of Europe and America; of the atmosphere, with its storms, its land and sea-breezes, its winds, and their geological agency; the relation between the circulation of the atmosphere and magnetism; the currents, salts, and depths of the ocean; the equatorial cloud-ring and color belts; the red fogs and sea-cloud; the climates of the ocean; the drift of the sea; the routes across it; the basins of the Atlantic; and the open sea in the Arctic regions.

The Gulf Stream is a river in the ocean, which never overflows in the mightiest floods, and is never dried up in the severest droughts. Its current consists of warm, and its banks and bottom of cold, water. It has its origin in the Gulf of Mexico, and its embouchure in the Arctic Seas. Though a thousand times greater in volume, it flows with a velocity greater than the Mississippi or the Amazon. The color of the stream is indigo blue;* and so definite is its line of junction with the common sea-water, that one half of a ship may be in blue, and the other in colorless, water.

The cause of the Gulf Stream has long been a problem among hydrographers; and even with all the light that Lieutenant Maury has thrown upon it, we can hardly consider it as solved. Dr. Franklin was of opinion that the Gulf Stream is the escaping of the waters that are constantly forced into the Caribbean Sea by the trade winds; and that the water thus pressed up, as it were, into a head, gives the current its velocity. While Lieutenant Maury admits it as a fact, that the trade-

* As the Gulf Stream contains 4 per cent of salt, a larger quantity than common sea water, Lieutenant Maury is of opinion that its indigo blue color is owing to this cause. The same observer, however, who measured the saltiness of the Gulf Stream, found that there was 44 per cent of salt in the sea of the trade wind regions; but we are not told that the blue color is there more rich and intense. We believe that blue is the color of pure water, and is not produced by the salt which it contains. The green color of other seas arises from the yellow produced by vegetable matter. There is no more salt, if any at all, in the blue Rhone, than in the green waters of the Rhine.

winds skim the Atlantic of the water that has supplied them with vapor, and thus drive a salter current into the Caribbean Sea; he regards the causes as unknown why it escapes by the channel of the Gulf Stream in preference to any other. In addition to the action of the trade-winds, he conceives that there are two causes in operation which may explain the Gulf Stream—one the increased saltiness of the water driven into the Caribbean Sea, and the other the small quantity of salt in the Baltic and Northern Seas. The heavy or salter water, will therefore flow into the region where it is fresher and lighter. But the temperature of the Gulf Stream is often 20° and even 30° higher than that of the ocean; and as water expands with heat, the difference of weight produced by difference of saltiness may be thus more than compensated, and the waters of the Gulf Stream be lighter than those of the ocean. If lighter, then they must occupy a higher level than the waters through which they flow; assuming the shape of a roof, or a double inclined plane, from which water will run down on either side—cold water running in at the bottom, raising up the cold-water bed of the Gulf Stream, and making it shallower in its progress northward. That this is the constitution of this remarkable current, has been placed beyond a doubt. Boats in or near the center, or axis, of the stream, invariably drift to one side or the other. Sea-weed (*fucus natans*) and drift-wood appear in large quantities on the outer edge of the stream. Very little sea-weed and drift-wood is found on the eastern edge of it; and its accumulation on its western edge, is ascribed by our author to the diurnal rotation of the earth.

In its course northward, the Gulf Stream tends more and more to the east, till, at the banks of Newfoundland, it is almost easterly. Its warm waters here melt the icebergs from the Arctic seas, which deposit the rocks, the earth, and the gravel which they bore, thus forming banks at the bottom of the ocean. From this locality the stream flows, in a state of increasing expansion, to the British Islands, to the North Sea, and the Frozen Ocean, passing along the east and west coasts of Greenland, and modifying, perhaps to some small extent, the climate of these inhospitable regions. When the Gulf Stream leaves the United States, it varies its position with the seasons; its

northern limit, as it passes the south-east extremity of Newfoundland, being in lat. $40^{\circ} 30'$ in winter, and in lat. $45^{\circ} 30'$ in September, when the sea is hottest. This oscillatory motion arises from the unequal density of the waters on each side of it—at one time pressed to the right, and at another to the left, according to the seasons of the year, and the consequent changes of temperature in the sea.

The great mass of water which constitutes the Gulf Stream, has a variety of temperatures. The hottest portion is at or near the surface, the heat diminishing downwards to the bottom of the current,* which never reaches the bottom, there being always a curtain of cool water between the stream and the solid earth beneath. The object of this arrangement, according to Lieutenant Maury, is to carry the stream warm to France, Great Britain, and the west of Europe, by making it pass over the non-conducting cold water at the bottom. Had the stream rushed over the solid crust of the earth, which is comparatively a good conductor, it would have lost much of its heat before it reached the west of Europe, and, we may add, it would have been greatly obstructed in its motion. We can hardly agree with our author, when he says, "that, but for this arrangement, the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound."

But it is not merely in its vertical direction that the temperature of the Gulf Stream varies. The heat of the current will of course diminish from its middle to its edges, but we were not prepared to expect that it consisted of threads of warm, alternating with threads of colder water; so that, in sailing across it from America, there is "a remarkable series of thermometrical elevations and depressions on the surface temperature of this mighty river in the sea."

In treating of the influence of the Gulf Stream upon climates, our author regards it as a portion of a great heating apparatus, similar to the hot-water apparatus which is used for heating our dwellings: the Torrid Zone is the furnace, the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea the cauldrons, the Gulf Stream the conducting

* The temperature of the surface water at Cape Hatteras, in N. lat. $35^{\circ} 13'$, and W. long. $75^{\circ} 30'$ is about 80° , and 57° at the depth of 3000 feet.

pipe. "From the banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the basement—the hot-air chamber in which this pipe is flared out, so as to present a large cooling surface. Here the circulation of the atmosphere is arranged by nature; and it is such, that the warmth thus conveyed into this warm air-chamber of mid-ocean is taken up by the genial west winds, and dispersed, in the most benign manner, throughout Great Britain and the west of Europe." In support of these views, our author informs us, that the maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86° , or about 9° above the ocean temperature; that it loses 2° by an increase of 10° of latitude; and that, after running 3000 miles northward, it still preserves, in winter, the heat of summer, and in this state crosses 40° of north latitude. Here it overflows its liquid banks, and spreads itself for thousands of square leagues, over the cold waters around—"covering the ocean with a mantle of warmth," and carrying with it a mild and moist atmosphere, which mitigates in Europe the rigors of winter, and extends its genial influence even into the polar basin of Spitzbergen. Ireland, says Lieutenant Maury, is thus made the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and the shores of Britain clothed with evergreen robes, while, in the same latitude, Labrador is fast bound in ice.

But while the Gulf Stream is thus generous to the north of Europe, its beneficial influences are felt in the south. The cold waters from the north descend towards the Equator, and moderate the burning climates in the Caribbean Sea, and round the Gulf of Mexico. These cold currents bring along with them the fish of the northern seas, and thus give the inhabitants of the south a supply of fish far superior to that which is bred in their heated waters. The fish of warm climates, though beautiful and gorgeous in their colors, are soft and unfit for table; while in the current of cold water in the Pacific, called *Humboldt's Current*, which sweeps the shores of Chili, Peru, and Columbia, and reaches even the Gallipagos Islands, under the Line, there is throughout the whole of that distance an abundant supply of excellent fish. These cold and warm currents, therefore, are the great highways through which fishes travel from one region to another. The whale, it is well known, can not exist in warm waters;

but the medusæ, or sea-nettles, its principal food, are bred in the warm seas of the south. From the Gulf of Mexico, the great nursery of these medusæ, the Gulf Stream carries them in shoals for thousands of miles, to feed the starving whale in its own gelid waters.*

One of the most remarkable properties of the Gulf Stream, is the influence which it exercises over the meteorology of the ocean. The most furious gales sweep along with it; and it is doubtless the cause of the fogs of Newfoundland, which are so dangerous to navigation in winter. Many gales have been traced to the Gulf Stream from their origin; and gales which rise on the coast of Africa, as far south as 10° or 15° of N. latitude, have been known to join it, and to travel with it, turning around to recross the Atlantic for the shores of Europe. Gales thus attracted to the Gulf Stream are the most terrific on the ocean, and their course is marked by the most serious disasters. In 1854 upwards of seventy vessels were wrecked, dismantled, or damaged, in one of these tornadoes; the current of the stream running in one direction, and the wind blowing in another, so as to create a sea of the most frightful kind. These storms are said to be, for the most part, rotatory ones, such as have been described by Piddington, Redfield, and Reid; but it is a question still to be settled, why these storms are attracted towards the Gulf Stream, and follow it in its course.

We have thus seen, under the guidance of our distinguished author, how the equatorial winds convey the heat over the waters of the tropics in the Northern Hemisphere, raising the temperature of the Atlantic, warming even the Arctic Seas, and therefore necessarily improving, to some extent, the climate of the west of Europe. We can not, however, agree with Lieutenant Maury in regarding the Gulf Stream as the sole, or even the principal, cause of the temperature which characterizes the warm meridian that passes through the west of Europe. In a former article,† relative to the distribu-

* Off the coast of Florida, shoals of young medusæ have been seen, thickly covering the sea for many leagues. A sea captain, bound to England, was five or six days in sailing through them. On his return, sixty days afterwards, he encountered the same shoal, and was three or four days in passing through it.

† See Review of Humboldt's "Central Asia," in vol. v., pp. 491-503.

tion of heat over the globe, we have shown that there are in the Northern Hemisphere *two* poles of maximum cold—one in Canada, and another in Siberia; *two* meridians of maximum cold, passing nearly through the cold poles; and *two* of maximum heat, nearly at right angles to them. We have shown, also, that the two magnetic poles are nearly coincident with the poles of maximum cold; and we are therefore led to regard the earth as a great thermo-magnetic apparatus, in which the distribution of its temperature is regulated by internal or external causes, depending upon magnetic, galvanic, or chemical agencies. The difference between the temperatures in the same latitudes (13° in the lat. of 50° , and 17° in the lat. of 60°) on the cold and warm meridians, is too great to be produced by any genial currents in the ocean; and we can hardly conceive how even a much higher temperature than that of the Gulf Stream could, after its enormous diminution by the eastern expansion of the current, affect even the Northern Ocean to any marked extent. That it should affect the inland climates of the West of Europe, appears to us still more problematical. The variation of temperature in the warm European meridian, as the cosine of the latitude, indicates a cause of a more general nature than the intrusion of an oceanic current; and when we consider that this law is indicated also by the temperature of the earth—of springs deeply seated, and beyond the influence of superficial agencies—we feel that we are not presumptuous in questioning the opinion, that the Gulf Stream, though it may influence, does not regulate the climate of the Northern Hemisphere.

With the physical geography of the sea, the atmosphere of the earth has a necessary and an interesting connection. What the moon is to the tides, the atmosphere is to the ocean. We must study the character and condition of the one, in order to understand the motions and laws of the other. The air which surrounds the earth extends at least to the distance of fifty miles, growing thinner and thinner as it recedes. At the top of the highest mountains, it is scarcely sufficient to sustain life and to propagate sound. Though it presses upon every square inch of our bodies, we do not feel its influence. When at rest, we are sensible only to its heat or its cold. The aspen leaf rests on its stalk,

and the spider's line glitters with the varied tints of the sun. The silence of death is broken only by the hum of life. Over this trance of nature a change speedily supervenes. The distant forest announces the approach of the tempest—the oak and the pine are crushed by its power; the proudest monuments of human skill are leveled with the dust; and the slumbering ocean, chafed into fury, dashes the war-ship against its cliffs, or sinks it beneath its waves. Resting upon the stream, and lake, and sea, the porous air sucks up their waters in vapor, forms with it the fleecy or the watery cloud, and retains its precious charge till its service is demanded in rain or in dew, in hail or in snow. As the pabulum of life, the air of the atmosphere exercises still higher functions. It is the food of whatever breathes, the fuel of whatever burns, the essence of whatever grows, the spirit of whatever dies—the soul, in short, of matter—its element when it exists, its residuum when it decays. It is only, however, in its relation to the geography of the sea, that we can treat of the functions of the atmosphere.

Between the parallels of latitude 30° N. and 30° S. of the equator, winds called the *Trade - Winds*, blow almost unceasingly. Those on the north of the equator blow from the north-east to the south-west; and those to the south of the equator from the south-east to the north-west. In their motions, the trade-winds are as steady and constant as the current of a great river, always moving in the same direction, unless when they are occasionally turned aside by a desert to blow in *Monsoons*, or as *land* and *sea-breezes*. The northern edge of the north-east trade-winds is variable. In spring they are so near the equator, that they sometimes reach only to the parallel of 15° . As those two master currents of air are continually blowing from the poles to the equator, it necessarily follows that the air thus taken from the poles must be replaced by other air from the equator. This return current must, therefore, blow in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and opposite to the wind which it replaces. Had the earth been at rest, these winds—the *trade* and their return currents—would have moved from north to south, and from south to north; but in consequence of the rotation of the earth from west to east, both the direct and counter

currents move in a direction intermediate between the two motions to which they are subject—namely, in south-easterly and south-westerly, and in north-easterly and north-westerly directions. When the north-east trade-winds meet the south-east ones at the equator, they produce a calm, thus forming the *belt of Equatorial calms*. In like manner, when the direct and return currents from the poles reach the parallel of 30° , they produce a belt of calms, which in the Northern Hemisphere are called the *calms of Cancer*; and in the Southern the *calms of Capricorn*. The breadth of the calms of Cancer, and also their limits, is variable. According to the season of the year, they oscillate between the parallels of 17° and 38° north.

Among the meteorological agencies of the atmosphere, its two greatest functions, according to Lieutenant Maury, are to distribute moisture over the surface of the earth, and to temper the climate of different latitudes. Having traveled obliquely over a large space of the ocean, the north-east and south-east trade-winds are heavily laden with moisture when they meet in the belt of equatorial calms. The two currents being thus brought into collision, the air rises upwards, and expanding and cooling as it ascends, a portion of its vapor, thus condensed, descends in rains, which are sometimes so heavy and so constant, that, to use the language of old sailors, they "have scooped up fresh water from the surface of the sea." The waters thus taken up in vapor and precipitated during the collision of aerial currents, and the cold which accompanies them, supplies the great rivers of the world, which conduct them to the sea, to be again raised by the winds and breezes which blow upon its surface. As the great mass of the ocean lies in the Southern Hemisphere, it is a curious fact that the greatest quantity of rains, indicated by its rivers, falls in the Northern Hemisphere. In the Northern temperate zone, the annual fall of rain is "half as much again" as that in the South temperate zone;* and it is well known that the great water courses of the globe, and half the fresh water, is in the Northern Hemisphere.

In explaining this remarkable fact, Lieutenant Maury states that, in the late part

* According to Johnston's Physical Atlas, the annual average in the North is 36 inches, and only 26 in the South temperate zone.

of the autumn, winter, and early spring of the North, the sun is throwing an intense heat upon the seas of the Southern Hemisphere, and therefore raising a mass of vapor into the upper regions of the atmosphere, from which it is carried in an upper current by the south-east trade-winds, and set free by condensation in our northern winter. When this upper current reaches the calms of Cancer, it becomes the surface wind from the southward and westward, and, cooling as it goes north, the process of its condensation begins. Hence our author concludes that our rivers are supplied with their waters principally from the trade-wind regions, and that this is the reason why the sea water in those regions contains more salt than elsewhere.*

The rivers of the Southern Hemisphere, for similar reasons, are supplied with their waters by the north-east trade-winds; but as the evaporating surface—that is, the area of sea over which they blow—contains, between the parallels of 7° and 29° north, only 25,000,000 of square miles, while the evaporating surface in the Southern Hemisphere is 75,000,000, the quantity of rain which falls in the latter is comparatively small. The mean annual fall of rain, which is evaporated principally from the seas of the Torrid Zone, is estimated at about five feet. If we suppose it all to come from that zone, it would be equivalent to the waters of a lake 24,000 miles long, 3000 miles broad, and 16 feet deep! and this water is annually raised up into the sky, and brought down again by

* Lieutenant Maury has employed these views in determining the regions where no rain falls, those where it should be a maximum, and those where the climate should be the most equable. The rainless regions are on the coast of Peru, and about the Red Sea, and the Western Coasts of Mexico; and the Deserts of Africa, Asia, North-America, and Australia, are almost rainless. The regions of greatest rains are the abrupt slopes of those mountains which the trade winds first strike after having blown over the greatest area of the ocean. They occur in Patagonia and to the north of Oregon. The regions of equable climates are under the Equatorial calms, "where the N. E. and S. E. trade-winds meet fresh from the ocean, and keep the temperature uniform under a canopy of perpetual clouds." Our author also explains why there is more rain on one side of a mountain than on the other. The Andes, for example, and other mountains which lie athwart the course of the winds, have a dry and a rainy side, the prevailing winds determining which is the rainy and which is the dry side—the weather side, or that on which the wind blows, being the wet, and the lee side the dry one.

the exquisite though complex machinery of the atmosphere, "which never wears out nor breaks down, nor fails to do its work at the right time and in the right way."

In contemplating these wonderful arrangements, we see why the earth is round—why its mass and force of gravity is neither greater nor less than it is—why the proportion between the land and water is as we find it—why the existing capacity of the atmosphere for moisture has been adopted—and why the mountain ranges have their present height, and breadth, and form, and position. To understand these arrangements, or if beyond our capacity, to be convinced of their existence, is a privilege of no ordinary kind. If there is any part of the economy of the material world which seems to be inexplicable and without law, it is the weather with its capricious changes and its ever-varying and mysterious phenomena. Delayed with calms, or baffled with contrary winds—tossed upon a tempestuous sea, or dashed upon the cliffs of the ocean—deluged with a water-spout, or upset by an iceberg—lost in a fog, or struck by the lightning, the sea-faring man can hardly believe that he is suffering under a system of beneficial adaptations necessary for his happiness and even his existence. Nor is the landsman less skeptical when he is personally thwarted in his plans—when his crops are inundated or leveled with the ground—his forests shattered or uprooted—his tender frame fevered with heat or with cold—and the circle which he loves smitten with famine or with pestilence. And yet he ought to know, and if he does not know, he ought to learn, that these apparent evils are the workings of that complex machine, with its pinions of heat and air and water, which feeds and sustains every living thing in the animal and vegetable world. But though it is not difficult to comprehend this general truth, the philosopher is only beginning to understand some of the simpler processes which are under our daily observation; and we can hardly congratulate him on having discovered a single law which regulates the weather. While the astronomer, with his time-piece and his telescope, can predict and exhibit phenomena in the heavens invisible to the human eye, the most weather-wise sage, even with the barometer and thermometer in his hand, and the wind-gage in his view, dare not, without pre-

sumption, anticipate an hour of sunshine or a day of rain.

In his fourth chapter, Lieut. Maury treats of land and sea-breezes, those alternate winds which proceed from the sea by day, and from the land by night. These breezes have their origin in the heating of the land by day, and its cooling by the radiation of its required heat during the night, though they are occasionally affected by other causes. Lieut. Jansen,* of the Dutch Navy, whose observations, couched in language too poetical for science, constitute the principal part of the chapter, is of opinion that electricity, rain, and other causes, have an influence on the regularity of the land breezes; and he goes so far as to conjecture, from very insufficient data, that the moon is also an agent, there being, as he avers, in several localities little land-breeze at full moon, and little sea breeze at new moon.

Among the means of investigating the phenomena of the trade-winds, our readers will hardly believe that the microscope has been highly instrumental. In several localities, showers of dust of a brick-red or cinnamon color are precipitated in such quantities, as to cover the sails and riggings of vessels hundreds of miles from land. These showers produce what the seamen calls "red-fogs," or "sirocco," or "African dust," and they have enabled the meteorologist to establish as a fact, what had previously been the result of theory, that the north-east and south-east trade winds, after meeting and rising up in the equatorial calms, take their observed paths, the south-east trades passing over into the Northern Hemisphere, and the north-east trades into the Southern Hemisphere. By examining the "sirocco or African dust," Ehrenberg found it to consist of infusorial animalcules, and organisms whose *habitat* is not Africa but the south-east trade-wind region of South-America. In the strikingly similar specimens from the Cape de Verd Islands, Malta, Genoa, Lyons, and the Tyrol, he recognized South-American forms; so that they must have been carried by a perpetual upper current of air from South-America to North-Africa. The rain-dust, which, according to Humboldt, imparts a straw color to the atmosphere, is of a brick-red

* Jansen's Appendix to Lieut. Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," translated from the Dutch by Mrs. Dr. Breed of Washington.

or yellow-ochre color when collected in parcels. It falls most frequently in spring or autumn, generally from thirty to sixty days after the equinoxes; and in order to explain this, Ehrenberg supposes that a "dust cloud is held constantly swimming in the atmosphere by continuous currents of air, and that it lies in the region of the trade-winds, and suffers partial and periodical deviations." As this dust is probably taken up in the dry and not in the wet season, Lieut. Maury is disposed to believe that it comes from one place in the vernal, and from another in the autumnal equinox.

When the opposite trade-winds meet in the equatorial calms and rise up together, Lieut. Maury asks an important question. What makes them cross? What is the power which guides the northern trade to the south, and the southern to the north? And he proceeds to answer it in his *sixth* chapter, "On the probable relation between magnetism and the circulation of the atmosphere." The theory which our author here expounds is founded on the fine discovery of Dr. Faraday, that oxygen gas, which forms one fifth part of the atmosphere, is magnetic; that its magnetic force is diminished with heat, and that the atmosphere is a magnetic medium ever varying in its magnetic power by the influence of natural circumstances. From theory, and some observations by Passy and Bellot, he conceives that the atmospheric nodes or calm regions, or poles of the wind,* are coincident with the north and south magnetic poles, and also with the poles of maximum cold discovered by Sir David Brewster;† and he considers that there is such a physical connection among these three poles as to indicate a corresponding relation between magnetism and the circulation of the atmosphere. "So wide," says he, "is the field of speculation presented by these discoveries, that we may, in some respects, regard this great globe itself, with its 'cusps,' and spiral wires of air, earth, and water, as an

immense pile and helix, which being excited by the natural batteries in the sea and atmosphere of the tropics, excites in turn its oxygen, and imparts to atmospheric matter the properties of magnetism." "With these lights," he continues, "we see *why air, which has completed its circuit to the whirl about the Antarctic regions, should then, according to the laws of magnetism, be repelled from the south and attracted by the opposite pole towards the north.*" Although we have endeavored, in a very brief space, to give our readers some idea of our author's argument in favor of a relation between the magnetism of oxygen (not the magnetism of the earth) and the circulation of the atmosphere, we can not admit that it is either consistent with fact or sound in theory. Whatever it be which constitutes "the magnetism of the earth," we must look to it as the origin and regulator of any magnetic action which may be found to exist upon the currents in our atmosphere.*

From the currents of the atmosphere our author passes to the currents of the sea, and he sets out with the assumption, "that from whatever part of the ocean a current is found to run to the same part, a current of equal volume is found to return." It is not necessary that the ocean currents run, like our rivers, from a higher to a lower level. While some run on a level, others, like the Gulf Stream, actually run up hill. The currents from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, and from the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea, run *down hill*. In order to explain this, in the case of the Red Sea, the surface of which is an inclined plane, Lieutenant Maury supposes its channel to be dry, smooth,

* Professor Coffin has been led, by numerous observations, to place his "meteorological pole," or pole of the winds, in Lat. 104° North and Long. 105° West, coinciding nearly with the pole of maximum cold. See "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," vol. vi., p. 854.

† See "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," Art. "Polar Regions," by Dr. Scoresby, vol. xvii., p. 15; and "Encyclopedia Britannica," Seventh Edition, Art. "Magnetism," vol. xiii., p. 695.

* In support of the doctrine of the crossing of the air in the Equatorial Calm Belts, Lieutenant Maury adduces the fact, stated by Lieutenant Jansen and Dr. Moffat, that ozone is most abundant in the Northern Hemisphere in winds that have *Southing* in them, and in the Southern Hemisphere in winds that have *Northing* in them; and, supposing that this remarkable substance is the production of thunder and lightning, he presumes that it may be generated "among the detonations and clouds and rains of the Equatorial Calms." If this be its origin, he then asks, how it "can cross the trade-wind regions except with the upper currents?" We can not answer this and other analogous questions which he very ingeniously puts; but, with all the respect which we have for the opinions and reasonings of our author, we are led rather to question than to maintain the doctrine which he advocates, when it requires such arguments to support it.

and level, and that a wave ten feet high flows through the Straits of Babelmandeb up the channel at the rate of twenty miles a day, for fifty days, losing half-an-inch daily by evaporation. In this case it is obvious that, at the end of the fiftieth day, the wave will be twenty-five inches lower than it was on the day it began to flow. The surface of the sea consequently becomes an inclined plane by evaporation. The salt water, therefore, grows salter and heavier; and as the lighter water at the Straits can not balance the colder, salter, and heavier water at the Isthmus, the latter must run out as an under-current, otherwise it would "abstract all the water from the ocean to make the Red Sea brine," and ultimately a mass of solid salt.

It has been long ago ascertained, that while there is a surface current from the Atlantic always running into the Mediterranean, there is an outward under-current running into the Atlantic, and charged with the additional salt produced by evaporation from the inland sea. This opinion of our author has been controverted by Admiral Smyth and Sir Charles Lyell, from the fact that water taken fifty miles within the Straits, from a depth of 4020 feet, was found by Dr. Wollaston to be *four* times salter than common sea water, combined with the fact that the greatest depth of water at the Straits is 1320 feet. Hence they conclude that water, lying at depths greater than 1320 feet, can never flow out into the Atlantic over the submarine barrier at the Straits. Lieut. Maury is at much pains to refute this apparently formidable objection to his theory, but he required only to refer to the beautiful experiments of Venturi on the lateral communication of motion in fluids from which it is proved that a current of pure water passing over a deep pool of ink, or any other fluid colored on purpose, would soon empty the pool, and replace the ink or colored fluid with the pure water of the current. Hence it is manifest that the brine or very salt water which may occupy the depths or cavities of the Mediterranean Sea must be carried out into the Atlantic. Owing to the high temperature of the Indian Ocean, large currents of warm water have their origin there. One of these is the Mozambique or Lagullas current. Another, escaping through the Straits of Malacca, and joined by others from the Java and China

Seas, "flows into the Pacific, like another Gulf Stream, between the Philippines and the shores of Asia," towards the Aleutian Islands, tempering climates, and losing itself on its way to the north-west coast of America.

After treating of the currents in the Pacific, of Humboldt's current on the coast of Peru, of under-currents and the currents in the Atlantic, Lieutenant Maury proceeds to discuss the very interesting subject of "The open sea in the Arctic Ocean." Dr. Scoresby informs us that whales have been caught near Behring's Straits with harpoons in them belonging to ships known to cruise in Baffin's Bay; and as it has been ascertained that these whales could not have passed round Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, it follows that they must have traveled in open water through the Arctic Sea. As an additional argument for an open sea near the Pole, our author mentions the existence of a warm under-current from the Atlantic into the Arctic Ocean through Davis's Straits, and he adds the opinions of Lieutenant De Haven, Captain Penny, and Dr. Kane,* who found an open sea in very high latitudes. Important as these arguments are, the existence of an open sea at the North Pole itself may be inferred from the existence of two poles of maximum cold surrounded by isothermal lines indicating increasing temperatures as we approach the Pole along the cold meridians which pass through the poles of cold, and the pole of revolution.

The influence of the saltness of the sea on the equilibrium of its waters is the subject of Lieutenant Maury's ninth chapter. We have already seen that, owing to evaporation from its surface, which increases the saltness of the sea in certain places, and to the introduction of large rivers of fresh water, and heavy falls of rain, which diminishes its saltness in others, it must have various degrees of saltness in different localities. The currents, however, which we have described as in the waters which have different degrees of saltness, produce sea water of a uniform degree of saltness; so that "the constituents of sea water are, generally speaking, as constant in their proportions as are the components of the atmosphere." In order to explain why the sea is salt and

* See this Journal, vol. xxvi., pp. 228, 229, 236.

not fresh, Lieutenant Maury suggests that one of its purposes "was to impart to its waters the forces and powers necessary to make their circulation as complete," and "as perfect as is that of the atmosphere or blood." In support of his opinion, that the sea has a system of circulation for its waters, our author refers to the coral islands, reefs, beds, and atolls of the Pacific, built up with materials quarried, as he expresses it, by a certain kind of insect from sea water, which contains $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of solid matter supplied by rivers, in the form of common salt, sulphate and carbonate of lime, magnesia, soda, potash, and iron. If fresh supplies of these materials were not obtained by currents, the little creatures that build the coral rocks would perish for want of food before their work was finished.

Did the sea consist of fresh water, a feeble system of circulation would be produced by heat and evaporation alone, excluding the influence of the winds. Surface currents of warm and light water would pass from the Equator to the Pole, and another set of under-currents, of cooler, dense, and heavy water, would pass from the Poles towards the Equator. But if the sea consisted of salt water, which contracts as its temperature is lowered till it reaches 28° , a new force is called into play. Evaporation in the trade-wind region lowers the sea level, and increases the saltiness of the sea. The water thus heavier sinks, while the lighter water rises, producing a vertical circulation. The raised vapor, carried by the currents of air to colder regions, gives to the ocean more fresh water as rain, or snow, than it returns to the atmosphere as vapor. The sea level is thus raised, and being depressed in the evaporating regions, a system of surface currents, moved by gravity alone, passes from the Poles towards the Equator.

If the sea had not been salt from "the beginning," there would have been none of the sea-shells that cover the top of the Andes, or those infusorial deposits which astonish us by their magnitude and extent, and none of the coral islands which adorn the Pacific. When the rains dissolve the salts of the earth, and the rivers carry them to the sea, the marine insects elaborate them into pearls, shells, and corals; and while they are preserving the purity of the sea, they assist in the regulation of

climates in parts of the earth far removed from the spots where they dwell.

Without entering into the question, whence does the sea derive its saltiness—whether, according to Darwin, from the washings of rains and rivers, or, as Lieutenant Maury believes, from the Almighty's fiat on the morning of the creation—it is interesting to notice the quantity of solid matter, in the form of salts, which the sea holds in solution. Taking the average depth of the ocean at two miles, and its average saline strength at three and a half per cent, its salt *would cover, to the thickness of one mile, an area of seven millions of square miles*, all of which passes into the interstices of sea water without increasing its bulk.

In a short chapter on "The Equatorial Cloud Ring," illustrated by his "Diagram of the Winds," we have the terraqueous globe divided into nine portions.

1. The Equatorial Cloud Ring, or the Belt of Equatorial Calms and Rains, or the Equatorial "*Doldrums*" of the sailor—a word which we hope will escape from future treatises on the sea.

2. The *North-East Trade-Winds*.

3. The Calm Belt of *Cancer*—the "*Horse Latitudes*" of the sailor.

4. The prevailing winds from the Equator towards the *North Pole*.

5. The *North Polar Calms*.

6. The *South-East Trade-Winds*.

7. The Calm Belt of *Capricorn*.

8. The prevailing winds from the Equator towards the *South Pole*.

9. The *South Polar Calms*.

The Equatorial Calm Belt is not only the region of calms and baffling winds, but also of rains and clouds; and under its dense, close, and sultry atmosphere, the Australian emigrants find it a "frightful graveyard" for children and delicate passengers. Under this cloud ring, which encircles the earth, the thermometer and barometer stand lower than in the clear weather on either side of it. In the parallels over which it hangs, it promotes the precipitation of rain at certain periods; and "by traveling with the calm belt of the Equator to the north or south, it shifts the surface from which the heating rays of the sun are to be excluded, and gives a tone to the atmospherical circulation of the world, and a vigor to its vegetation." When it has thus left the Equator, the rays of a vertical "torrid sun"

scorch the earth. Plants wither. Animals die. The mitigating cloud ring returns, and the burning rays of the sun are no longer received on the surface of the earth, but upon the upper surface of the cloud belt. Under this heating influence the clouds "melt away and become invisible;" the sun's rays dissolving one set of elevations, and creating another set of depressions. Were this cloud ring luminous, and seen from one of the planets, it would, according to Lieut. Maury, resemble the Ring of Saturn, the side which is opposite us appearing "jagged, rough, and uneven;" and it would seem to have a motion contrary to that of the earth.

In exploring the physical geography of the sea, our author accompanies the geologist "far away from the sea-shore" to study the phenomena presented by the inland basins of the earth, the Dead Sea, the Caspian, the Lake of Aral, etc., which have no sea drainage, and he proposes to explain their present condition by what he calls "the geological agency of the winds." The Dead Sea, the most interesting of these basins, is 1500 feet beneath the general sea level of the earth. The geologist refers this remarkable depression to forces of elevation or subsidence which have resided in the vicinity of the basin; but Lieut. Maury supposes, and endeavors to show, that these forces have come from the sea in the other hemisphere, through the agency of the winds. He supposes that the amount of precipitation (of rain, snow, dew, etc.) upon the watershed of the Dead Sea, etc., was, at some former period greater than its present annual amount of evaporation, and he asks, from what part of the sea did that excess of vapor come? and what has cut off that supply, since the amount of evaporation is equal to that of precipitation, and the level of this and other rock seas is as permanent as that of the ocean? If the Dead Sea formerly sent a river to the ocean, it would carry off the excess of precipitation over the vapor raised, and carried away by the winds. According to our author, "the salt-beds, the water-marks, the geological formations, and other facts traced upon the tablets of the rocks, indicate plainly that the Dead Sea and the Caspian had upon them in former periods more abundant rains than they now have;" and he is of opinion that the supply has not been cut off by the eleva-

tion or depression of the Dead Sea basin, and that the upheaval of mountain ranges and continents across the course of the winds has, by means of the winds produced upon inland lakes, the effect which would be occasioned by a greater or less amount of moisture.

As an example of drainage that has been cut off, and an illustration of the process by which precipitation and evaporation are equalized, our author takes the case of the Salt Lake of Utah, the basin of which is now salting up, and from which there is said to be the appearance of an old channel which once conducted its waters to the sea. If such a river existed, some cause must have operated to stop the supply of moisture, the excess of which was carried off by the river. Our author conceives that if the Sierra Nevada, the mountains to the west of the lake, now stand higher than they formerly did, and if the winds which fed the Salt Lake valley with moisture had to pass over the mountains, a less quantity of vapor would be carried across them than when the summit of the range was lower and warmer. In like manner, our author supposes that the Dead Sea, and the great inland basins of Asia, may have been deprived of the vapor which they once received when they were emptied by rivers into the sea, by the elevation of the South-American continent, and the upheaval of its mountains. The elevation of the Andes has thus made Western Peru a rainless country, and Atacama a desert, by stopping the vapors of the ocean which fed them with moisture; and in the opinion of Lieutenant Maury, who adduces various ingenious arguments in support of it, it is the influence of the same range that has depressed the waters of the inland basins of Asia. According to geological speculations, the upheaval of one continent is supposed to be accompanied by the depression of another, as exhibited in the islands of the Pacific; and therefore, if we adopt the views of our author, we must take it for granted that no continent was depressed to the west of the Dead Sea when South-America rose from the ocean. If the winds have the geological agencies now ascribed to them, our author conceives that they may instruct us in the chronology of geological events which have taken place in different hemispheres, "telling us which be the older—the Andes watching

the stars with their hoary heads, or the Dead Sea sleeping upon its ancient beds of crystal salt."

The "Depths of the Ocean," whether they underlie the pure azure of the Indian seas, or the troubled current of the Gulf Stream, or the tangled sea-weeds which mat the Sargasso Sea, have a peculiar interest to the naturalist. While the land is the abode of vegetable, the sea is the home of animal life. In the sea bottoms, indeed, of the temperate zones, vegetation is peculiarly luxuriant; but in the tropical oceans the grandeur and abundance of marine life is more prominent still. "Whatever is beautiful, wondrous, and uncommon in the great classes of fish and echinoderms, jelly-fishes and polypes, and molluscs of every kind, is crowded into the warm and crystal waters of the tropical ocean—rests in the white sands, clothes the rough cliffs, clings where the room is already occupied, like a parasite, upon the first corners, or swims through the shallows and depths of the elements, while the mass of the vegetation is of a far inferior magnitude."* On land, the animal kingdom is more widely diffused than the vegetable; but the Arctic seas swarm with whales, seals, sea-birds, fishes, and countless numbers of the lower animals, even where the ice has obliterated every trace of vegetation. As we descend, too, from the surface, vegetable life disappears much sooner than animal; and from its hollows, which no ray illumines, the sounding lead attests the abundance of living infusoria.

While almost every corner of the land had been visited and explored by man, the bottom of what the sailors call *blue water* was utterly unknown to us. English, French, and Dutch navigators had attempted to fathom the deep sea, but their methods could not be relied upon beyond depths of eight or ten thousand feet; and even after great improvements had been made on the sounding apparatus in the United States, it was found that under-currents prevented the lead from reaching the bottom, by carrying it out in the direction of the current. That this was the case, was proved by direct experiment. Lieutenant Walsh, of the U. S. Navy, with an iron wire sounding-line eleven miles long, could not find the bot-

tom at 84,000 feet. Lieutenant Berryman failed also in "mid ocean" with a line 39,000 feet in length; and Lieutenant Parker, in the same region, ran out a line 50,000 feet long without reaching the bottom. In order to solve the interesting problem of the sea's depth, the Congress of the United States authorized the employment of three public vessels; and, after the investigations were completed, the following plan was adopted: Every vessel that desires it is furnished with a quantity of sounding twine, (600 feet to the pound,) marked at every length of 600 fathoms, and wound on reels of 10,000 fathoms each. One end of the twine is attached to a cannon ball of 32 or 68lbs., as a plummet, which is to be thrown overboard from a boat, (not from the ship,) and suffered to uncoil the twine as fast as it will. When the ball reaches the bottom, it is detached, and of course lost. By measuring the quantity of twine left on the reel, and subtracting it from the whole length, we have the required depths of the sea, "at the expense of one cannon ball and a few pounds of common twine."

In carrying out a system of deep-sea soundings, it was the practice to record the time taken by every hundred fathoms to be uncoiled from the reel—a reel of the same size and "make," and sinker or cannon ball of the same shape and weight, being always used. By this means the following law of descent was established:

Average Time of descent.	Number of Feet descended.
2 min. 21 sec.	2,400 to 3,000
3 " 26 "	6,000 " 6,600
4 " 29 "	10,800 " 11,400

As the under-currents in the ocean would sweep the line out horizontally at an uniform rate, while the cannon ball would drag it down at a decreasing rate according to the preceding law, the observer was able to discover when the line was carried out by the influence of the current or drift alone, and thus to determine the true depths at which experiments were made. In this way it was placed beyond a doubt, that the depth of the sea was not so great as it had been found to be by the imperfect methods formerly employed, and that the greatest depths which had been reached were in the North-Atlantic Ocean, and did not exceed 25,000 feet, or *four miles and three quarters*. The deepest place in the ocean is considered by

* Schlegel's "Lectures," p. 403, quoted by Lieut. Maury.

Lieut. Maury to be between the parallels of 35° and 40° of north latitude, immediately to the south of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Having thus succeeded in reaching the bottom of the sea, an additional contrivance was required to bring up specimens of the materials of which it was composed. This was accomplished by Mr. Brooke, of the U. S. Navy, by means of his "Deep Sea Sounding Apparatus." At the end of the tubular iron rod which passes through the cannon ball sinker, is placed a cup containing a little soap or tallow, called *arming*, to which the specimens of the sea-bottom adhere, and are brought up, after the ball has been detached from the rod. By means of this apparatus, specimens have been obtained from depths of more than three miles—some from the Coral Sea of the Indian Archipelago, and some from the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

Among the sea basins of the ocean, that of the Atlantic, the most frequented, has a peculiar interest, and is the subject of a long and interesting chapter in the "Geography of the Sea." Lieut. Maury has given us an orographic projection of its bottom, in which the soundings are represented by four different degrees of shade. The *darkest*, which is nearest the shore line, indicating depths less than 6000 feet; the *next*, those less than 12,000 feet; the *third*, those less than 18,000 feet; and the *fourth*, or lightest, those not greater than 24,000 feet. From the blank space north of Nova Scotia and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, very deep water has been reported. The deepest part is probably between the Bermuda Isles and the Grand Banks. In another plate Lieut. Maury has given a vertical section of the Atlantic, showing the contrasts of its bottom with the sea-level in a line from Mexico, across Yucatan, Cuba, San Domingo, and the Cape de Verd Islands, to a point in the coast of Africa, in the parallel of 16° of north latitude. The importance of this system of deep-sea sounding has been recently impressed upon the public mind, and may be regarded as one of the many proofs constantly presenting themselves, that there is no branch of physical knowledge which will not sooner or later find a practical and social application. In the soundings of the North-Atlantic Ocean, the bold engineer who has faith in the resources of science, has seen the practicability of laying a cable

across its bottom, from Cape Clear in Ireland, to Cape Race in Newfoundland, a distance of *one thousand six hundred and forty miles!* Between these capes there is a remarkable steppe or ridge, already known as the *Telegraphic Plateau*, above which there is not more than 10,000 or 12,000 feet, or two miles of water. A company of enterprising and wealthy individuals has already been organized to carry a submarine cable across this plateau, and they have made a contract with a party in England to deliver to them in June, 1858, a telegraphic cable of the required length; and, notwithstanding the failure of their first attempt, we can not doubt that it will be ultimately successful.

In connection with this elevated ridge across the Atlantic, there is a ridge on the land "which runs nearly, if not entirely, around the earth." Leaving America between 45° and 50° N., it includes Great Britain, separates the drainage of the Arctic Ocean from the drainage southwards, and forms a chain of steppes and mountains extending across the continent of Asia, and disappearing in the Pacific. It was in the subaqueous part of the ridge that Brooke's sounding apparatus brought up calcareous shells of the Foraminifera, while in the Coral Sea the silicious infusoria and the Polythalamia were obtained; and more recently Lieutenant Berryman has found obsidian, pumice, etc., forming a line of volcanic cinders a thousand miles long, and stretching wholly across the Gulf Stream where the submarine cable is to be laid. Lieutenant Maury and others have found it difficult to determine the source of these volcanic materials. Occupying a line so extended, it is not unreasonable to suppose that submarine volcanoes were situated in or near the place where their products have been found. The specimens of animalcular life obtained from various seas place it beyond a doubt that the bed of the ocean is a vast cemetery consisting almost entirely of the remains of infusoria; and the unabraded appearance of these shells, and the almost total absence of any sand or other matter, seems to show that the bottom of the deep sea is in a state of perfect repose.

Although our author, in his chapters on the Atmosphere, and on Land and Sea Breezes, has treated generally of the Trade Winds, etc., and the Calm Belts which limit them, he devotes a long and valua-

ble chapter to their more particular consideration, and their connection with the monsoons and other winds which prevail in different parts of the globe. The results at which he has arrived are exhibited in a Chart of the Winds and their routes in every part of the ocean—the North-East Trades—the South-East Trades—the South-East and South-West Monsoons—the North-East and South-West Monsoons—the prevailing Westerly Winds, and the routes and average passage of ships (in days) bound to different ports in the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans. The *Monsoons* are those winds which blow during one half of the year from one direction, and during the other half from nearly an opposite direction. These winds are generally formed from trade-winds. When “a trade-wind is turned from its regular course, from one quadrant to another, or drawn in by over-heated districts, it is regarded as a monsoon.” When the monsoons have blown for five months, and become settled, both they and the trade-winds which they replace are called monsoons. M. Dove considers the S. W. monsoon as the S. E. trade-wind; and Lieutenant Jansen, that the N. W. monsoon is a similar deflection of the N. E. trade-wind. The monsoons are produced by the over-heated regions in Africa, Asia, and America; and their occurrence may always be known from the time when it is the hottest season in these localities.

The phenomena called the *Changing of the Monsoons*, is beautifully described by Lieutenant Jansen, and quoted by our author. Gusts of wind arise, and are followed by calms. Thunder-storms occur day and night. Water-spouts, often 200 yards high and 20 feet wide, but sometimes 700 yards high and 50 yards wide, are formed by clouds descending in a tunnel form, and appearing to lap the water with their black mouths. When the wind prevents their formation, wind or air-spouts, more dangerous than water-spouts, shoot up like an arrow, and the sea makes vain attempts to keep them back. Lashed into fury, the sea marks with foam the path of the conflicting elements, and roars with the noise of its water-spouts.*

* Lieutenant Jansen has observed a current in the air as remarkable as that of the Gulf Stream in the sea. This atmospheric gulf stream, as Lieutenant Maury calls it, is in the south-east trade-winds of the

The climates of the sea, discussed in Lieutenant Maury's fifteenth chapter, differ greatly from those of the land. At sea, March is the coldest and September the warmest month; whereas, on land, February is the coldest, and August the warmest. The reason of this is obvious. After winter, the solid dry land receives more heat from the sun in the day than it radiates at night, and hence it accumulates till it reaches its maximum in August. It is otherwise, however, with the sea. In it the surplus of summer heat is stored up to alleviate the severity of winter, and its waters increase in warmth for a month after the solid earth has begun to cool. On account of the great quantity of sea-surface raised to a high temperature on the north side of the Equator, compared with that on the south side, the summer in the Northern is hotter than in the Southern Hemisphere. In the Atlantic this is undoubtedly the case; but in the Pacific observations are not sufficiently numerous to enable us to compare the temperatures of the two hemispheres in which it lies.

If we consider the ocean as a mass of water influenced *only by heat and cold*, it is obvious that it must be subject to certain surface movements different from those currents of which we have treated. An object, such as a floating bottle, set adrift at the Equator, and uninfluenced by the winds, would be carried to the fixed ice near the Poles, and would travel back by the same influences to the warm waters at the Equator. Lieutenant Maury has given an interesting map to illustrate the circulation of the ocean under the sole influences of heat and cold, and to indicate the routes by which the heated waters of the Torrid Zone escape to the regions of cold, and “the great channel-ways” by which the same waters return again to the Equator. According to the best information which Lieutenant Maury has obtained, the velocity of these heated and cooled currents is, at an average, only *four knots a day*, and rather less than more. The immense body of warm waters in the middle of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, which give birth to the drift currents, are regarded by our author as the

Atlantic, and extends from the Cape in a direct line to the Equator. The homeward-bound Indiaman avails himself of it, as the European-bound American does of the Gulf Stream.

womb of the sea, teeming with organic life, so thickly distributed as to give "crimson, brown, black, or white colors to the waters which bear it." These colored patches often extend as far as the eye can reach. One of these white spaces, 23 miles long, resembled a plain covered with snow. Its water was crowded with luminous worms and insects, some of the "serpents" being six inches long. Other patches that are pink-colored contain well-defined animalcules. The color of the Red Sea is derived from a delicate kind of sea-weed, and that of the Yellow Sea from a similar cause.

Under the head of Drift Currents, Lieutenant Maury describes a commotion in the water, called "Tide Rips," revealing a conflict of tides or currents. They are generally found near the equatorial calms, starting up without any wind, and moving along at the rate of 60 miles an hour with a roaring noise, "as if they would dash over the frail bark, helplessly flapping its sails against the masts." To other unexplained movements of the sea, the name of *Bores* and *Eagres* has been given. The Bores of India, of the Bay of Fundy, and of the Amazon, are the most remarkable. They are tremulous tidal waves, which roll in periodically from the sea, engulfing deer, horse, and other wild beasts that frequent the beach. The name *Eagre* is given to the Bore of Tsien-Tang river. It attains its greatest magnitude opposite to the city of Hangchau, one of the busiest in Asia; and when it appears, it is announced with loud shouts from the sailors, drowned in its noise of thunder. All work comes to a stand. A wall like one of chalk, or rather a cataract, 4 or 5 miles across and 30 feet high, advances with a velocity of 25 miles an hour. It passes up the river in an instant with diminishing velocity, occasionally reaching a point 80 miles from the city. The rise and fall of the wave is sometimes 40 feet at Hang-chau, and it is supposed to be produced by a peculiar configuration of the river and its estuary.

After describing these movements, and others equally inexplicable, our author rather fancifully regards them as "the pulsation of the great sea-heart, which may perhaps assist in giving circulation to its waters through the immense system of aqueous veins and arteries that run between the equatorial and polar regions." In the machinery which governs the sea,

the sunshine, the clouds without rain, the day and night, with their heating and radiating processes, are the cogs and notched wheels which compose it, and which, amid all the jarrings of the elements, preserve in harmony the exquisite adaptations of the ocean.*

There is no branch of the Geography of the Sea more interesting to the reader, or more important to the mariner, than that which treats of the rotary storms, and the hurricanes of the ocean. Our author treats of them in a very imperfect manner, and in a very brief chapter. It consists chiefly of a long extract from Lieutenant Jansen's work, in which no reference is made to the valuable labors of the late Mr. Redfield† of New-York, of Professor James Espy of Washington, or of our distinguished countryman, Sir William Reid. The typhoons or white squalls of the China seas are furious gales of wind, arising from disturbances of the atmospheric equilibrium generated among the arid plains of Asia. Their influence extends to the China seas, which are included in the region of the monsoons of the Indian Ocean; and during the changes of these monsoons the typhoons and white squalls prevail.

The *Cyclones* of the Indian Ocean, or the Mauritius hurricanes, take place during the contest between the trade-wind and monsoon force, at the changing of the monsoon, and when neither force has gained the ascendancy. At this period of the year the winds "seem to rage with a fury that would break up the very fount-

* On his Chart exhibiting the sea-drift our author has also marked the most favorite places of resort for the *right whale* and the *sperm whale*, the former occurring in cold, and the latter in warm water. Cold water fish being more edible than those of warm water, we see on the Chart the places which are most favored with good fish markets. "In the course of these investigations," says Lieutenant Maury, "the discovery was made that the Torrid Zone is to the right whale as a sea of fire through which he can not pass; that the right whale of the Northern Hemisphere and that of the Southern are two different animals; and that the sperm whale has never been known to double the Cape of Good Hope—He doubles Cape Horn."

In the Drift and Whale Chart our author has marked a large space between New-Zealand and the southern part of America as a *desolate region, in which mariners find few signs of life in sea or air*. The meridian of 120° west longitude, and the parallel of 45° south latitude, pass through its middle point.

† Mr. Redfield's name is only once referred to in a note.

ains of the deep."* The West-India hurricanes take place when the monsoons are at their height. The trade-wind and monsoon forces now pull in opposite directions, and most powerful revulsions of the atmosphere are required to restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere. The hurricanes in the North Atlantic Ocean take place during the African monsoons, and those of the South Indian Ocean in the opposite season of the year, during the prevalence of the north-west monsoons of the East-Indian Archipelago. This coincidence of hurricanes with monsoons is supposed by Jansen to indicate that the one disturbance is the cause of the other. In the rotatory storms north of the Equator, the motion is from the right hand to the left; and in those to the south of the Equator, from the left hand to the right, like the hands of a watch. Judging from the Storm and Rain Charts of the Atlantic, the half of the earth's atmosphere which covers the Northern Hemisphere is in a much less stable condition than that which covers the Southern. "There are, as a rule, more rains, more gales of wind, more calms, more fogs, and more thunder and lightning, in the North than in the South Atlantic."

We regret that our limits will not permit us to give an account of the researches of the authors we have already mentioned, on the subject of the Cyclones or Rotatory Storms. So early as 1838, Sir William Reid suggested to the East-India Company that they should take steps to trace the storm-tracks in the Indian seas. The suggestion was adopted; and all the officers of the Company, civil and military, were instructed to send their observations to Mr. Piddington at Calcutta, himself an able seaman, who undertook the task of collecting them, and publishing the results. After communicating numerous memoirs on the subject to the "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal," he published an abstract of the whole in his valuable work, entitled "The Sailor's Horn-Book of the Law of Storms in all parts of the World." The late Mr. W. C. Redfield, of New-York, had previously devoted much time to the same subject,

and published various important works on the storms of the West-Indies and the coasts of the United States.* Colonel Capper had, so early as 1801, attempted to show, that the hurricanes of the East were great whirlwinds; and he merely hinted at the idea, that they had a progressive motion. Mr. Redfield, whose position on the Atlantic coast, gave him the finest opportunities of observing these phenomena, came to the conclusion, that the hurricanes of the West-Indies were, like those of the Indian seas, great whirlwinds, and that the whole of the revolving mass of atmosphere advanced with a progressive motion from south-west to north-east; and hence he draws the conclusion, *that the direction of the wind at a particular place, forms no part of the essential character of the storm, and is, in all cases, compounded of both the rotative and progressive velocities of the storm, in the mean ratio of these velocities.* In the further prosecution of this subject, he was led to the important result, that the great circuits of wind, of which the trade-winds form an integral part, are nearly uniform in all the great oceanic basins, and that the course of these circuits, and of their stormy gyration, is, in the Southern Hemisphere, in a counter direction to those in the Northern one, producing a corresponding difference in the general phases of storms and winds in the two Hemispheres.†

Our distinguished countryman, Sir William Reid, was led to study this subject, in consequence of being employed at Barbadoes to reestablish the Government buildings blown down by the hurricane of 1831, in which 1477 persons perished in the short space of seven hours. Impressed with the conviction that Mr. Redfield's views were correct, he endeavored to verify them, not only by projections on a large scale, of the facts given by the American author, but by facts taken from the logs of British ships furnished to him

* See Silliman's *Journal* vols. xx. and xxi. Blunt's "American Coast Pilot," 12th edition, pp. 626-629; and *The United States Naval Magazine*.

† "On the Winds and Monsoons." 1801.

‡ The English reader who has not had access to Mr. Redfield's works, will find a pretty full abstract of their contents in a review of them entitled, "On the Statistics and Philosophy of Storms," written by the author of this article, and published in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1839, vol. lxviii, pp. 215-228.

* In one of these hurricanes, accompanied by hail, in the South Indian Ocean, in 26° south latitude, several of the crew were made blind, others had their faces cut open, and those who were in the rigging had their clothes torn off.

by the Admiralty. By thus grouping the various phenomena of numerous storms, he convinced himself of their rotatory and progressive character, and arrived at the conclusion, that they derive their destructive power from their rotatory force, and that the storms south of the equator revolve in a contrary direction—namely, from left to right—to that which they take in the Northern Hemisphere. These views seem to have been generally adopted by meteorologists, with the exception of Professor Espy, who maintains that, in the hurricanes supposed to be rotatory, the winds blow to a certain point, and that the idea of the rotation and translation of great bodies of air is inconsistent with the observed phenomena. Dr. Hare, and our able countryman, Mr. Russell of Kilwhiss,* have adopted the same opinion; and several meteorologists who had embraced the rotatory theory, have evinced a disposition to abandon it.

Having shown his readers how the winds blow and the currents run in all parts of the sea, Lieutenant Maury exhibits, in an interesting chart, the principal routes across the ocean; the great end and aim of all his researches being the shortening of passages, and the improvement of navigation. The routes are marked by the figures of vessels, upon which are engraven the average passage in days, and which are crossed by lines that show whether the prevailing direction of the wind be adverse or fair. The winds and currents which are met with in these routes are so well understood, that vessels sailing, with the same destination, on different days of the week, may count upon coming up and meeting one another at different parts of their route. If two ships, for example, sail from New-York to California, the one a week after the other, the faster of the two will make up the other; and they will cross each other's paths many times, the tracks of the two vessels being sometimes so nearly the same, that, when projected on the chart, they would appear almost coincident.

The route from New-York to California is 15,000 miles in length. "It is," says Lieutenant Maury, "the great race-course

of the ocean. Some of the most glorious trials of speed and prowess that the world ever witnessed among ships that 'walk the waters,' have taken place over it. Here the modern clipper-ship—the noblest work that has ever come from the hands of man—has been sent, guided by the lights of science, to contend with the elements, to outstrip steam, and astonish the world. The most celebrated ship-race that has ever been seen, came off upon this course in the autumn of 1852, when four splendid new clipper-ships put to sea from New-York, bound for California. They were ably commanded. . . . Like steeds that know their riders, they were handled with the most exquisite skill and judgment. Each being put upon her mettle from the start, was driven under the seaman's whip and spur at full speed over a course that it would take them three long months to run." Lieutenant Maury has given a minute and interesting account of this race, detailing all the adverse and favorable events which occurred in the voyage of each ship; and he concludes it with the following observation: "Here are three ships, sailing on different days, bound over a trackless waste of ocean for some 15,000 miles or more, and depending alone on the fickle winds of heaven, as they are called, to waft them along; yet, like travelers on the land, bound upon the same journey, they pass and repass, fall in with and recognize each other by the way; and, what perhaps is still more remarkable, is the fact, that these ships should, throughout that great distance, and under the wonderful vicissitudes of climates, winds, and currents which they encountered, have been so skillfully navigated, that, in looking back at their management, I do not find a single occasion on which they could have been better handled."

In concluding this interesting chapter, our author mentions a remarkable fact, illustrative of the accuracy of the knowledge which we now possess concerning the force, set, and direction both of winds and currents. He had calculated the *detour* which these three vessels would have to make, on account of adverse winds, between New-York and their place of crossing the Equator. The whole distance was, according to his computation, 4115 miles. One of the ships reached the Equator after sailing 4077 miles, and the other after sailing 4090 miles—the ore

* "North-America—Its Agriculture and Climate." By Robert Russell, Kilwhiss. Edinburgh, 1857. The eighteenth chapter of this excellent work, entitled, "Climate of North-America," and illustrated with numerous diagrams, will be read with the deepest interest by every meteorologist.

within thirty-eight, and the other within sixteen miles of the computed distance.

Such is a brief analysis of Lieutenant Maury's able and valuable work—the foundation of a new science, which can not fail to be cultivated with ardor, because all nations, whether maritime or inland, have the deepest interest in its advancement. It is no slight merit to have collected, as our author has done, the numerous and important facts which constitute the "Geography of the Sea," and to have deduced from them general views of the economy of the ocean, and practical rules for its navigation; but Lieutenant Maury is entitled to the higher praise of having organized, in the United States, a numerous staff of observers, to prosecute his favorite inquiries, and of having successfully appealed to the sympathy and coöperation of the most important maritime communities.

In bringing under the notice of our readers works of such transcendent merit as that of Lieutenant Maury, we are never disposed to view them with a critical eye, and have seldom exercised the unenviable and much abused privilege of our craft. Regarding the "Geography of the Sea," however, as a standard work, which must pass through many editions, and receive many corrections and additions from every sea-faring observer, we feel that we are, in some degree, conferring a favor on its author, by a frank expression of the sentiments with which we have perused it. As a work on general physics, in which new phenomena are to be referred to established laws, we are disposed to think that it requires some revision, both with regard to its theoretical deductions, and the grouping of the facts which are supposed to authorize them. Lieutenant Maury himself frequently tells us that his views, on certain points, are merely provisional, and adopted till some better explanation is obtained; but this process is hardly compatible with the principles of the inductive philosophy, and we would rather have facts without causes, than facts but provisionally explained.

In the structure and composition of the work, too, there is considerable repetition, both of the facts and theories which it contains. We find the same idea sometimes repeated in the same page, and frequently in different parts of the volume; and, though sharing in the religious con-

viction, we can not bring ourselves to approve of the reiterated calls which the author makes upon us to admire the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, in the currents of the ocean and of the air, and in the part which they play in the amelioration of climates, and in the other beneficent arrangements and adaptations which human interests demand. Sentiments so just and noble, we can not but feel and admire. "The great globe and all that it inherits," is a mechanism as complete as any of its individual organisms; and the hurricanes, the thunderstorms, the famines, and the pestilences, at which humanity shudders, are as essential parts of its mighty frame, as the nerves, and arteries, and muscles, of organic life. To know and to cherish this great truth, is an acquisition of no ordinary value; but it may be unwise to weaken it by repetition, and still less wise to insist upon our admiring speculative adaptations, which, in the progress of science, may turn out to be imaginary.

In the character of our author's mind, marked by strong religious convictions, we discover the source of another imperfection in his work, to which we have felt some difficulty in referring. It is now, we think, almost universally admitted, and certainly by men of the soundest faith, as well as by the most devoted believers in the verbal inspiration of the sacred writings, that the Bible was not intended to teach us the truths of science. The geologist has sought in vain for geological truth in the inspirations of Moses, and the astronomer has equally failed to discover in Scripture the facts and laws of his science. Our author, however, seems to think otherwise, and has taken the opposite side, in the unfortunate controversy which still rages between the divine and the philosopher. Even on the subject of winds and waves, he quotes the authority of the sacred page, and this so frequently, that we can not produce a better antidote to his views, and a better argument in support of our own, than by a simple quotation of the passages in which he appeals to Scripture:

"The Bible," says our author, "frequently makes allusion to the laws of nature, their operation and effects. But such allusions are often so wrapt in the folds of the peculiar and graceful drapery with which its language is occasionally clothed, that the meaning, though peep-

ing out from its thin covering all the while, yet lies, in some sense, concealed, until the light and revelation of science are thrown upon it; then it bursts out, and strikes us with exquisite force and beauty.

"As our knowledge of nature and her laws has increased, so has our understanding of many passages in the Bible been improved. The Psalmist called the earth the 'Round World;' yet for ages it was the most damnable heresy for Christian men to say the world was round; and, finally, sailors circumnavigated the globe, proved the Bible to be right, and saved Christian men of science from the stake.

"Canst thou tell the sweet influence of the Pleiades?" Astronomers of the present day, if they have not answered this question, have thrown so much light upon it as to show that, if ever it be answered by men, we must consult the science of astronomy. It has been recently all but proven,* that the earth and sun, with their splendid retinue of comets, satellites, and planets, are all in motion around some point or center of attraction inconceivably remote, and that that point is in the direction of the star Alcyone, one of the Pleiades! Who but an astronomer, then, could tell their 'sweet influences'?"

"And as for the general system of atmospheric circulation, which I have been so long endeavoring to describe, the Bible tells it all in a single sentence: 'The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to its circuits.' (Eccles. 1:6.).. Have I not, therefore, very good grounds for the opinion, that the 'wind in her circuits,' though apparently to us never so wayward, is as obedient to law, and as subservient to order, as were the morning stars, when they 'sang together?'"

* This is not the opinion of Astronomers. It is a speculation of M. Mädler, a German Astronomer. The central point referred to is situated between the stars π and μ *Herculis*, at a quarter of the apparent distance of these stars from π *Herculis*. See this *Journal*, vol. iv., p. 232, vol. vi., p. 241, and vol. viii., p. 532.

Among the nations that sent representatives to the Brussels Conference, and agreed to coöperate with the United States in carrying on an uniform system of observations at sea, our own country stood conspicuous, and we are glad to say that a Meteorological Department was added to the Board of Trade, and placed under the able superintendence of Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, for the purpose of carrying on this important undertaking. The Board has already issued several valuable works;* and when we consider the vast extent of the shipping interest of Great Britain, its numerous vessels of war and of commerce, we have no doubt that a body of facts will be collected respecting the currents, winds, and hurricanes of the ocean, which, while it will improve the art of navigation, and add to our knowledge of the physical geography of the terraqueous globe, will also give additional security to the life and property so largely exposed to the abnormal influences of the elements. There is no branch of administration of more value to the state than that which has been so recently intrusted to the Board of Trade; and we trust that the ephemeral governments, to which English interests seem destined to be committed, will not forget, in their struggles for power, that a permanent reputation may be gained by those peaceful achievements which contribute to the happiness of society and the wealth of nations. We do not now ask them, as we have often done in these pages, to take an interest in those abstract sciences which sooner or later find a social and practical application. They have hitherto failed to appreciate what we unwillingly think seems above their comprehension, and we must wait in patience till a better education shall place the statesmen and senators of another generation on a level with the advisers of foreign princes, who have endowed the sciences and the arts as the most enduring sources of national greatness.

* These publications are enumerated in the list of works placed at the head of this article.

From the Leisure Hour.

GLIMPSES OF ROYAL LIFE AT LUCKNOW.

In a previous paper we gave some illustrations of the freaks of the despotism so recently extinguished by British authority at Lucknow; but there is a terrible counterpart to the picture there presented. The caprice that sets up and aggrandizes, can with equal facility cast down and de-spole. If the beggar, by a royal word, can be exalted and ennobled, the noble on the other hand may by the same means be abased, stripped, and beggared. As we have cited examples of the former, it may not be amiss to exhibit a signal instance of the latter.

The unfortunate hero of this episode of royal life was Rajah Buktawir Singh, nominally the general of his Majesty's forces, but actually chief officer of police; for, the real command of the Oude troops being vested in the Company's Resident, very little more service was required of Buktawir than to attend upon processions and court pageants, which are of such frequent occurrence in the East. "The general" was accustomed to be present at almost all the private royal parties and entertainments, on which occasions—the king being very fond of practical joking and boyish pranks—he, in common with the other favorites, both European and native, would fool his Majesty "to the top of his bent." Buffoonery, however, is a perilous game to play at with an irresponsible despot, however much he may, for a season, seem to forget his royal prerogative, and conceal the iron talons of tyranny beneath the pleasant amenities of the banqueting-room; and so Buktawir at length found to his cost.

The king and his attendants had one day been witnessing some of the customary conflicts between wild animals, when, wearied with the monotony of the brutal sport, they retired from the arena to a small refectory near by, where they refreshed themselves with iced claret and biscuits. His Majesty happened to be in quite a jocular vein, and, accommodating themselves to his hilarious mood, his

courtiers laughed at his witless sallies. Judging by outward appearances, there were no signs of a storm on the horizon. All was clear, serene, and radiant. Presently the king, who was attired in European costume, rose to leave the refectory. When pleased, he was addicted to the habit of thrusting his hand into his hat, and twirling it round on the point of his thumb—a most unroyal proceeding, as it strikes us. In the plenitude of his fun, he did so on the present occasion. Whether the hat was composed of bad material, or the crown had sustained injury by frequent similar rough usage, we are unable to determine; but, whatever the cause, in the course of its rotations the monarch's thumb broke through the crown. Highly amused at the incident, he turned gayly round to his courtiers and exhibited the phenomenon, expecting them to laugh at it, which they of course most dutifully did. Buktawir, however, not content with merely laughing, under a frolicsome impulse cried out, in Hindostani—the *double entendre* being equally apt in both that and the English tongue—"There's a hole in your Majesty's crown."

The king's countenance underwent a swift change as he heard this innocent but unadvised remark. The joyous hilarity of the previous moment vanished at once, and a threatening frown brooded over his brow. With an awful flash in his keen black eyes, he turned to one of the European attendants who happened to be nearest to him, and exclaimed, in a voice husky with rage: "Did you hear the traitor?"

"I did, your Majesty," was the beginning of the reply; but before there was time to utter more, he was shouting out to the captain of the body-guard, "Take that man into custody forthwith!" adding, to the Prime Minister: "Go, Rooshun, and take off his head."

It was a moment of appalling consternation. The king had absolute power of life and death over all the natives not in

the service of the Company; and such was his despotism, that any attempt to thwart his rage at the moment would probably have increased its intensity. The captain of the body-guard—a European officer—and the Prime Minister, both advanced to Buktawir, who stood with bent head and hands extended before him palm to palm, in the ordinary attitude of obedience. He said not a word.

“The command of the Refuge of the World shall be obeyed,” said the Prime Minister, who, though on friendly terms with the fallen man, showed no reluctance towards his office.

“Buktawir is *my* prisoner,” exclaimed the captain, leading him off, and giving his European associates, as he went out, a meaning look, which said: “Perform *your* part; I shall perform mine for the wretched man.”

“What would the king of England do to the man who insulted him thus?” asked Nussir, fiercely dashing his hat on the ground and stamping on it, as Buktawir was led out.

“His Majesty would have him arrested, as your Majesty has done,” was the reply of one of the Europeans; “and, after trial, he would be dealt with as might be decided.”

“So shall I do,” he exclaimed, continuing his advance towards the door slowly, and quite forgetful that the order had already been given for his execution.

“I shall inform Rooshun of your Majesty’s commands,” said the attendant, bowing and starting off, glad of even so slender a pretext for arresting the doom of the unfortunate jester till the king’s wrath had time to cool. The transient reprieve was made known to those who were conducting him to his doom; and in the mean time all hopes of his deliverance depended upon the success of the efforts which might be made to interest the British Resident in his behalf. His power, it was well known, if invoked, would avail to shield the life of the fallen functionary, although his property might not escape confiscation. The task of securing the friendly interposition of the Resident was intrusted to the captain of the body-guard. That gentleman, however, when apprised of the circumstances of the case, did not see how he could interfere, since the alleged traitor was in no way amenable to the Company. He promised, nevertheless, to exercise his influence for the protection

of the innocent members of Buktawir’s family, who would inevitably be all involved in his degradation and ruin.

In the mean time, the European attendants of the king, on leaving the palace, paid a visit of condolence to the unhappy culprit. They found him thrust into a mean out-house, formerly in the occupation of a low-caste menial, guarded by two native sentries. The only furniture in this wretched hovel consisted of a rough native bedstead, raised on four short legs, and destitute of mat or mattress. All the costly garments and equipments of the disgraced chief had been stripped off him, and, with the exception of a scanty cloth which engirded his loins, he was naked. The interview was a very affecting and touching one, and afforded a terrible exemplification of the evils of despotism. Though protesting his complete innocence of any traitorous intents, he expressed a conviction that he should die, and was chiefly solicitous about his wives, his children, and his aged, bed-ridden father, who were all obnoxious to torture and death. With heart-rending earnestness did he plead for the kind offices of his visitors on their behalf, and assurances to that effect were given, amidst tears of grief excited by the tragic spectacle.

Stretching out his arm, the wretched man put into the hand of one of the party a signet-ring, containing a large emerald, saying: “I have preserved this one jewel; they have taken all the rest. Should my family come to want—should they only lose their property, and be otherwise uninjured—perhaps you will sell this for them. Do, kind Englishmen; but do try and save them from torture and disgrace, and the blessings of the widows and orphans will be yours.”

At a later period in the day, the European sympathizers learned that the kinsfolk of Buktawir had been seized and stripped, and thrust into the same degrading prisons; and finding that a period of half an hour existed before their presence was required by the king, they, at the risk of incurring the royal wrath, spent the interval in administering solace and comfort to those cowering and sorrowful creatures.

At the council, held that evening, every voice was loudly raised for the exercise of clemency. The nawab had been thoroughly frightened by the Resident’s declaration that he should hold him re-

sponsible for any injury that might befall the innocent family of the rajah. The Company might permit the king to slay here and there; but the slaughter of a whole family in cold blood, or the torture of delicate women and children in groups, was more than they would allow. Such atrocities might come to the ears of Europe, and tarnish the Company's honorable name. It did not, therefore, suit either the convenience of the Prime Minister or the prospects of the European barber to be brought into collision with the Resident on this question. The king was accordingly prevailed on, by the cautious diplomacy of his attendants, to commute the sentence of death into that of perpetual banishment, imprisonment in an iron cage, and confiscation of property. On the following day the prisoner was to take his departure.

But the fury of the king was not fully appeased by this decision. "He must be disgraced," exclaimed the tyrant, "as rajah never was disgraced before. Let his turban and dress be brought—his sword and his pistols."

The mandate was obeyed. According to Hindoo ideas, an indignity offered to the turban is the same as if offered to the owner of it. A man acting as a sort of house-scavenger was ordered into the presence, where he defiled the poor rajah's head-piece with hearty good-will, to the king's great satisfaction. Next came the sword, which was broken into a hundred pieces by a sturdy blacksmith, introduced for the purpose. Then followed the pistols. The son of Vulcan was about to smash them in like manner, when he had the precaution to look if they were loaded. They *were* loaded, sure enough. The king observed the hesitation, suspected the cause, and vehemently asked if they were loaded. On being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed passionately: "Said I not well, the man was a traitor of the worst stamp? How say you now, gentlemen, was this an unpremeditated matter? You hear, the scoundrel's pistols are loaded!"

"It was part of his duty as a general to have his pistols loaded to defend your Majesty," said the tutor firmly.

Not satisfied with this explanation, the captain of the body-guard was summoned to decide the serious question. "Captain," said the king, as he entered, "was it the duty of Rajah Buktawir Singh (that

was) to wear his pistols loaded or unloaded?"

The answer was awaited in breathless expectation, since on it a life probably depended. The captain, however, at a glance saw how matters stood, and wishing well to the degraded general, he replied unhesitatingly: "It is unquestionably the duty of the commander-in-chief and the general of your Majesty's forces to be prepared for any sudden danger that might assail your Majesty. Their pistols would be useless unloaded."

The king was satisfied, and so this new peril passed away. Next day, immured in a large wild-beast cage, the prisoner departed northwards, the members of his family following in a melancholy train. The interference of the dreaded Resident, however, had done much to mitigate the severity of their treatment. Thus the East-India Company, with all its imperfections, has long been, among the natives of that vast country, "a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well."

But there is a sequel to this tragic story so thoroughly oriental, that it deserves a passing notice. Buktawir was gone, and there seemed not the slightest chance of his ever seeing Lucknow again. A simple incident occurred, however, which recalled him to the mind of the sovereign, and led to his restoration to his forfeited dignities and honors. The event happened in this wise.

A general dearth occurred throughout Oude. The scarcity caused a serious enhancement in the prices of every staple article of food, with the invariable concomitant—great distress and discontent in Lucknow. The bazaar-owners were loudly accused by the poor of having produced an artificial scarceness, and riots occurred in consequence. Whenever the king made his appearance in public, petitions against the speculators were thrown into his howdah, or offered to him when he was on horseback, by kneeling sufferers. These complaints of popular grievances at length became so annoying to his Majesty, that he almost ceased his visits to the city. This unsatisfactory state of things continued long after the ostensible cause had passed away. A year of plenty came, but still want and discontent continued, and the king was bored beyond endurance with the memorials of starving families and outraged property. One day, at the

durbar, he said to his courtiers: "There is evidently something wrong; I never knew discontent continue so long in Lucknow before." The nawab obscurely hinted at the failure of the crops; but his Majesty was not satisfied with the explanation, and invited the opinion of the tutor. The reply of this attendant was to the effect that there must be some mismanagement in the bazaars or markets, which required royal investigation.

The sovereign's love of novelty and adventure was excited by the remark, and he answered: "I quite agree with you, master; let us go this very evening and inquire into it. Let us all go in disguise, as the Caliph used to do in Bagdad. I will go with you; it will be both useful and agreeable." The transformation was speedily effected, and the courtly adventurers started on their romantic errand, without having any definite idea, however, what they were about to do.

Reaching the places of eastern course, "on we went," says the narrator, "through the oily, steaming crowd, redolent of unsavory odors. Fierce rajpoots and patans, with their tulwars and shields jingling by their sides and on their backs, elbowed us and scowled. Well-bearded Mussulmans, pious, devout, observed, as we passed, it was no place for sahibs. Sleek Hindoos smiled, and tempted us with their wares, flattering us, in affected humility, with their words. At length we drew near a money-changer's, where there was more room. His coins lay scattered in little heaps over the large trays, that served as tables. He sat on his bended legs, after the manner of money-changers in the East and tailors in the West. Two sturdy attendants lounged near by." A merchant of some consequence approached the money-changer, and, exchanging greetings with the newcomer, said: "Another attack on the rice-stores this morning, Mhadub."

"Bad times, bad times!" replied Mhadub, shaking his head gloomily, as he looked towards the disguised king and courtiers. The king looked significantly round as he heard the reply; and, anxious to catch more, he lingered at a neighboring stall, examining some article, while his companions subjected some swords to a critical scrutiny.

"Very hard, very hard, indeed; it wasn't so in times past," went on the dealer in coins, shaking his head again.

"There's nothing doing now. Change for a gold mohur? Certainly, my lord. Fifteen rupees, eleven annas, and four pie, four annas, eight pie *dustoorree*. Some people charge five annas, but I only four, and eight pie. Bad times, as you say, Baboo."

"It wasn't so when Rajah Buktawir was the king's minister. He kept the bazaars in order," said the merchant.

The king started on hearing this remark, and, advancing nearer to the speakers, he continued to listen with increased eagerness.

"He did, Baboo, he did," rejoined the money-changer. "Rajah Buktawir kept the bazaars in order, as you say. Bad times, bad times!"

The king had heard enough. Perhaps his conscience was touched; at all events he returned to the palace in a reflecting mood. The idea that had been put into his head worked there, and in two months from that date the expatriated functionary was in his old place at court, and continued for years to be higher than before in his sovereign's favor. His bitter experiences of the caprices of unbridled power had probably made him a wiser if not a sadder man.

It certainly can be no matter for lamentation that the supremacy of the British authority in Oude should have extinguished the practice of such freaks of arbitrariness as we have just narrated. Such facts as these ought to be seriously weighed in forming our judgment of the propriety or impropriety of the annexation of that disorganized kingdom to the British dominions.

Since the commencement of the present fearful conflict in Oude, we have heard a great deal about the fierce and turbulent character of the population of that province, and much of the wild ferocity lately displayed there has, by some writers, been ascribed to the feelings of exasperation aroused by the suppression of the native government. It would appear, however, from many passages in the work before us, that society in and around Lucknow has for many years past been steeped in disaffection, and large numbers of the natives have been ever ready for the perpetration of deeds of violence and rapine. At a time when attempts are made to excite sympathy for the deposed dynasty, it may not be amiss to give an example of the disloyal style of treatment on one occasion inflicted

upon the king and his suite. The details of the incident are very copious; but we will give the leading outlines in as few words as possible.

The king and a large body of attendants were out on a hunting expedition, at a distance of several miles from Lucknow. For several days the weather had been remarkably fine, and his Majesty had been in excellent humor, enjoying the chase of wild animals. One day, however, their sport took the party across a region covered with a deposit of white impalpable sand, resembling powdered saltpetre, which rose about them in clouds of fine dust, and, getting into their eyes, nostrils, ears, and mouths, tormented them with pungent, stinging sensations. The annoyance was too much for the patience of his Majesty, who felt that he ought to have been shielded from such a pest, and he retired early that night to the private royal apartments of the encampment in any thing but a good temper. His native and European attendants shortly afterwards went also to their respective tents.

Scarcely had they composed themselves to sleep that night, when a terrific thunder-storm burst upon the camp, the lightning glaring around them with appalling vividness, and the rain descending in torrents upon the frail tents. The wind whistled and howled, too, like a chorus of disquieted demons, and threatened every moment to whirl the sheltering canvas into the air. By the aid of additional pins, and the bracing up of ropes, however, most of the flimsy structures were kept upon their legs. In the intervals of the thunder and the ragings of the wind, great commotion was audible in the camp; horses were neighing, camels were crying, elephants were blowing, women were shrieking, and men were wildly shouting. This continued for a considerable period. At length, during a slight lull in the storm, a messenger from the king arrived in haste to summon the captain of the guard to the royal presence. The other functionaries were for some time left in ignorance of the purport of this unseasonable order; and remembering the mood in which they had left their royal master, they revolved in their minds all kinds of dark and sinister conjectures. At length the captain returned, and explained the mystery. One of the royal tents, it appeared, had been blown down and its inmates flooded; and the king, in

a fit of exasperation, had issued orders to return immediately to Lucknow. His chief wives and most of the military guard were to accompany him; but many of the attendants, both male and female, were left behind to the tender mercies of the neighboring villagers, who, it was well known, as soon as they heard of the king's flight, would fall upon and pillage the camp.

And so indeed it happened. For, while it was yet dark, swarms of fierce spoilers came down, and added their plunderings to the devastations of the storm. Only by the most vigilant watchfulness, and a display of courageous determination on the part of the residue of the royal party, was any property saved from the clutches of these invaders; and many a thrilling adventure and hair-breadth escape occurred during that eventful night. As it was, the plunder secured by the natives was very considerable. The fallen royal tent, with all its rich and costly furniture and ladies' attire, was ransacked and carried off, though defended by the nawab and a small band of soldiers, who slew some of the strangers. Even the very coat and pantaloons the king had taken off the previous evening were stolen.

When the report of these proceedings reached the ears of the king the next day, his anger was terrific, and he vowed summary vengeance upon the daring marauders who had put forth their defiling hands to touch the robes of their sovereign and his wives. About a dozen poor wretches, of a most ferocious and cut-throat aspect, were shortly afterwards brought in by the nawab, each one being strapped down to a charpoy, like a drunken man on a police-stretcher in England; and all of them had cuts of swords or stabs of daggers about their persons, which were undressed and unattended to. These were said to have been the ringleaders or most active accomplices in the night-assault; and, without trial or examination, the fatal order was given that they should die. The summary sentence was at once executed, and the heads of the poor fellows, whether they happened to be innocent or guilty, were soon rolling on the ground. The wrath of the king was appeased by this sanguinary sacrifice.

Such is only a fair illustration of the very pleasant relations subsisting between the Oude sovereign and his subjects down to a very recent date. Surely those who

plead so chivalrously for the maintenance of the native government in that province, can scarcely be aware that they are unintentionally favoring the perpetuation of a state of things out of which spring such dreadful incidents as we have mentioned. Nor are these exceptional vagaries in the public and private life of an oriental des-

pot, or by any means the worst that could be cited. However, as we before intimated, it is no duty of ours to pronounce a decided opinion upon this moot question; our object has been simply to narrate facts for the guidance of the judgment of our readers. May the right and the true prevail!

From the Westminster Review.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY VERITABLE;

OR, THE BOSCOBEL TRACTS—ESCAPE OF CHARLES II.*

THERE is, perhaps, no country where, in so small a space as in England, so much romance, so many relics of the past, are crowded together. All have their own tale of peculiar interest to Englishmen. Insulated by the sea, which has not always been a "sparkling marriage-ring" of land with land, but has rather divorced us from our neighbors, we have fought out our quarrels on our own soil. Our history is written on our land. Abbeys, and cathedrals, and parish-churches, where lie our fathers sleeping still and cold as their own images of brass and stone; moated granges, now guarded only by the tall poplar-trees; old gray manor-houses, dropped down, as it were, amidst our hills, with their secret chambers, where our forefathers were concealed in times of

distress; old battle-fields, over which now the vacant plowman, driving team, is at times startled when he turns up with his plow some broken sword and some bleached arm which once wielded it in the full strength of manhood—all speak to us with no indistinct voices. The spirit that built these abbeys, the spirit that fought upon these battle-fields, may have passed away, and there is little hope of recalling it by a mere antiquarian study of these remains—yet with what feelings of true reverence we may possess let us still cherish them. Dinted gateway and broken rampart still silently speak of the past; whilst local tradition, with less truth, perhaps, but more noisily, tells its own tale. We should like to have these old traditions preserved, and see how far they would tally with what is already known. Much, no doubt, would be valuable, and the future historian could use it as Lord Macaulay has done the Somersetshire traditions with reference to the battle of Sedgemoor.

These reflections are forced upon us as we take up the new edition of the "Boscobel Tracts." By our side lies a copy of the early edition of 1662, which has always remained in one of the very houses in which King Charles was concealed. We hardly like to venture on comparisons. Curious is the old, tattered copy, bethumbed by many a cavalier, and

* *Boscobel; or, the compleat History of his Sacred Majesty's most miraculous preservation after the Battle of Worcester, 3 Sept., 1651.*

Boscobel; or, the compleat History of the most miraculous preservation of King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, September the 3d, 1651. To which is added the King's concealment at Trent. Published by Mrs. Anne Wyndham.

The Boscobel Tracts relating to the escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, and his subsequent Adventures. Edited by J. Hughes, Esq., M.A. Second Edition. William Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1857.

Woodstock; or, the Cavalier. A Tale of the year Sixteen Hundred and Fifty-one. By the Author of "Waverley."

peeped into by the curious villagers, with its quaint woodcuts, its map of the city of Worcester, which would certainly confuse the most enlightened visitor; and its representation of Boscobel wood, in which if the King and Colonel Carlis had not been better concealed than the loyal draughtsman here represents them, they would assuredly have been soon captured. If we have a greater affection for the old, we must own that the new edition is far better suited for general use. Its editor, Mr. Hughes, has done some service by bringing together most of the documents that bear upon the subject; we wish, however, he had reprinted one or two more, especially the rare tract of "White Ladies." He has, too, given us descriptions from personal observation of some of the places where the King stopped. Much more he might have done; "the loyal city of Worcester" would alone have furnished him with much material which he has neglected. We think, too, he might have given us some of the traditions which still linger in so many parts of England on the subject. He has, though apparently unconscious that there were great doubts on the matter, given the authorship of the "Boscobel Tracts" to Blount, without any comment. Had he looked in so common a book as Nash's "Worcestershire," he would have found the fact strongly disputed.

"The story of the King's escape, after the battle of Worcester, is given in a book entitled 'Boscobel,' the first part contains the history of this event to his leaving White Ladies and Boscobel; the second, his adventures in the west of England: who was the author is not known, certainly not Mr. Blount. . . . Many have supposed that 'Boscobel' was written by Thomas Blount, Esq., born at Bordesley, in Worcestershire, son of Miles Blount, of Orleton, in Herefordshire, fifth son of Roger Blount, of Monkland, in the same county, who died 1679, aged sixty-one; married Anne, daughter of Edmund Church, of Maldon, in Essex, Esq.; he was a very industrious antiquary, and made large collections for the history of Herefordshire. In a MS. I have seen, he denies that he was the author of 'Boscobel;' and says the first time he ever saw the book was at Lord Oxford's, at Brampton Bryan, as will appear by the following letter."

Nash proceeds to quote a letter which he received from Blount's grandson, in which the following occurs:

"My grandfather's name was Thomas Blount; he died at Orleton. I dare say he was not the

author of 'Boscobel,' for in a letter (of his) to my father, I have seen the following sense expressed—"The other day, being on a visit to Lord Oxford, I met with a tract entitled 'Boscobel.' My lord expressed great surprise on seeing me eager to peruse it, saying I was deemed the author. How the world comes to be so kind to give it to me, I know not; but whatever merit it may have, for I had not time to examine it, I do not chuse to usurp it; I scorn to take the fame of another's production. So if the same opinion prevails amongst my friends in your part of the world, I desire you will contradict it; for I do not so much as know the author of that piece."*

Nothing can be more decisive than this; yet Mr. Hughes has passed the question of authorship over in silence. We can add nothing to unravel the matter. Whoever the old author of these tracts may be, he was a staunch Royalist, who, in his excess of loyalty, compares Charles II. with King David, and calls the Protector such hard names as "arch rebel," "bloody usurper," and lastly, as most sarcastic of all, "the chief mufti." Nothing to our author is of any account, unless it is clothed in robes of state. The divine right of kings is a belief and a reality in his mind, but the rights of the quarrel between the Houses and the King he could not understand. Personal feelings, interest, affections, and what not, dimmed his eyes to the truth; we stand on the eminence of many years, and can look calmly down upon the past. "These prodigious rebels," "these bloodhounds," "this skim and filth of the earth," as he calls Cromwell's soldiers, turn out in these later days something very different.

Our author very likely could see nothing in plain Cromwell, "with his linen not very clean, a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar," as Sir Philip Warwick describes him, but perceived every virtue breathing from robes of state and gold crowns. Because Cromwell did not come like some stage king, with stage bodyguards, and stage tinsel, and stage wardrobes, men will not allow that he was a king.

Many years ago, before the days of railways, a nobleman and his lady, with their infant child, were traveling in the depth of winter across Salisbury Plain. A snow-storm overtook them; their child

* Supplement to the second edition of Nash's "Worcestershire," 1799, p. 90.

became ill from the cold, and they were forced to take refuge in a lone shepherd's hut. The wild shepherd and his wife gathered round the child in awe and silence. The nurse began undressing it by the warm cottage fire. Silken frock and head-dress did the baby wear. One rich baby-dress came off to reveal another more beautiful. Still the shepherd and his wife looked on with awe. At last the process of undressing was completed, and the now naked baby was being warmed by the fire. Then was it, when all these wrappings and outer husks were peeled off, that the shepherd and his wife broke silence, exclaiming: "Why, it's just like one of ours!" What if all the world, like the shepherd and his wife, could see that ordinary kings and queens, when their state robes are off, "are just like one of us." Perhaps they would then discern that the real king with his state robes on or off is something very different.

It was but natural that the old writer of these tracts should feel some personal bitterness against his political enemies. They were regicides—the worst term that could be then applied to living men. We do not care in this matter to defend the Puritans by precedents or references to other rebellions. Great men, as these were, want no such apologies for their deeds; fools only require precedents. These Roundheads saw that the doctrine of non-resistance meant nothing else than the indulgence and encouragement of one individual's license and crime; they saw through the fiction that the king can do no wrong, and saw also that he is accountable, like any other man, for his faults, and fully, like any other man, deserves the penalty due to them; they felt, too, that it was far better that one guilty man should suffer a speedy death, than that thousands of their innocent countrymen should suffer prolonged tortures, and that England should groan, forever it might be, under cruel and unjust laws. Theirs was true patriotism, which loves its country better than its king; and they committed their deed, not in a corner, but in the broad daylight, before all England and all men.

We can not here, at any length, well discuss the further question of the different governments of the Puritan and the Cavalier. The whole matter is answered by the fruits the two systems produced.

Look for a moment at Cromwell's government: England basking in the sunshine of peace, though ruled, it might be, with a scepter of iron; Ireland enjoying the novelty of quietness; our navies riding triumphant from sea to sea, and the English name feared by every despot, and Englishmen at home reverencing God, striving to walk uprightly before him, according to the best light they had. And then look a few years after at this England, plundered by noble bastards; the court itself nothing but a harem, without the decency of eastern manners; our exchequer bankrupt; our ships rotting in our rotting dockyards, and England fawning like a beaten hound to a foreign potentate: and the general question, we should think, would be easily answered by most men. But, descending into particulars, we should find much to blame in the Puritan, and not a little to love and admire in the Cavalier. The Puritans, in their crusade against sin, were noble soldiers, whose pay was not in this world's coin. Great and glorious were they in that they saw that life was no paltry farce, played upon a poor stage, with clap-trap shows, and a little paint, and a few oil-lamps, but a deep, mysterious, never-ending tragedy: for this is true transcendentalism, true idealism, by whatever name it may be called. But they erred lamentably when they thought to drag men into virtue, to banish crime by edicts, imagining because vice was no longer apparent that it did not exist. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio* may, perhaps, hold good in law, but is not true of morals. Such a view nourished hypocrisy and a thousand evils. We can not enforce the seventh commandment, and the other sins that the seventh commandment implies, by physical force, by driving vice into holes and corners. Immorality seems to be a plant that grows ranker and stronger covered up in darkness, and there bears its most deadly fruit, and its subtlest poison. The Puritan theory of this world was no complete one. Their answer was not the whole answer to this problem of life, and therefore could not last. Their dearest defenders seem to feel this. Life is a tragedy, but it is as one of Shakspeare's tragedies, where mirth, too, plays a part—a secondary part—but still plays. Though a man's sorrow is in proportion to a man's capacity for feeling and experiencing the mysterious

wonders of the world and of his own soul, and its intensity is measured by his own nobleness and greatness, yet we know also that there is a spiff of gladness thrown like a calm, gentle light over all great minds, beautifully shining on the darkness and the deep cloud; that there is in these, too, above all others, a soul of cheerfulness, gladly accepting life, and whatever troubles life may bring, with the gentle, happy spirit of a child. Nature herself is ever joyful, and, in spite of the Puritans, she still kept on her way the same, the glad sunshine ever renewing itself though checkered, it might be, with the shadows of the clouds; the green grass springing up so fresh and bright, that it makes the heart joyful to look at it; the birds still singing their old tunes in the deep green-woods, whether the Puritan would listen or not. The Puritan allowed no play to those faculties of men, which, properly developed, constitute so much of the enjoyment of life. A black mask fell over every thing. No sunny smiles with him that warm the heart—no songs that cheer the laborer, heavy with the business of the day, until—surely enough to make the very angels weep, men almost believed a mother's kiss on the lips of her child to be a crime.

Such men as Cromwell and John Milton are not, of course, to be included in our censure. The one, it is said, preserved for the nation the cartoons of Raphael and Andrea Montegna's "Triumph," was fond of music, even encouraged the theaters, and gathered the poets to his court: the author of "Comus" and "L'Allegro," though a Puritan, was not of them; and we could have told from his works how deeply he loved the drama, had he not left his noble tribute to Shakspeare. Such traits as these show us not merely how great these two Republicans were, but how good also. Assuredly, they had little sympathy with such men as Prynne and Stephen Gosson, who, in their fanaticism, denounced both poet and sculptor, as well as player.

But let us return to our author, and, before proceeding, do him the justice of acknowledging his extreme accuracy in all matters of fact. These words of his in the address to the reader may be read with advantage by most historians:

"I am so far from that foul crime of publishing what's false, that I can safely say, I know

not one line unauthentic; such has been my care to be sure of the truth, that I have diligently collected the particulars from most of their mouths, who were the very actors themselves in this scene of miracles. To every individual person, as far as my industry could arrive to know, I have given the due of his merit; be it for valor, fidelity, or whatsoever other quality that any way had the honor to relate to his Majesty's service. . . . And though the whole complot may want elegance and politeness of style . . . yet it can not want truth, the chief ingredient, for such undertakings."

We willingly corroborate this, and readily forgive the writer his creeds and theories for his ardent desire for accuracy, which makes his history in this respect contrast favorably with Clarendon's account of the same matter.

Of all romantic tales in English history, this of King Charles's flight is, perhaps, the most so. His hair-breadth escapes, his sufferings, his disguises, the incidents that befell him, all contribute to throw a rather fictitious light over his character, as well as to heighten the coloring and interest of the story. The Charles of 1651, however, was a very different man from the one we generally know as Charles. He was then in the prime of youth; his features, though irregular and swarthy, lit up by his expressive eyes, were not yet marked with sensualism; his manners were winning, and free from that overdone courtier-like air which he picked up abroad in after-years; his gallantry and wit took captive every maiden's heart; whilst his warm and open disposition, which had not yet budded into open libertinism, was acceptable to the freest of the Cavaliers, whilst it did not displease the more severe. He possessed then, too, a certain firmness of mind, and a spirit of self-denial, which all, however, melted away during his residence in foreign courts. In addition to this, he was one of the best walkers and tennis-players in England, and was as courageous as he was skillful in the use of his sword—qualities which are always respected by Englishmen. He came forward as the avenger of the murdered King, when the reaction of feeling had just set in, and his cause alone with some constituted him a hero. He seemed just then to have possessed the bravery and valor of his grandfather, Henry of France, joined with the better parts of his father; and his trials and sufferings, as they often do, brought out the

good points of his character, and threw the worst into the shade. The story of his escape has always been popular. Children and grown-up people read it with equal attention. Oak-apple day is still kept up by schoolboys. Rival villages contend for the scenes of different adventures. Scott has made the tale the groundwork of one of his novels; and there is scarcely an historical romance which is not forever alluding to old haunted castles and priests' hiding-places where Charles II., rightly or wrongly, is supposed to have been concealed. His route might to this day be traced by the traditions which may be still gathered at the different places along the road where he stopped. And yet Charles was far from a hero; and the center of every story should have something heroic and ideal in it. Still, even in this tale of his flight, there is many a curious anecdote, many a noble trait exhibited in quarters where it might be least expected. The old gray houses are many of them still standing where Charles hid, the old traditions are still in the mouths of men, and we should like to say something of them before they pass away forever.

We would, however, here protest against the novels we have just been speaking of. Teaching history by such means is not teaching history at all, but only the theories and views which certain writers may choose to adopt. Not even Sir Walter Scott's great name can give credit to the custom. Chatham may learn history from Shakspeare, but not every reader is Chatham, nor every writer Shakspeare. What we want to know is not what certain people who once actually lived and played important parts on this earth, from which we, their descendants, are now reaping the results for good or evil, might or might not do under certain circumstances existing only in the writer's mind, but what they actually did do in the circumstances in which they were placed. The use of history is not to make men sympathize with this or that party, but to make men sympathize with whatever is good and noble in any party. Setting aside the presumption of putting our poor words into the mouths of great men, there must be always a dangerous tendency to darken or to ennoble certain characters for the exigencies of the plot; and in spite of all the beauties of "Woodstock," it is to us a most painful tale,

showing how far a great man like Scott could misrepresent for artistic and other purposes the character of Cromwell. If we must have fiction, let us also have fictitious characters who shall become real to us in proportion as they are truthfully and naturally delineated; for if novelists once become historians, we shall soon have historians novelists.

And now at last for our tale. In the beginning of August, 1651, Charles II. marched from Scotland into England. He seems to have thought that the English would speedily at his presence forget the oppressions of his father and the Star-Chamber—that they would forget, too, the verse, which they seemed at that moment to know better than any other, which told them "to put not their faith in princes." There was far more of Quixotism than chivalry in the enterprise. Charles had succeeded but indifferently in Scotland, where his strength lay; and he thought to be victorious in England, where he could hardly count upon a man. Manifestoes were published, offering pardon to all the rebels, with the exception of some of the leaders, who would submit, and promising further, "a lasting peace settled with religion and righteousness;" but manifestoes are easily published, and the English just then did not seem to think them necessarily true, even though published by a king. The Scotch army, inferior to Cromwell's in number, made up for their numerical weakness by harsher discipline. Apple-stealing was punished with death; what punishment was allotted to graver offenses we are not told.* At Warrington the first encounter of any importance took place, where Lambert and Harrison had concentrated some 7000 men. The bridge over the river had been partially broken down, but Charles in person, leading his troops over planks hastily thrown from pier to pier, gallantly led the way. Harrison and Lambert retreated, in pursuance of Cromwell's orders. On the 22d the Royalist army reached Worcester, *civitas et in bello et in pace semper fidelis*, with its walls in ruin, but with a very loyal mayor. The hostile garrison fled, and Charles, abandoning his intention of going on to London from the

* "Prisoner's Letter from Chester:" in the Oxford edition of Lord Clarendon's "State Papers." The object was of course to conciliate the English as much as possible along the road.

fatigued state of his army, ordered the walls to be immediately repaired.* For the next two or three days the King occupied himself with royal ceremonies, and his Scotch soldiers occupied themselves with quarreling with an eminent divine of the city, a Mr. Crosby, who, in his ultra-loyalism, had unduly exalted the King to the headship of the Church. Meanwhile, the Earl of Derby was defeated in Lancashire by Lilburn, and was forced to seek refuge at Boscobel House, on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire; from whence, having recovered from his wounds, he joined the King at Worcester. On the 26th, Charles held a review of his forces on the Pitchcroft, a large meadow on the banks of the Severn; and on the same day, in London, the Lord Mayor publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman Charles's manifesto, and in its place issued another, wherein Charles Stuart is ominously spoken of as a traitor and a public enemy. Cromwell, too, was now fast approaching. The county militias had, on his way, all flocked round his standard, and on the 28th he was with some thirty thousand men before Worcester, taking up his position at Perry Wood and Red Hill, eminences commanding the city on the east side and nearly opposite to the Royal Fort. On the same day Lambert had forced the passage of the Severn, at Upton, some little way below Worcester, his men "straddling across the parapet" of the nearly broken-down bridge, and maintaining themselves in the tower of Upton Church against Massey, who, being wounded, retreated across the Trent by Powick bridge into Worcester. Affairs now looked hopeless for the Royalists. But Englishmen, Royalists or Puritans, are not in the habit of despairing: so on

the next night, Charles perceiving himself to be gradually surrounded by a net-work of soldiery, determined on a night-attack; and some 1200 to 1500 men, under General Middleton, wearing their shirts over their armor to recognize each other in the darkness, attacked Cromwell's headquarters at Red Hill. But a Puritan in the city, one Guise, a tailor, had given information of the project, and the Royalists were defeated with loss. Poor Guise suffered the next day for his information. He saved his friends' lives, but lost his own. The Republicans, however, did not forget his services: Parliament soon afterwards voted his widow £200 in money, and an annuity of £200. During the next three or four days Cromwell poured in strong reinforcements to Powick, on the river Teme, which, together with the Severn, separated his troops on the west side from the city, and was now guarded by the Royalist Montgomery. The third of September saw Charles on the Cathedral tower, watching the movements of the enemy. The Lord General had detached a thousand men to cross the Severn by means of pontoons, at a place called Bunshill, a little above its junction with the Teme, with a view to outflank Montgomery, whose force was now being attacked at Powick bridge. Charles hastened to the scene of action. But, simultaneously with this movement on the western side, the Fort Royal on the east of the city was attacked. Charles returned to headquarters, leaving Major Pitscottie, with three hundred Highlanders, to oppose the one thousand men at Bunshill. The battle soon became general. Cromwell led on his men in person. In vain Pitscottie and his gallant three hundred offered resistance. As soon as Cromwell was over, he laid a bridge across the Teme, close to its junction with the Severn, over which Fleetwood's right detachment passed, whilst his left marched on to Powick bridge to help in the engagement against Montgomery. The bridge was fiercely contested. Cromwell's men there now seeing that assistance was coming up, and that Montgomery would be cut off in the rear, plunged boldly into the river. Montgomery, his ammunition being exhausted, was forced to retreat, bravely fighting, though, at every hedge and ditch, till driven across the Severn bridge into Worcester.

So much for the battle on the western

* One of the original orders is still in the possession of Mr. Page, of Salwarpe, near Droitwich, and runs as follows:

"CHARLES R.

"You are hereby required to send out of your parish thirty able men, to work at the fortifications of this city, and in regards of the necessity to beginne to-morrow morning. (Monday, at five o'clock,) whereof you and they are not to fail, as you tender our displeasure. Given at our Court at Worcester, the 24th of August, 1651.

"To the constables and tything men of Salwarpe.
"And you are to bring with you spades, shovels, and pickaxes."

The postscript proves with what haste the order was given.

side of the city. As soon as the Protector saw that his troops would be victorious, he hastily returned by his bridge across the Severn to Red Hill, and redoubled the attack on the Royal Fort. Charles now marched out of his entrenchments, leading on his Highlanders and best infantry, supported by his English Cavaliers. Desperate was the struggle. The Puritans gave way, leaving their cannon; but they gave way only to come back stronger, as a wave retires to the ocean for fresh strength. Charles's men fought with all the valor of despair; their ammunition was gone, but they still fought on with the butt-ends of their muskets. Now was the time for Lesley to charge with his cavalry; but he hung back. The Royalists at last broke. Cromwell seized the guns in the Royal Fort, and played them upon the fugitives. Through Sidbury they fled in confusion into the town. An ammunition-wagon was overturned in the gateway, and the King was forced to leap off his horse and hurry into the town on foot, his pursuers close upon him.* Charles's men now began to throw away their arms. In vain did Charles, having mounted again, ride up and down the

streets hat in hand, begging them to stand by him and fight like men; in vain did he implore them. At last, seeing all hope gone, all courage lost, he cried out: "I had rather that you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day." And now Cromwell's men were pouring into the city on all sides. General Dalzell's brigade in St. John's on the west side of the town, threw down their arms. Lord Rothes and Sir William Hamilton gallantly defended the Castle Hill until fair terms of surrender could be obtained. Some of the English Cavaliers made a desperate resistance in the Town Hall until they were all cut to pieces or made prisoners; whilst Lord Cleveland, Major Carlis, and others, rallied a handful of men and charged the enemy, "filling the streets with the bodies of horses and men," and thus securing the King's retreat. By six in the evening Charles had fled through St. Martin's Gate; once more at Barbon's bridge, just out of the town, he tried to rally his men; but it was to no purpose. Behind him now lay Worcester, with its houses pillaged and its citizens slain for his sake, and he forced to fly for life. Well might he say: "I had rather that you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day." Sad indeed they were; his poor Scotch soldiers, betrayed by their accent, wandered about the country starving, until at last mercifully knocked on the head by the peasantry. So ended the battle of Worcester, "as stiff a contest for four or five hours as ever I have seen," as Cromwell wrote.

Charles's expedition could have but one result: and that which took place was the quickest and the best. Had Lesley or Dalzell fought that day as they should, the issue must still have been the same with increased misery a few days later. For it was impossible that a boy like Charles with a handful of men, their ammunition ill supplied, could withstand a veteran like Cromwell, with England at his back. The bravery and devotedness of Charles's men will ever command respect, and shed a lustre round a worthless cause.

And now at this day at Worcester, many of the places connected with the battle are still in existence. Perry Wood still stands, and the entrenchments are still visible, and the peasant will show you

* This is the version in "Boscobel," which proceeds to say, that in "Friar's street his majesty put off his armor, and took a fresh horse." Now in that copy of the old edition of 1662, which we have before alluded to, there is written, in the handwriting of the 17th century, against the words, "given to y^e king by Mr. Bagnal," which is curiously corroborated by Nash, who at the same time, however, gives a rather different version of the ammunition story: "The king would certainly have been taken by Cromwell's cavalry, who were close at his heels, had not one of the inhabitants drawn a great load of hay into Sidbury Gate, which blocked up the entrance, so that the horse could not enter. The King, who was a very small distance before his enemies, dismounted, and crept under the hay into the town; as soon as he was entered the city, a cry was made to mount the King; when Mr. William Bagnal, a loyal gentleman who then lived in Sidbury, turned out his horse ready saddled, upon which his Majesty fled through St. Martin's Gate, and so to Boscobel. To a son of this Mr. William Bagnal, Dr. Thomas, when Dean of Worcester, of which diocese he was afterwards bishop, married his eldest daughter; and from his papers this anecdote is transcribed."—Collections, for the city of Worcester, made by Mr. Habington: in the Appendix to Nash's "Worcestershire," second edition, 1799, vol. ii. p. 106. See also pp. 323, 324, where Nash states that Bagnal never received either his horse or saddle, or any recompense for them. We have followed the author of "Boscobel," as he is supported by Bates in his "Account of the Rise and Progress of the late Troubles in England."

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soresly in need of it; once more his spirits return, and he fights his battles over again, exclaiming: "I am now ready for another march, and if it shall please God once more to place me at the head of eight or ten thousand men of one mind, and resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these rogues out of my kingdom." It is here that we first make acquaintance with Father Hodleston, whom the reader will remember as administering the Sacrament to Charles on his death-bed. Monday morning is breaking on the tired King, who tries to take some rest in one of the narrow secret chambers where he is concealed. He has but just left Boscobel in time, for to-day two parties of the enemy closely searched the house in every direction, taking away all poor William Penderel's stock of provisions, and threatening his life. Lord Wilmot goes over to Bentley Hall to make preparations for the King's reception there. The next day Moseley Hall itself is surrounded by soldiers, but thanks to Mr. Whitgreaves' address, all suspicion is warded off, though at White-Ladies Mr. Giffard is not so lucky, and his house is thoroughly explored, the very wainscoting being torn down in pursuit of the fugitive. Tuesday comes, and with it a number of false rumors, and one also quite true, that a thousand pounds is offered for the apprehension of Charles Stuart. That night the King, attended by Colonel Lane, reached Bentley Hall.

We shall not dwell on this portion of the narrative, as Mr. Hughes has given not only a detailed account of all matters of interest connected with it, but also sketches of Boscobel House and Moseley Hall, but shall pass on to the next stage of the journey, where the editor's knowledge is more limited. It was arranged at Bentley that the King should attend Colonel Lane's daughter, Jane Lane, who had a pass from the enemy, and endeavor to reach some sea-port; so on Wednesday morning we find Charles transformed from Will Jones, the woodman, into Will Jackson, a groom, clad in a suit of gray cloth. His new part he did not play well, for in handing Jane Lane on to her horse he gave her the wrong hand, which caused old Mrs. Lane to laugh heartily at his expense. However, the party, consisting of Jane Lane, with Will Jackson riding before her, a relative of hers, Mr. Lascelles, and Mr. and Mrs. Petre, who were going

to their place in Buckinghamshire, set out. They had not proceeded far when Jane Lane's horse cast a shoe, which the King must see replaced. Going into the nearest forge, Charles was soon chatting with the smith, who was bewailing the non-capture of that "rogue, Charles Stuart." The King replied, that "if that rogue were taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots." The horse is again shod, and the party proceed safely as far as Wootton, some six or seven miles from Stratford-on-Avon.* Here, however, they are met by a troop of horse, through which the King would pass, but Mr. Petre refuses. Jane Lane, who seems to have possessed courage equal to her tact, in vain remonstrates, and the party "wheel about a more indirect way," as the author of "Boscobel" writes, or as the King says, "we turned quite round, and went into Stratford another way."† Very curious is this, as it shows how accurate at times is popular tradition. The country people in the neighborhood still say that Charles came to Wootton, and turned off at a spot called Bearley Cross, although the name of King's-lane has been given to a modern road, only a portion of which can claim that appellation. The old lane can still be traced, along which Charles rode that September afternoon, although in places it is quite overgrown with underwood. It ran where Bearley-grove now stands, along the ridge-top, and so into the Wootton-road again. We made our way down it a few days ago. Its track in places was covered over with primroses which gleamed in the March sun, and the catkins of the nut-trees waved golden in the March wind, whilst their pink tufts gleamed here and there like rubies. The one elm in the Wootton-road has only within a few years been cut down, under which Charles must have passed that day, for we know from parish documents that it was standing in Shakspeare's time, as a boundary tree; but the peasant has his revenge, and can show you the oak under which the King took shelter in a storm.

* The author of "Boscobel" falls into one or two trifling inaccuracies just here, as when he says Wootton is within four miles of Stratford; and again, that Long-Marston is three miles from the same place; for three read five.

† An account of his Majesty's escape from Worcester; dictated to Mr. Pepys by the King himself, p. 164.

At Stratford Mr. and Mrs. Petre, ignorant of who Will Jackson might be, went on to Buckinghamshire. What Charles's thoughts were as he passed along, who shall say? In sight of him were the Edge-Hills, where his father first fought the Houses: beside him there ran the river Avon, which flowed from the fatal field of Naseby, where his father for the last time encountered the same foe. In the town, too, he passed not very far from where his mother, Henrietta Maria, had kept court—New Place—where a greater than she had once lived, even William Shakespeare. The royal party now keep on for Long Marston, or Marson, as the King writes it, and still so pronounced by the peasantry to this day, the same "dancing Marston" in Shakespeare's well-known rhyme. Here Jane Lane puts up at the house of Mr. Tombs: and here it was that the well-known attempt of the King to wind up the jack really occurred;* we shall give the story in the words of the author of "Boscobel:"

"That night, according to designment, Mrs. Lane and her company took up their quarters at Mr. Tombs' house, at Longmarston, some three miles west of Stratford, with whom she was well acquainted. Here Will Jackson being in the kitchen, in pursuance of his disguise, and the cook-maid busy in providing supper for her master's friends, she desired him to wind up the jack; Will Jackson was obedient, and attempted it, but hit not the right way, which made the maid in some passion ask: 'What countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a

jack?' Will Jackson answered very satisfactorily, 'I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane, in Staffordshire; we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a jack;' which in some measure assuaged the maid's anger."

The old house still stands, and is still in possession of the same family, who now, however, spell their names rather differently—Tomes. The people in the village even now call the house "Old King Charles." "So and so lives at Old King Charles," they say. The old jack still hangs up beside the fire-place, and from its construction would, we should think, puzzle, at first sight, a wiser man than Charles to wind it up. The villagers have their own version of the story, which is somewhat more romantic than the plain narration in "Boscobel," and runs as follows: That the King, hard pressed by the soldiers in pursuit of him, fled for refuge to the house into the very kitchen, disclosing his perilous situation to the maid at work, who instantly set him to wind up the jack; the soldiers rushed in after him; the King in trepidation, turned round, when the cook, with wonderful presence of mind, hit him with the basting-ladle, adding: "Now then, go on with your work, instead of looking about." The maneuver was effectual, and the soldiers departed on a fresh track. *Valeat quantum valere debeat.* Quaint and curious is the old place, with its oaken staircase and closets, standing a little back from the village, in the midst of trees and green pasture lands; it surely deserves a better fate than to be used as the granary of an adjoining farm-house. We are sorry Mr. Hughes did not investigate this portion of Charles's journey, which would have yielded him quite as interesting results as his other inquiries. The family of the Tombs's, although ignorant at the time who was their guest, turning the jack in their kitchen, appear to have suffered for their night's hospitality. There is still in possession of Fisher Tomes, Esq., the present owner of the house, a warrant issued by Edward Greville, of Milcote, directed to the constable and tything-men of Marston, desiring them to bring before him John Tombs, to answer to such matters as may be brought against him. He was obliged in consequence to leave the country for a time, and part of the estate was given to his half-brother, Francis Blower, who had taken the Parliamentary

* The story of King Charles winding up the jack is popular in many villages, and it is but just that the honor should be given to the place where it really occurred. A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," No. 63, claims Boscobel House as the scene of the occurrence; and in the neighborhood of Bentley Hall tradition loudly asserts the claim of the latter place, whilst Trent House as firmly maintains its own right to the same honor; but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the author of "Boscobel," supported as he is by the direct family tradition of the Tombs. The truth is, as we have said before, that no tale is so popular among the lower orders as this of King Charles's escape, and many villages, where he could never have been, in their loyal enthusiasm show you the identical room where he slept. Thus, at Knightwick, in Worcestershire, King Charles is said to have hid himself at the Talbot Inn, disguised as a shoemaker; the error arising possibly from the fact that Colonel Lane possessed property in the neighborhood. Again, at Philips Norton, in Somersetshire, a house is shown where King Charles was concealed, the mistake arising in this case from the confusion of the words Philips and Norton as connected with the history.

side. After the Restoration, family tradition says that they received, by way of recompense, a grant of liberty to hunt, hawk, and fish from Long Marston to Crab's Cross, near Redditch, in Worcestershire, though it seems that the grant was never entered in the King's Register Book—Charles in this, as in many other instances, rightly estimating the true value of his life by the rewards he bestowed on his preservers.

We have dwelt thus long on this part of the journey because Mr. Hughes has barely alluded to it, and must now compress our story. From Long Marston the Royal party proceed by Camden along the Cotswold Hills to Cirencester, where they staid the night, and from thence to Abbotsleigh, the residence of the Nortons, passing through Bristol on their way.

In Colston's "Life and Times" may be found a very elaborate description of Charles and Jane Lane riding through the streets of Bristol, and meeting the corpse of Ireton just landed from Ireland; but unfortunately, Charles passed through Bristol on September 12th, and Ireton did not die till November 26th. At Abbotsleigh, for greater security, Charles feigned sickness. The butler, however, who had once been in the King's household recognized his former master. Lord Wilmot, who had left Charles in Warwickshire, arrives in the neighborhood on the 12th; but it is thought advisable that he should stay away from Abbotsleigh for fear of detection. All hope of embarking from Bristol being gone, owing to the enemy's close watch, it is determined that Charles shall proceed to Trent House, the seat of Colonel Wyndham. An account of his sojourn there is still preserved in a pamphlet, entitled *Clavstrum Regale Reseratum*, supposed to have been written by either Colonel Wyndham's wife or sister; but whoever she was, she exceeds the author of "Boscobel" in virulent royalism. We quote its commencement:

"His Majesty's journey from Abbots-Leigh, in Somersetshire, to the house of Colonel Francis Wyndham at Trent, in the same county, his stay there, his endeavor, though frustrate, to get over into France, his return to Trent, his final departure thence in order to his happy transportation. A story, in which the constellations of Providence are so refulgent, that their light is sufficient to confute all the atheists of the world, and to enforce all persons, whose

faculties are not pertinaciously depraved, to acknowledge the watchful eye of God from above, looking upon all actions of men here below, making even the most wicked subservient to his just and glorious designs. And indeed whatsoever the ancients fabled Gyges's ring, by which he could render himself invisible; or the poets fancied of their gods, who usually carried their chief favorites in the clouds, and by drawing those aerial curtains, which so conceal them, that they were heard and seen of none, whilst they both heard and saw others, is here most certainly verified; for the Almighty so closely covered the King with the wing of his protection, and so clouded the understandings of his cruel enemies, that the most piercing eye of malice could not see, nor the most barbarous bloody hand offer violence to his sacred person; God smiting his pursuers, as once he did the Sodomites, with blindness . . ."

Alison is accused of writing history to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories; but Mistress Wyndham seems to have been admitted at once into the Almighty's counsels.

On September 16th, Charles, attended by the faithful Jane Lane and Mr. Lascelles, set out for Trent, but that day they only reached Castle Cary. Lord Wilmot, however, has gone on to Trent to tell the news to Colonel Wyndham, who the next day sets out to meet the King, having intrusted the secret to his wife, his niece, Juliana Coningsby, and some of his domestics. Charles remained in close quarters at Trent, in a secret chamber which commanded a view of the village, where he overheard one of Cromwell's troopers boasting that he had slain the King with his own hands; could see, too, the bonfires that the people lit in their joy, and hear his own death-knell rung from the church-tower. Colonel Wyndham now set out for Lyme, where, through the means of his friend, Captain Ellesden, he engages with Limbry, the master of a coasting vessel, to take some Royalists from Charmouth over to France, whilst the Colonel's servant, Peters, hires some apartments at an inn at Charmouth for a runaway bridal party from Devonshire. By September 23d all the arrangements are completed; Jane Lane takes leave of the King, thinking that he is now safe, and knowing that she had faithfully played her part, and returns with Mr. Lascelles to Staffordshire. She may not equal Alice Lee or Flora Macdonald in her attractions, but there is quiet, unassuming grace about her which gives the real

charm to her character; and the reader will gladly learn that she and the Penderels, and some others, were rewarded by Charles with substantial pensions, which, however, do not appear to have been very regularly paid.* The King riding double before Juliana Coningsby, sets out, with the Colonel as his guide, for Charmouth. Ellesden met them at a lone house among the hills, and about dusk they went on to Charmouth. The hour fixed for their embarkation had already arrived, but no boat came; the tide flowed in and was ebbing out; Peters was dispatched to Ellesden, who could give no explanation. In alarm the King and the Colonel made for Bridport, which was then full of sailors and soldiers; Charles pushed his way through the crowd at the inn-doors, joking with the troopers, when the ostler cried out: "I have surely seen your face before." The King cleverly drew from him that he had once lived at Exeter, where it was concluded they must have met. Lord Wilmot joined Charles about three o'clock, and it was determined to leave at once. Barely had they passed out of Bridport when the alarm was given; the old Republican ostler at Charmouth had noticed that the horses were kept saddled and bridled in the stable all night; had seen, too, the frequent and anxious visits down to the sea-shore. Hammet, the blacksmith, had remarked of Lord Wilmot's horse, which had cast a shoe, that "this horse has but three shoes, and they were all set in different counties, and one in Worcestershire." The ostler communicated with the Puritan divine, who seems to have had something of the Cavalier about him; for, going down to the inn, he salutes the hostess with—"Why, how now, Margaret? you are a maid of honor now." "What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?" she replied. "Why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at

his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honor," he answered. The woman abused him at first, but with a woman's true vanity soon added: "If I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out." The divine, not liking the good woman's rebuff, applied to the nearest magistrate for advice in the matter; but he treated the subject as lightly as mine hostess. Captain Macy was next applied to, who viewed the matter in a very different light, and instantly equipped a picket, and spurred off after the fugitives to Bridport. At Bridport he learnt they had gone on to Dorchester. Along the London road he galloped in hot haste, but the fugitives, unconscious of their danger, had just turned down a narrow lane leading to Broadwindsor, whilst Macy overshooting them, proceeded to Dorchester. At Broadwindsor the Colonel was acquainted with the host; but the night was again spent in alarm and confusion. Some soldiers came in to be billeted, and at midnight one of their wives was confined, and soldiers and parish-officers were engaged in a squabble as to who should be chargeable for the expense. The next morning, all chance of embarking from the Dorsetshire coast being gone, the friends return to Trent House again, and form plans for an attempt from some Sussex seaport. And here, while the King is safely concealed, we will tell the story of the former miscarriage. Limbry, the master of the vessel, had, it appears, concealed his intention of sailing from his wife, who, at the last minute, when he came for his sea-chest, reasonably asked why he was going to sea without any cargo. He replied, that Captain Ellesden would pay him better than any cargo would, if he would ship a Royalist friend of his over to France. His wife, who had just come from Lyme fair, where she had seen the offer of £1000 reward for the King's apprehension, and also the threats and punishments for harboring or aiding any of the Royalist party, begged of him not to go: his entreaties were in vain. She, with her two daughters, locked him in the room, exclaiming that she and her children would not be ruined by any landlord. The more the man entreated, the more violent she became; threatening at last, to tell Cap-

* "The gold pouncet-box given by the King to Mrs. Jane Lane during their journey from Bentley to Bristol after the battle of Worcester, and a beautiful miniature portrait of Colonel Lane, were exhibited by Miss Yonge, at the Archaeological Institute meeting at Shrewsbury, October, 1855."—"Notes and Queries for Worcester," p. 326. The gold watch which Charles gave Jane Lane, and which he requested might descend as an heirloom to the eldest daughter of the house of Lane for the time being, was till lately at Charlecote House, near Stratford-on-Avon, from whence it was stolen, and melted down in some Birmingham receiving-house.

tain Macy of the circumstances; which threat reduced her husband to quietness. When the tide had run down, she allowed him his liberty; and, as the Colonel and his man Peters were returning from their bootless errand to the inn, they saw a man dogged at a small distance by two or three women—this was the unfortunate Limbry, followed by his wife and daughters.

The alarm had now been given, and the Republicans were on Charles's track: the neighboring counties were scoured over; every hiding-place was explored. Pilisdon Hall, the seat of Colonel Wyndham's uncle, Sir J. Wyndham, was searched. In their zeal the Puritans suspected that a young lady of the family was Charles in disguise. Trent House itself was next to be searched: a tailor in the village gave the Colonel timely information, who, to blind his enemies, accompanied Lord Wilmot to the village church. This *ruse* had the desired effect—nothing in this world being then as now more deceptive than an outward show of religion. The sectaries were satisfied, and Trent House escaped molestation. On the 6th of October, Charles again set out, riding with Juliana Coningsby, on a double horse, under the guidance of Colonel Phelps, of Montacute House, for Hele House, near Amesbury, the seat of Mrs. Hyde, widow of the Chief Justice's elder brother, in order that he might be nearer the Sussex coast. Colonel Wyndham did not accompany them, for fear of suspicion. On the road they stopped at the George Inn, at Mere—a little town in Wiltshire, where mine host after dinner asked Charles "if he were a friend to Cæsars?" The King replied, "Yes." "Then here's a health to King Charles," cried he. That night the royal party reached Hele House, where good Mrs. Hyde's overzealousness and loyalty nearly betrayed her guest's rank. She, so writes the author of "Boscobel," "would give two larks to the King, when the others had but one;" and scarcely could she be prevailed from toasting a bumper to him. The next day it was arranged that Charles should formally take leave of the family, but return secretly at night. So, for the next five days, he lay concealed at Hele House, waited upon by the widow. News at last is brought that Lord Wilmot, through the agency of Colonel Gunter, has succeeded in hiring a small coasting-vessel. So, on

October 13th, Charles, accompanied by Canon Henchman, who had acted as a medium of communication from him to his friends, and being met on the way by Colonel Gunter, and Wilmot and Phelps, proceeded to Hambledon, in Hampshire, the residence of Mr. Symons, who married Colonel Gunter's sister. The visit was so unexpected, that Mr. Symons was absent, and did not return till supper-time, and was at first by no means pleased with the appearance of Charles, whose hair had not yet recovered from William Penderel's scissors: being satisfied, however, that his suspicions are wrong, he is only sorry that his beer is not stronger, and fetches down "a bottle of strong water," drinking to Mr. Jackson, as Charles was still named, jokingly calling him "brother Roundhead." The next morning the royal party set out for Brighthelmstone. A curious scene takes place at the inn, where Charles is recognized by the host, who, the instant he finds himself alone with the King, seized his hand to kiss it, exclaiming: "God bless you wheresoever you go! I do not doubt before I die but to be a lord and my wife a lady." Charles, to make every thing safe from another curtain lecture, detains Captain Tattersal, the master of the vessel, with him. The next morning Charles and Wilmot embark from Shoreham; and on that day, too, does the gallant Lord Derby lay down his head on the block at Bolton.

So ends the story of Charles's escape: it is a story of old halls, many of them now gone, some of them still standing, gray and weather-worn, their slates covered with a golden thatch of moss, full of hiding-places, where our forefathers, Cavaliers and Puritans, were alternately hid—a story, too, which the peasant in many parts of England still tells in his own rude way—a story of human fidelity, which, if told of a better man, would bring tears into our eyes. This much-abused human nature was, after all, true and faithful; for, though some score and more people were intrusted with the secret, not one of them revealed it. No one broke their word, though intimidated by threats and tempted by bribes. Peasant and peer were equally true; cottage and hall were both equally open to the homeless fugitive. One instance, and one only, is there approaching to flunkeyism in that of poor Smith, the innkeeper.

Well, perhaps, would it have been for Charles's memory had he been captured. His youth and bravery would have filled in a picture very different in colors to that which history now draws of him. Men would have remembered how he led the van over the broken arches of Warrington-bridge; how, too, sallying from the Royal Fort, he met face to face even Cromwell himself and his veteran troops, and for a time, too, drove them back; how, too, when the battle was going against him he once more rallied his troops, and when all hope was gone he tried to cheer them on again to the charge. But, as it is, we only learn from Charles's subsequent life that, sometimes, nothing in this world is sooner forgot than benefits—that experience does not make some men one whit better or wiser, but quite the

reverse—that the fact of knowing what persecution is does not necessarily make men generous to the suffering, but only qualifies them to inflict it all the more; and that acquaintance with fidelity and heroism only serves, with some, to inspire practical distrust in the existence of all virtue in women, and all honor in men. Instead of Charles's chivalry and his valor, we remember him only as having allowed the English flag to be insulted; instead of his patience under his hardships, we know of him only as one to whom his father bequeathed a rich legacy of his worst vices—as one who possessed the most winning manners but the lowest morals—the dupe of mistresses and the slave of favorites, who held a levee of panders and kept a privy council of buffoons, and elevated adultery into a science.

From the North British Review.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF DUGALD STEWART.*

EVER since the decease of Dugald Stewart, now nearly thirty years ago, there has been a strong desire felt by many to have a memoir of him. This feeling has rather been increased by the circumstance, that those who never saw him have been able to form a very dim idea of the man, and of his character. He ever flits before our phantasy as an author or a professor; we see him walking up and down, cogitating a lecture, or dictating an essay; or we get a glimpse of him gliding through the college courts, or addressing a reverential body of students in the class-room. He is not one of those authors who throw their individual heart into their writings, so that their works are their fittest memoir. On the contrary, he keeps himself

at a dignified distance from his readers, and seldom lays aside his classical staidness.

It seems that his son, Colonel Stewart, had prepared an account of the life and writings of his father, together with his correspondence with eminent individuals, and anecdotes from his journals. But, during his military service in India, Colonel Stewart had suffered from an attack of *coup-de-soleil*, which affected his intellect, and, in a rash moment, he committed to the flames the biography, as well as several papers by his father. The following letter, dated Catrine, 1837, to a publishing house which had inquired after this literary property, will be read with a melancholy feeling, as coming from the son of such a sire, and as illustrative of a topic on which the father had often dwelt, the dark cloud which forever settles on the border country of mind and body:

"You need not further trouble yourself on

* "The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq." Edited by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. With a Memoir of Dugald Stewart. By JOHN KEITH, M.A. Vols. I.-X., 1854-58. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.

this head, because, finding myself getting on in life, and despairing of finding a sale for it at its real value, I have destroyed the whole of it. To this step I was much induced by finding my locks repeatedly picked during my absence from home, some of my papers carried off, and some of the others evidently read, if not copied from, by persons of whom I could procure no trace, and in the pursuit or conviction of whom, I never could obtain any efficient assistance from the judicial functionaries. As this may form, at some future period, a curious item in the history of literature," etc., etc.

Every one rejoiced, in these circumstances, to find it announced that, in this edition of the collected works, there was to be a memoir of him by Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician who occupied in this last age the high place which Stewart did, in a previous age. It turned out that Hamilton was obliged, from failing health, to depart from the idea of writing an original and connected narrative, and was to confine himself to a collection of materials, with notes and observations on Stewart's philosophy; and even this design was frustrated by his lamented death. We are grateful, in these circumstances, that we have now at last a memoir of Stewart by Mr. Veitch, one of Hamilton's most promising pupils, and already favorably known by his translations, with notes, of portions of Descartes.

The biographer has taken a high standard, and has reached it. This is no other than the memoirs of Smith, Robertson, and Reid, by Stewart himself, who again seems to have taken as his model the *Eloges* of the French Academicians. Still, this dignified and rose-water style of biography is not after all the highest; as Stewart's admiring pupil, Francis Horner, remarks of him: "His conceptions of character, though formed with comprehensive design, want that individuality to which the painter of portraits must descend." It is evident throughout this life of Stewart, that the painter has been at pains to collect reminiscences from a variety of quarters, and that he has made a judicious combination of them, but it is just as clear that he has not seen the original. He has given us a wonderfully good likeness; but it is of the professor in his gown, rather than of the man in his inner and domestic life—his heart—his conscience—and his religious experience. This we suspect is an unavoidable deficiency, arising not only from the want of

materials, but mainly from the peculiar character of Mr. Stewart himself. It is easiest to seize a likeness when the features are marked; but Stewart's mental character was distinguished for its regularity and its fine proportions, and was without prominences or excesses of any kind. Besides, while Stewart had no doubt a liberal heart, he contrives to keep it very much folded up from our view in his writings, and in any recorded conversations or letters preserved to us. That we should not have a living family portrait is no fault of the biographer, who has done his part with industry, integrity, and judgment, and has given us a memoir characterized by clearness and accuracy of narrative, elegance of style, and a fine philosophic spirit. We rather think that this is precisely such an account as Stewart would have wished preserved of himself, and that he would have shrunk from a more searching anatomy of his inward motives, and declined a fuller narrative of incidents, which might have exhibited his infirmities.

Dugald Stewart was born in the Old College buildings, Edinburgh, on Nov. 22d, 1753. His father was Dr. Matthew Stewart, at one time minister at Roseneath, and afterwards successor to Maclaurin in the mathematical chair in Edinburgh, and still known as one of those British mathematicians, who were applying with great skill and beauty, the geometrical method, while the continental mathematicians were far outstripping them by seizing on the more powerful instrument of the calculus. His mother was the daughter of an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet. He was thus connected on the part of his father (and also of his grandfather, who had been minister of Rothesay) with the Presbyterian ministry, and on the part of his mother with the Edinburgh lawyers—the two classes which, next to the Heritors, held the most influential position in Scotland.

Dugald was a feeble and delicate infant. He spent his boyish years partly in Edinburgh, and partly in the maternal mansion house of Catrine, which we remember as being, when we paid pilgrimage thither a number of years ago, a whitewashed, broad-faced, common-place old house, situated very pleasantly in what Wordsworth calls expressively the "holms of bonnie Ayr," but unpleasantly near a cotton-mill and a thriving village, which, as they rose about 1792, destroyed to Stewart the

charms of the place as a residence. Stewart entered, at the age of eight, the High School of Edinburgh, where he had, in the latter years of his attendance, Dr. Adam for his instructor, and where he was distinguished for the elegance of his translations, and early acquired that love for the prose and poetical works of ancient Rome, which continued with him through life. He entered Edinburgh College in the session 1765-66, that is, in his thirteenth year. We remember that Bacon, David Hume, Adam Smith, Thomas Reid, and many other original-minded men, entered college about the same age; and we are strengthened in the conviction, that, in order to the production of fresh and independent thought, it is of advantage to have the drilling in the ordinary elements, all over at a comparatively early age, and then allow the mind, already well-stocked with general knowledge, to turn its undivided energies to its favorite and evidently predestinated field; and that the modern English plan of continuing the routine discipline in classics or mathematics till the age of twenty-two, while well fitted to produce good technical scholars, is not so well calculated to raise up great reformers in method and execution. What the Scottish Colleges have to deplore, is not so much the juvenility of the entrants—though this has been carried to excess—as the total want of a provision for bringing to a point, for carrying on, for consolidating and condensing the scattered education which has been so well begun in the several classes. But to return to the college youth, we find him attending, among other classes, that of Logic under Stevenson, for two sessions, that of Moral Philosophy, under Adam Ferguson, that of Natural Philosophy, under Russell, and from all of these he received a stimulus and a bent, which swayed him at the crisis of his being, and abode with him during the whole of his life.

After finishing his course in Edinburgh, he went to Glasgow in 1771, partly by the advice of Ferguson, that he might be under Dr. Thomas Reid, and partly with the view of being sent to Oxford on the Snell Foundation, which has been of use to many students of Glasgow, but has in some respects been rather injurious to the college, as it has led many to ascribe to it the mere reflected glory of being a training-school to higher institutions, whereas Glasgow should assert of itself that it is

prepared to give as high an education as can be had in any University in the world. The youth seems at this time to have had thoughts of entering the Church of England; and if he had gone south, we can conceive him rising to as high a dignity as a Scotchman sent to Oxford on that foundation, has reached in our day, and, in that event, he would no doubt have discharged the duties of the Episcopal office with great propriety and dignity. But a destiny better suited to his peculiar character and gifts, was awaiting him. In the autumn of 1772, that is, when he was at the age of nineteen, he became substitute for his father in the chair of mathematics in Edinburgh. It is precisely such an office as this, a tutorship or assistant professorship, that the Scottish Colleges should provide for their more promising students; an office not to be reserved for sons or personal friends of professors, but to be thrown open to public competition. This is the one thing needful to the Scottish Universities, to enable them to complete the education which they have so well commenced, and to raise a body of learned youths, ready to compete with the tutors and fellows of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1775 Mr. Stewart was elected assistant and successor to his father; in 1778, on Professor Adam Ferguson going to America as Secretary to a commission, he, upon a week's notice, lectured for him on *Morals*; and in 1785, Ferguson having resigned, Stewart was appointed to the office for which he was so specially fitted,—to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

We pause in the narrative, in order to look at the circumstances which combined to influence the youth, to determine his career, and to fit him for the good work which he performed. First, we have a mind not, certainly, of bright original genius, or of great intellectual force, but with a blending of harmonious qualities, a capacity for inward reflection, and a disposition toward it, a fine taste, and consummate judgment. From his youth he breathed the air of a college. He was early introduced to Roman literature, and made it his model. Stevenson used Wynne's Abridgment of Locke's *Essay* as a text-book, and from it the student may have caught the fresh and observational spirit which Locke had awakened, while, at the same time, he was kept from what Cousin describes as the common defect of

the British philosophy—being “insular”—by the other text-books employed, namely, the “*Elementa Philosophiæ*” of Heinemann, and the “*Determinationes Ontologiæ*” of De Vries, works which discussed, in a more abstract and scholastic method, the questions agitated on the Continent posterior to the publication of the *Philosophy of Descartes*. A still greater influence was exercised over the youth by Ferguson, who, with no great metaphysical ability, but in an altogether Roman, and in a somewhat Pagan manner, discussed, with great majesty and sweep, the topics—of which the pupil was ever after so fond—lying between mental science on the one hand, and jurisprudence on the other. From his own father, and through his own academical teaching, he acquired a taste for the geometrical method, so well fitted to give clearness and coherency to thought, and to teach caution in deduction. He thus became one of those metaphysicians (and they are not few) who have been mathematicians likewise, in this respect resembling (not to go back to Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, in ancient times) Descartes, Leibnitz, S. Clarke, Reid, and Kant. In the class of Natural Philosophy he was introduced to the Newtonian physics, which had been taught at an early date in Scotland, and caught an enthusiastic affection for the inductive method and for Bacon, which continued with him through life, and is his characteristic among metaphysicians. But the teacher influencing him most, and indeed determining his whole philosophic career, was Thomas Reid, who, in a homely manner, but with unsurpassed shrewdness, and great independence and originality, was unfolding the principles of common-sense, and thus laying a foundation for philosophy, while he undermined the skepticism of Hume. Stewart has found in Reid the model instructor, and it may be added, that Reid has found in Stewart the model disciple. This whole course was an excellent training for a metaphysician; it would have been perfect if, along with his knowledge of natural philosophy, his somewhat dull apprehension had been whetted by an acquaintance—such as that of Locke in an earlier, and that of Brown in a later age—with the more fugitive and complicated phenomena of the physiology of the body; and if, in addition, his over-cautious temper had been raised heavenward by an

intimacy with the lofty spirit of Plato, or, better still, by an appreciation of the deep theological discussions which had collected around them so much of the English and Scottish speculative intellect of the two preceding centuries.

Like every other man not altogether self-contained, Stewart must have felt the spirit of his age, which, as coming in from every quarter, like air and sunshine, commonly exercises a greater influence on young men than individual teachers can possibly do through the special channels open to them. Hume had stirred the thoughts of thinkers to their greatest depths; and this was now the age in which Hume had to be met. Stewart was born fourteen years after the publication of the great skeptical work of modern times, the “*Treatise on Human Nature*,” and two years after the publication of the work from which all the debased modern utilitarianism has sprung, the “*Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*.” At the time when the youth was forming his convictions, Hume was living in Edinburgh, and the center of an influence radiating round the man, who was a mixture of the lively, good-natured animal, and of the intellectual giant, but with a terrible want of the high moral and spiritual. The original disposition of Stewart did not tempt him to daring speculation; his domestic training must have prepossessed him against infidelity; and he had been placed, in Glasgow, under the only opponent worthy of Hume, who had appeared; and so these earthquake shocks just made him look round for a means of settling fast the foundations of the temple of knowledge.

Locke’s philosophy had been the reigning one for the last age or two. Mr. Veitch speaks of the “tradition of sensationalism, which the Scottish universities during the first half of the century, and up to the time of Reid, had in general dispensed in Scotland.” This statement is too sweeping: for, first, Locke had given as high a place to reflection as to sensation; and, secondly, he had given a high office to intuition; while, thirdly, Locke’s philosophy had not been received in Scotland without modification, or in its worst aspects, as it had been in France. Stewart, like Reid, entertained a high admiration of Locke, and was unwilling to separate from him; but he saw at the same time the defects of Locke, and that there

were fundamental laws in the mind which Locke had overlooked, or only incidentally noticed. In Glasgow he must have felt the influence left behind by a train of eminent men. There Hutcheson had been the founder of a school, afterwards called the Scottish school. We know that this honor has been claimed for his predecessor in the ethic chair, Gershom Carmichael, the editor of Puffendorf, and the author of a little Treatise on Natural Theology; we have looked into his works, and are persuaded that he exercised an influence on the mind of Hutcheson, who was his pupil, but it must have consisted mainly in connecting him with the old and more abstract philosophy of the schoolmen, and of the Continent, and in keeping him from falling altogether into the experimental method of Locke. In addition to the external and internal sense of Locke, Hutcheson had called in a moral sense—a very inadequate account we grant—but still containing a truth, inasmuch as it represented moral good as discerned by an original and distinct moral power. In Glasgow, too, Adam Smith had expounded those original views which he afterwards published in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and his "Wealth of Nations." In Edinburgh, James Balfour of Pilrig, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University from 1754 to 1764, had opposed Hume's ethical views, on grounds, however, which do not give morality a sufficiently deep foundation in the constitution of man or character of God. He begins his "Delineations of the Nature and Obligations of Morality," with the principle, that private happiness must be the chief end and object of every man's pursuit, shows how the good of others affords the highest happiness, and in order to sanction natural conscience, he calls in the authority of God, who must approve of what promotes the greatest happiness. But in his "Philosophical Essays," he opposes the theory which derives our ideas from sensation and reflection. "It may indeed be allowed that the first notions of things are given to the mind by some sensation or other; but then it may also be true, that after such notices are given, the mind, by the exercise of some inherent power, may be able to discover some remarkable qualities of such things, and even things of a very different nature, which are not to be discovered merely by any sense whatever." Still, with all these

references to intuition, and moral sense, and inherent power, there was a deep mine, very much concealed till it was opened fully to the view by the penetration and perseverance of Reid.

In order to estimate the character of the age, it must also be taken into account, that there was a strong expectation, that results were to follow from the application of inductive science, to mental phenomena, similar to those which had flowed from its application to physics. Bacon had declared that his method was as applicable to mental as to material facts, though he seems to have had no idea of consciousness being the agent to be employed in the inquiry into the laws of mind. Sir Isaac Newton had said, in his *Optics*: "And if natural philosophy, in all its parts, by pursuing this method, shall at length be perfected, the bounds of moral philosophy will also be enlarged." Pope, too, had said in his *Essay on Man*: "Account for moral as for natural things." Turnbull, under whom Reid studied in Aberdeen, had quoted this language of Newton and Pope, in his work on the "Principles of Moral Philosophy," published in 1740; and his aim was to "apply himself to the study of the human mind, in the same way as to that of the human body, or to any other part of natural philosophy." Catching this spirit from Turnbull, Reid was even now employing it to discover principles deeper than any that had been systematically noticed by Locke, by Hutcheson, or any Scottish philosopher. To this same noble work Stewart now devoted himself; but seeking meanwhile to combine with the profound philosophy of Reid, a literary excellence like that of Hume and Smith.

And this leads us to notice, that we can not form any thing like an adequate idea of the influences which combined to mould the character of Stewart, who cultivated literature as eagerly as he did philosophy, without taking into account, that he lived in an age of great literary revival in Scotland. The union between Scotland and England being now compacted, it was seen that the old Scottish dialect must gradually disappear, and ambitious youths were anxious to get rid of their northern idioms, and even grave seniors, including noblemen and dignified doctors, like Robertson, (as we learn from Lord Campbell's *Life of Loughborough*,) had formed a society, in order to be delivered from

their Scottish pronunciation. A company of authors had sprung up, determined to assert their place among the classical writers of England; and this had been already allowed to Hume, to Robertson, and Smith, and was being allowed to Beattie. Stewart had, no doubt, an ambition to take his place among the classical writers of Scotland.

While pursuing his studies at Glasgow, he read a paper on "Dreaming," before a literary society in connection with the University; and he subsequently read the same paper to a similar society in Edinburgh. The theory here started, was afterwards embodied in his "Elements," and contains, certainly, not the whole truth on this mysterious subject; but still a truth, namely, that in dreaming, the will is in abeyance, and the mind follows a spontaneous train. In the Edinburgh society he also read papers on "Taste," on "Cause and Effect," and "Skepticism." The fact that such topics were discussed, is a sign of the spirit which prevailed among the youth of Scotland at that time. It is worthy of being noticed, that at Glasgow he boarded in the same house with Mr. Alison, who afterwards, in his *Essay on Taste*, carried out the theory which had been started by Beattie, in his *Dissertation on Imagination*, as to the feeling of Beauty being produced by the association of ideas.

Quitting his course of training, we may now view him as delivering his professorial lectures, in the class-room in Edinburgh. By far the liveliest account of him is by Lord Cockburn. It is worthy of being read again by those who may have seen it before:

"He was about the middle size, weakly limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bald; his eyebrows bushy; his eyes gray and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humor, in which they were powerfully aided by his lips, which, though rather large perhaps, were flexible and expressive. The voice was singularly pleasing; and, as he managed it, a slight burr only made its tones softer. His ear both for music and for speech was exquisite; and he was the finest reader I have ever heard. His gesture was simple and elegant, though not free from a tinge of professional formality, and his whole manner that of an academical gentleman. . . . He lectured standing, from notes which, with their successive additions, must, I suppose, at last have been nearly as full as his spoken

words. His lecturing manner was professorial, but gentlemanlike, calm and expository, but rising into greatness, or softening into tenderness, whenever his subject required it. A slight asthmatic tendency made him often clear his throat; and such was my admiration of the whole exhibition, that Macvey Napier told him not long ago that I had said there was eloquence in his very spitting. 'Then,' said he, 'I am glad there was at least one thing in which I had no competitor.' . . . To me, his lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world."

There were hearers who felt that there was a want in his expositions, and there are readers still who feel in the same way. Ardent youths, like Brown and Chalmers, looked on him as timid and over-cautious. Chalmers wrote in 1801:

"I attend his lectures regularly. I must confess I have been rather disappointed. I never heard a single discussion of Stewart's which made up one masterly and comprehensive whole. His lectures seem to me to be made up of detached hints and incomplete outlines, and he almost uniformly avoids every subject which involves any difficult discussion."

Chalmers lived to proclaim him the highest of academic moralists. Still there was ground, in appearance and in reality, for the early criticism. In his writings he adopts the plan which Dr. Robertson took credit for introducing, that of throwing a great deal of his matter into notes and illustrations. This method, carried to the extent to which it has been done by Robertson, Stewart, and McCrie, is a radically defective one, as it interrupts the flow of the discourse, and, with this, the interest in and comprehension of the whole. He has a most sensitive aversion to all such bold speculations as Leibnitz indulged in, and is jealous of all such deductions as Descartes and Kant have drawn out. He has no ability for sharp analysis, and he looks on a high abstraction with as great terror as some men do on ghosts. He studiously avoids close discussion, and flinches from controversy; he seems afraid of fighting with an opponent, lest it should exhibit him in no seemly attitudes. Seldom does he venture on a bold assertion, and when he does, he always takes shelter immediately after behind an authority. Determined to sustain his dignity and keep up his flow of language, he often takes rounded sentences

and paragraphs to bring out what a more direct mind would have expressed in a single clenching clause, or even by an expressive epithet. Often does the eager, ingenuous youth, in reading his pages, wish that he would but lay aside ceremony for a very little, and speak out frankly and heartily.

Still we should form a very unjust opinion of Stewart, if, in consequence of these weaknesses, we thought him devoid of originality, independence, or profundity. We certainly do not claim for him the sagacity of Locke, or the speculative genius of Leibnitz, or a power of generalizing details equal to Adam Smith, or the shrewdness of Reid, or the logical grasp of Kant and Hamilton, and we admit that he was inferior to all these men in originality; but he has admirable qualities of his own—in soundness of judgment he is more to be trusted than any of them; and if he is without some of their excellencies, he is also without some of their faults. He has no such rash and unmeasured diatribes as Locke's assault on innate ideas; no such extravagances as the monadical theory of Leibnitz; no such wasting of ingenuity as Smith's theory in his "Moral Sentiments;" he does not commit such gross misapprehensions in scholarship as Reid does; and he never allows any logic to conduct him to such preposterous conclusions as Kant and Hamilton landed themselves in, when they declared causation to be a law of thought and not of things. We have noticed that in many cases Stewart hides his originality, as carefully as others boast of theirs. Often have we found, after going the round of philosophers in seeking light on some abstruse subject, that on turning to Stewart, his doctrine is after all the most profound, as it is the most judicious.

We do not mean to enter into the details of his remaining life. In 1783 he married a Miss Bannatyne, of Glasgow, who died in 1787, leaving an only child, afterwards Colonel Stewart. He spent the summers of 1788 and 1789 on the Continent. In the appendix to the Memoir, there is a selection from the letters which he wrote to his friends at home. Though written in the midst of instructive scenes, and on the eve of great events, they are excessively general and commonplace, and display no shrewdness of observation. In 1790 he married a daughter of Lord Cranston, a lady of high accom-

plishments, fascinating manners, and literary tastes. His house now became the resort of the best society of Edinburgh, and he himself the center and bond of an accomplished circle, at a time when the metropolis of Scotland in the winter months was the residence of many of the principal Scottish families, and of persons of high literary and scientific eminence. The weekly reunions in his house, which happily blended the aristocracies of rank and letters, bringing together the peer and the unfriended scholar, were for many years the source of an influence that most beneficially affected the society of the capital. His influence was extended by his receiving into his house, as boarders, young men chiefly of rank and fortune. In his classes of Moral Philosophy and of Political Economy, he had under him a greater body of young men who afterwards distinguished themselves, than any other teacher that we can think of. Among them we have to place Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Francis Horner, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Jeffrey, Sir Walter Scott, Sydney Smith, Dr. Brown, Dr. Chalmers, James Mill, Sir A. Alison, and many others who have risen to great eminence in politics, in literature, or philosophy; and most of these have acknowledged the good which they derived from his lectures, while some of them have carried out in practical measures the principles which he inculcated. He seems, in particular, to have kindled a fine enthusiasm in the breast of Francis Horner, who ever speaks of him in terms of loftiest admiration, and, though cut off in early life, lived long enough to exhibit the high moral aims which he had imbibed from the lessons of Stewart.

It was in 1792 that the first volume of his *Elements* was published. In 1793 appeared his *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, containing an epitome of the doctrines expanded in his larger writings. His other works appeared after successive intervals; his *Account of Adam Smith* in 1793, of *Robertson* in 1796, and of *Reid* in 1802; his *Philosophical Essays* in 1810; the second volume of his *Elements* in 1814; the first part of his *Dissertation* in 1815, and the second in 1821; the third volume of his *Elements* in 1827; and the *Active and Moral Powers* in 1828. The *Lectures on Political Economy* are now published for the first time.

In 1805 he threw himself, with more

eagerness than he was wont to display in public matters, into the controversy which arose about the appointment of Leslie—a man of high scientific eminence, but with a great deal of the gross animal in his nature—to the chair of Mathematics. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject, and appeared in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, as a Presbyterian elder, to aid the evangelical party, who, under the leadership of Sir H. Moncrieff, were no way inclined to join the moderate party in their attempt to keep out a distinguished man, because he entertained certain views on the subject of physical causation, and to retain the College chairs for themselves. In his speech on the occasion, Stewart does let out feeling for once, and it is mingled with pride and scorn:

“After having discharged, for more than thirty years, (not, I trust, without discredit to myself,) the important duties of my academical station, I flatter myself that the House does not think it incumbent on me to descend to philosophical controversies with such antagonists. Such of the members, at least, as I have the honor to be known to, will not, I am confident, easily allow themselves to be persuaded that I would have committed myself rashly and wantonly on a question in which the highest interests of mankind are involved.”

In delivering the speech from which the above is an extract, he was called to order, and not being accustomed to such handling, he sat down abruptly. The motion of Sir H. Moncrieff was carried by a majority, which occasioned great joy to the Edinburgh Liberals.

In 1806, the Whig party, being in power, procured for him a sinecure office, entitled the Writership of the Edinburgh Gazette, with a salary of £300 a year. In 1809, Mr. Stewart was in a precarious state of health, much aggravated by the death of a son by his second wife, and he asked Dr. Thomas Brown to lecture for him. In 1810, Brown, being strongly recommended to the Town Council by Stewart, was appointed conjoint professor, and henceforth discharged all the duties of the office. Brown never attacked Stewart, but he openly assailed Reid; and we suppose the intimacy between Stewart and Brown henceforth could not have been great. Stewart delivered his ultimate estimate of Brown in a note appended to the third volume of the Elements. There is evidently keen feeling

underlying it, but the criticism is, on the whole, a fair and just one. Stewart now lived, till the close of his life, at Kin-niel House, Linlithgowshire—a residence placed at his service by the Duke of Hamilton. Henceforth he was chiefly employed in maturing and arranging the philosophical works which he published. The details given of this part of his life are scanty and uninteresting. In 1820 he came forth to support Sir James Mackintosh as successor to Brown; and when Sir James declined the office, Stewart recommended Sir W. Hamilton, who seems ever afterwards to have cherished a feeling of gratitude towards Stewart. The election fell on Professor Wilson, who, while the fittest man living for the chair of Rhetoric and Belles Letters, had no special qualifications for a chair of Philosophy.

In 1822, Mr. Stewart had a stroke of paralysis, from which, however, he partially recovered. Mrs. Stewart describes him, in 1824, as troubled with a difficulty of speech, and a tremor in his hand, as walking two or three hours every day, as cheerful in his spirits, his mind as acute as ever, and as amusing himself with reading on his favorite pursuits, and with the classics. He had just given to the world his work on the Active Powers, and was on a visit to a friend in Edinburgh, when he died on 11th June, 1828. He was buried in the family vault in the Canongate. There is a monument in honor of him on the Calton Hill; but the fittest memorial of him is to be found, first, in his pupils, who have done a good work in their day, and now in his writings, which may do a good work for ages to come.

If there has been an anxiety felt to have a memoir of Stewart, there has been an equally strong desire to have a complete edition of his works. We do not know what causes may have hindered this in time past—we suspect that they must have risen from different parties having an interest in his published writings; but this we know, that it was difficult to procure certain of his works, as, for example, the third volume of his Elements, of which there had never been more than the one quarto edition. Every one rejoiced, in these circumstances, to find it intimated, that we were to have the collected works of Stewart, edited by Sir W. Hamilton, the most competent

man then living for the undertaking. This edition is now all but completed, and will ever be the standard one. The editor has not enriched it with such notes as he has appended to his edition of Reid—notes distinguished for the very qualities which Reid was deficient in, extensive scholarship and rigid analysis. Sir W. Hamilton, in undertaking the work, stipulated that Mr. Stewart's writings should be published without note or comment. We rather think that Hamilton had not such a sympathy with the elegant and cautious disciple as with the shrewd and original master. Besides, elaborate notes to Stewart must have been very much a repetition of his notes to Reid. In this edition Hamilton is tempted at times to depart from his rule; he does give us a note or comment when the subject is favorite one, such as the freedom of the will; and often must he have laid a restraint on himself, in not pruning or amending to a greater extent. But the value of this edition consists in its being complete, in its having references supplied, and one index after another, and in its containing additions from Stewart's manuscripts, and these often of great value, both in themselves and as illustrating Stewart's philosophy. Sir W. Hamilton was cut off before the edition was completed, but Mr. Veitch has carried on the work in the same manner and spirit. Having said so much of this fine edition, we must protest against the occasional translation of the language and views of Stewart into those of Hamilton, in places where it is purported to give us Stewart himself. Thus, in Index, vol. iv., p. 408, Stewart is represented as, in a place referred to, discussing the question as to whether some of our notions be not "native or *à priori*," but, on looking up the page, no such language is used; and the same remark holds good of vol. v., p. 474, where Stewart is spoken of as describing our notions both of matter and mind as merely "phenomenal," a view thoroughly Kantian and Hamiltonian, and not sanctioned by Stewart. We must be allowed, also, to disapprove of the liberty taken with the Outlines of Moral Philosophy, which is cut up into three parts, and appears in three distinct volumes. This is the most condensed and direct of all Stewart's writings; it contains an abridgment of his whole doctrines: it is one of the best text-books ever written,

and it should have appeared in its unity, as Stewart left it.

We do not propose to criticise these ten massive volumes. This would be a heavy work to ourselves and to our readers: it would almost be equivalent to a criticism of all modern philosophy. Nevertheless, we must touch on some topics of an interesting and important kind, as discussed by Stewart, and again discussed by later writers on mental science.

The first volume of the collected works contains the Dissertation. We look upon it as the finest of the Dissertations in the Encyclopædia Britannica; and this is no mean praise, when we consider the number of eminent men who have written for that work. We regard it, indeed, as upon the whole the best dissertation which ever appeared in a philosophical serial. As a history of modern philosophy, especially of British philosophy, it has not been superseded, and, we believe, never will be set aside. It is preëminent for its fine literary taste, its high moral tone, its general accuracy, its comprehensiveness of survey, and its ripeness of wisdom. When we read it, we feel as if we were breathing a pure and healthy atmosphere, and that the whole spirit of the work is cheering, as being so full of hope in the progress of knowledge. Its critical strictures are ever candid, generally mild, very often just, and always worthy of being noted and pondered. The work is particularly pleasing in the account given of those who have contributed by their literary works to diffuse a taste for metaphysical studies, such as Montaigne, Bayle, Fontenelle, and Addison. It should be admitted that the author has scarcely done justice to Grotius, and failed to fathom the depth of such minds as Leibnitz and Jonathan Edwards. We agree, moreover, with those who regret that he should ever have been tempted to enter on a criticism of Kant, whose works he knew only from translations and imperfect compends.*

* In regard to histories of philosophy, we have now three Parts of Mr. Maurice's work, in all of which we have huge sunlit objects, seen, as it were, in a fog, raised by the heat of a dreamy, feverish, sultry day in summer. The great defect of all his works is, that he seldom utters a clear categorical proposition. Mr. Lowes has published a library edition of his Biographical History of Philosophy. The work is clever and acute, but is not profound,

The next three volumes contain the Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, and are introduced by a portion of the Outlines. In the first volume of the Elements and in the opening of the second, he spreads out before us a classification of the intellectual powers—as Perception, Attention, Conception, Abstraction, Association of Ideas, Memory, Imagination, and Reason. The list is at once defective and redundant. Stewart acknowledges Self-consciousness, which is an inseparable concomitant of all the present operations of the mind, to be a separate attribute; and in this he seems to be right, inasmuch as it looks at a special object, namely, self in the existing state, and gives us a distinct class of ideas, namely, the qualities of self, such as thinking and feeling. Yet it is curious, that while he gives it half a page in his Outlines, it has no separate place in the Elements. It is also a singular circumstance that Reid dismisses it in the same summary way. An inductive observation, with an analysis of the precise knowledge given us by self-consciousness, would give a solid foundation for the doctrine of human personality, and clear away the greater part of the confusion and error lingering in the metaphysics of our day. Nor is there any proper account given in the Elements of that important group of faculties which discover relations among the objects known by Sense-Perception and Consciousness. The omission of this class of attributes has led him into a meager nominalism, very unlike the general spirit of his philosophy. He restricts the word Conception to the mere imaging power of the mind, and even to the picturing of bodily objects, as if we could not represent mental

objects as well, as, for example, ourselves or others in joy or sorrow. In a later age, Hamilton has confined the term in an opposite direction to the logical or general notion. Stewart's classification is also redundant. Attention is not a separate faculty, but is an exercise of will—roused, it may be, by feeling, and fixing the mind on a present object. He does not seem to know what to make of Reason, as a distinct faculty; and, as defined by him, it ought to include abstraction, which is certainly a rational exercise. But, if the work is defective in logical grasp, it excels in its descriptions of concrete operations, and in its explanations and elucidations of phenomena presenting themselves in real life. All his works are replete with those "intermediate axioms" which Bacon commends as most useful of all, as being removed equally from the lowest axioms, which differ but little from particulars, and from the highest and most general, which are notional, abstract, and of no weight; whereas the "intermediate are true, solid, full of life, and upon them depend the business and fortune of mankind." The fine reflection and lofty eloquence of Stewart come out most pleasingly and instructively in all those passages in which he treats of association and imagination.

On one important point, discussed frequently in the Elements, the school of Reid and Stewart was led into error by their excessive caution, and by being awed so much by the authority of Locke. Reid maintained, in a loose way, that we do not know substance but qualities, and Stewart wrought this view into a system. We are not, he says, properly speaking, conscious of self or the existence of self, we are merely conscious of a sensation or some other quality, which by a subsequent suggestion of the understanding, leads to a belief in that which exercises the quality. (*Phil. Essays*, p. 58, etc.) This we must regard as a radically defective doctrine. We do not know intuitively a quality of self apart from self; we know both in one primitive, concrete act, and it is only by a subsequent operation that we separate in thought the quality which may change in its action from the self or substance which abideth. Descartes erred, we think, when he represented the mental process as being "*cogito ergo sum*;" the primitive cognition is of the *ego cogitans*. But we look on Stewart as equally erring

and is thoroughly sophistical. He has no sympathies with humble, cautious, and practical truth-seekers, such as Socrates and Thomas Reid. His appreciation is of the Arabs of philosophy, such as the Sophists and David Hume, and of thought-bewildered men, such as Spinoza, of whose Ethics he threatens to give us a translation; and his end is to show us that philosophy can yield no truth, and thus to shut us up to a miserable Comtism, in which is omitted the religion (if religion it can be called,) which the late M. Comte declared to be the most essential part of his system. In his "Politique Positive," M. Comte speaks of those in this country who have adopted the other parts of his system, and rejected his religious worship, as guilty either of an impotency of intellect, or an insufficiency of heart or, most commonly, of both.

when he says, that there is first a sensation and then a belief in self. In a later age, Sir W. Hamilton connected the *qualitative* theory of Stewart with the *phenomenal* theory of Kant. In doing so he was guilty, we must take the liberty of saying, of a great and inexcusable blunder. Stewart would have repudiated the phenomenal theory of Kant as at all identical with his own. Stewart, no doubt, speaks of the phenomena of the mind, but he means by phenomena not, as Kant did, *appearances*, but individual *facts* to be referred to a law; and qualities with him were *realities*. But, legitimately or illegitimately, Hamilton identifying the qualitative theory with the phenomenal, deduces from them a system of relativity, which ended in nihilism, or at least in nescience. We are glad to notice that Mr. Mansel, notwithstanding his great and just admiration of Hamilton, has emancipated himself from this fundamental error. He proclaims: "I am immediately conscious of myself, seeing and hearing, willing and thinking." (*Proleg. Logica*, p. 129; also, Art. Metaph. in *Encyc. Brit.*) We have sometimes thought, that if Stewart had foreseen all the logical consequences to be deduced from his views, he would have fallen back on the same common-sense doctrine. We regret that Mr. Mansel has not gone a step farther, and placed our cognition of matter on the same footing in this respect as our knowledge of mind. We are sure, at least, that this would be altogether in the spirit of Reid and Stewart. We maintain that, just as by self-consciousness we know self as exercising such and such a quality, say thinking or feeling, so, by sense-perception, we know a body as extended and exercising power or energy. This is the simplest doctrine; it seems to be the only one consistent with consciousness, and is the proper doctrine of natural realism as distinguished from an artificial system of relativity.

In the second volume of the *Elements*, after a feeble and chiefly verbal disquisition on Reason, he proceeds to treat of the "Fundamental Laws of Belief." We reckon the phrase a very happy one, and a great improvement on "Common Sense," which labors under the disadvantage of being ambiguous, inasmuch as it usually denotes that unbought, untaught sagacity, which is found only in certain men, and which others can never acquire,

whereas it can be admitted into philosophical discussion only when it denotes principles which are regulating the mind of all. We have a remark to make as to the place in which he discusses these fundamental laws. It is after he has gone over the greater number of the faculties, and he seems to treat them as involved in Reason. And we acknowledge that there may be some advantages in first going over the faculties and then speaking of these fundamental laws. But we must guard against the idea that these principles have not been involved in the faculties which he has previously gone over, such as Perception, Abstraction, and Memory. The "Fundamental Laws" are not to be regarded as different from the Faculties; they are, in fact, the Necessary Laws of the Faculties, and guiding their exercise. These laws work in all minds, infant and mature, sane and insane. M. Morel was asked to examine a prisoner who seemed to be deranged, and he asked him how old he was; to which the prisoner replied, "245 francs, 35 centimes, 124 carriages," etc. To the same question, more distinctly asked, he replied, "5 metres, 75 centimetres." When asked how long he had been deranged, he answered, "Cats, always cats." M. Morel at once declared his madness to be simulated, and states: "In their extreme aberrations, in their most furious delirium, madmen do not confound what it is impossible for the most extravagant logic to confound. There is no madman who loses the idea of cause, of substance, of existence." (See *Psychol. Journal*, Oct. 1857.)

Stewart's doctrine of Causation seems to us to be deficient and inadequate. He is altogether right in calling it a Fundamental Law of Belief, which necessitates the mind to rise from an effect to a cause. But he does not seem to observe all that is involved in the cause. He gives in too far to Hume on this subject, and prepared the way for Brown's theory. He does not see, in particular, that causation springs from power being in the substance or substances which act as the cause, and that we intuitively discover power to be in substances both mental and material. His distinction between efficient and physical cause is of a superficial and confused character. It may be all true that, in looking at physical action, we may not know intuitively where the full efficiency

resides, whether in the physical object alone or in mind (the Divine) acting in it; but we are certain that there is an efficiency somewhere in some substance. We are by no means sure that he is right in limiting power in the sense of efficiency to mental action. We agree here with the criticisms of Cousin (as indeed we agree with most of the criticisms of Cousin on the Scottish School) where he says, that while our first idea of cause may be derived from our own voluntary action, we are at the same time intuitively led to ascribe potency to other objects also, and that Reid and Stewart, in denying that we discover efficiency in body, are acting contrary to their own principles of common-sense, and in contradiction to the universal opinion of the human race, which is, that fire burns and light shines. (See Cousin, *Phil. Ecoss.*, p. 437, ed. 1857.) Stewart has also failed, as it appears to us, to give the proper account of the intuition which regulates and underlies our investigations of nature. This is not, as he represents it, a belief in the uniformity of nature; a belief which appears to us to be the result of experience; which experience, as it discovers the rule, may also announce the exceptions. The child does not believe, nor does the savage believe, nature to be uniform. The underlying beliefs, which carry us on in our investigations of nature are those of identity of being, of substance and quality, of cause and effect. Hence it is quite possible to prove a miracle which may not be in conformity with the uniformity of nature, but is quite compatible, as Brown has shown, with our intuitive belief in causation, for when creature power fails we can believe in creative.

It is in the second volume of the Elements that we find the logical disquisitions of Stewart. He has utterly failed in his strictures on Aristotle's Logic. The School of Locke, and the School of Condillac, and the School of Reid, have all failed in constructing a logic of inference which can stand a sifting examination. The Aristotelian analysis of reasoning stands at this moment untouched in its radical positions. The objections of Campbell and Stewart have been answered by Whately; and those advanced by Mr. J. S. Mill, have been answered by Mr. Kidd, who has also thoroughly undermined Mr. Mill's own attributive theory

of reasoning.* In giving our adherence to the Aristotelian analysis, we admit that improvements are being wrought in it by that school of logicians which has sprung from Kant, and of which Hamilton is the leader in this country, followed by such eminent men as Mansel, Thomson, and Spalding. But their improvements ought not to be admitted till the formal logicians thoroughly deliver their exposition of the laws of thought from all that false Kantian metaphysics, which represents thought as giving to the objects a "form" which is not in the objects themselves. Besides, we can not allow Logic to be an *à priori* science except under an explanation; we admit that the laws of thought operate in the mind prior to all experience, but we maintain that they can be discovered by us only *à posteriori*, and by a generalization of their individual actings.

But while we may thus expect a perfected Universal Logic, treating of the laws of thought as laws of thought—not independent of objects but whatever be the objects—we hope there will grow up alongside a Particular Logic, which will be a more practically useful Logic, to consider the laws of thought as directed to particular classes of objects, and to treat of such topics as Demonstrative and Probable Evidence, Induction, and Analogy. In regard to this latter Logic, Stewart must ever be referred to as an authority. So far, indeed, as the theory of definitions and axioms is concerned, we prefer very much the view of Whewell, as developed in his Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. But, in regard to Induction, we believe that Stewart's account of it is, upon the whole, the best which appeared from the time of Bacon down to this our own age. We have now, however, two great works, which have left every other far behind, that of Whewell and that of Mr. J. S. Mill. Not that we regard either of these as perfect. Dr. Whewell has exaggerated the place of the mental element, and has expressed it in most unfortunate phraseology, such as Fundamental Ideas and Conceptions, terms which have been used

* Dr. Whately, as far as can be judged from the editions of his Work, seems entirely ignorant of all that has been done in Logic the last quarter of a century, but he has met with an acute defender in Mr. Kidd.—See his *Primary Principles of Reasoning*.

in twenty different significations, and are used by him to denote that the mind superinduces on the facts something not in the facts, whereas the mental power merely enables it to discover what is in the facts. Mr. Mill, on the other hand, has overlooked the mental element altogether, and denies all necessary and universal truth. We may hope, in future years, to have a perfect Inductive Logic, by a judicious combination of those two works, but this could be done only by a man of the same high intellectual stature as Whewell and Mill, and this will seldom be met with. It is to be regretted that, since the days of Stewart, there is not a single Scotchman who has presented a work on Induction of any name or value.* In regard to Analogy, the recent discoveries as to the typical forms of animals and plants will enable logicians to give a far more comprehensive and yet more stringent view of reasoning from analogy than has been done by Stewart, by Whewell, or by Mill.

The third volume of the *Elements* treats of certain concrete and practical matters, which Stewart was peculiarly qualified to discuss, and which bring out some of the finer qualities of his mind. All his disquisitions had tended to become verbal, and here he treats exclusively of language, which he does with fine discernment, but falls into a great blunder in regard to Sanscrit, which he represents as of comparatively late origin, and analogous to mediæval Latin, whereas it has a literature reaching back at least twelve hundred years before Christ. He has some interesting, though by no means profound, remarks on the sympathetic affections. But by far the finest parts of the volume are those in which he treats of the varieties of intellectual character, and of the peculiarities of the metaphysician, mathematician, the poet and the sexes. Thus, of the mere metaphysician, he says, that

"He can not easily submit to the task of examining details, or of ascertaining facts, and is

apt to seize on a few *data* as first principles, following them out boldly to their remotest consequences, and afterwards employing his ingenuity to reconcile, by means of false refinements, his theoretical assumptions with the exceptions which seem to contradict them."

He shows that the metaphysician is safe from the checks met with in physics, "where speculative mistakes are contradicted by facts which strike our senses." Again, of mathematics, he says:

"That while they increase the faculty of reasoning or deduction, they give no employment to the other powers of the understanding concerned in the investigation of truth."

He adds:

"I have never met a mere mathematician who was not credulous to excess."

In the same volume he discusses cautiously and judiciously the comparison between the faculties of man and brutes. We suspect, however, that the theory has not yet been devised, it has certainly not been published, which is fitted to give a satisfactory account of the relation of the brute to the human faculties. We suppose that Bonnet is right when he says that we shall never be able to understand the nature of brute instinct, till we are in the dog's head without being the dog. It is certain that we have at this moment nothing deserving of the name of science on this subject. We have sometimes thought that the modern doctrine of homologues and analogues, if extended and modified to suit the new object, might supply the key to enable us to express some of the facts. Certain of the brute qualities are merely analogous to those of man, (as the wing of a butterfly is analogous to that of a bird;) others are homologues, but inferior in degree; while there are qualities in man different in kind from any in the brute. Aristotle called brute instincts, *μυνηματα της ανθρωπινης ζωης*. They would be more accurately described as anticipations or types of the coming archetype. The volume closes with an account of a boy born blind and dumb.

The *Philosophical Essays* are an episode in his system as a whole, even as his numerous notes and illustrations are episodes in the individual volumes. We are tempted, in looking at them, to take up two of the subjects discussed, as a deep

* It is a good sign of the times, however, that we have excellent works on Bacon from England, France, and even Germany. The edition of the Works of Bacon by Ellis and Spedding, now in course of publication, will ever be the standard one, in consequence of the pains bestowed on it. The public seem to expect from Mr. Spedding a life of Bacon of an impartial character, and justifying him from some of the sweeping charges of Pope and Macaulay.

interest still collects around them, and the questions agitated can not yet be regarded as settled.

Every careful reader of Locke's Essay must have observed two elements running through all his philosophy—the one, a sensational, or rather to do justice to Locke, who ever refers to reflection as a separate source of ideas, an experiential element, and the other a rational. In the opening of the Essay he denies innate ideas apparently in every sense, and affirms that the materials of all our ideas are derived from sensation and reflection; but, as he advances, his language is, that by these sources ideas are “suggested and furnished to the mind;”^{*} he calls in faculties with high functions to work on the materials; speaks of ideas which are “creatures and inventions of the understanding;” appeals to “natural law” and the “principles of common reason;” and in the Fourth Book gives a very high, or rather deep place to intuition; says that we have an intuitive knowledge of our own existence; speaks of the “mind perceiving truth as the eye doth light, only by being directed toward it;” declares that in the “discovery of and assent to these truths, there is no use of the discursive faculty, no need of reasoning, but they are known by a superior and higher degree of evidence,” and talks even of a “necessary connection of ideas.” It unfortunately happened that in France, to which Locke was introduced by Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, they took the sensation element alone, and the effect on thought and on morality was most disastrous. Unfortunately, too, Locke has become known in Germany, chiefly through France, and hence we find him all over the Continent, described both by friends and foes as a sensationalist; and the charge has been reëchoed in this country by Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Morell. Yet it is quite certain that Locke has an intellectual as well as a sensational side. We have, in a careful perusal of the Essay, mainly for this very end, discovered in every book, and in the majority even of the chapters, both sides of the shield; but we confess that we have not been able to discover the line that joins them.† We

do not think that Stewart's remarks on this subject are exhaustive or decisive; he is evidently wrong in supposing that Locke identified reflection with the reason which discovers truth; but his strictures are always candid and sometimes just.

In the Philosophical Essays Stewart has many fine observations on Taste and Beauty. On this subject he was favorably disposed towards the Theory of his friend Mr. Alison, and he ascribes more than he should have done to the association of ideas. But he never gave his adhesion to this hypothesis as a full explanation of the phenomena. “If there was nothing,” he says, “originally and intrinsically pleasing or beautiful, the associating principle would have no materials on which it could operate.” The theory of association was never favorably received by artists, and has been abandoned long ago by all metaphysicians. The tendency now is to return to the deeper views which had been expounded long ago by Plato, and we may add by Augustine. We find that Stewart refers to the doctrine of Augustine, who “represents beauty as consisting in that relation of the parts of a whole to each other which constitutes its unity;” and all that he has to say of it is: “The theory certainly is not of great value, but the attempt is curious.” The æsthetical writers of our age would be inclined to say of it that there is more truth in it than in all the speculations of Alison, Stewart, Jeffrey, and Brown. It may be safely said that while earnest inquirers have had pleasant glimpses of beauty, to no one has she revealed her full charms. When such writers as Cousin, Ruskin, and M^r Vicar dwell so much on Unity, Harmony, Proportion, we are tempted to ask them—does then the feeling of beauty not arise till we have discovered such qualities as Proportion, Unity, and Harmony? and if they answer in the affirmative, then we venture to show them that they are themselves holding a sort of association theory; for they affirm that the beautiful object does not excite emotion till, as a sign, it calls forth certain

^{*} This is the very language adopted by Reid and Stewart.

[†] The rational side of Locke has been brought out in a work of ability lately published, “The In-

tellectualism of Locke,” by T. E. Webb, now, we believe, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Dublin University. Most appropriately does such a work come from a college, which, ever since the days of Molyneux, the correspondent of Locke, has held the Essay on the Human Understanding in the highest repute. We are not convinced that Mr. Webb has succeeded in proving the consistency of Locke.

ideas—we suspect of truth or goodness. We are not quite sure that we can go the length of this school, when they speak of beauty as a quality necessary, immutable, eternal, like truth and moral good, and connect it so essentially with the very nature of God. There are sounds and colors and proportions felt to be beautiful by us, but which may not be appreciated by other intelligences, and which are so relished by us, simply because of the peculiarities of our human organization and constitution. We acknowledge that, when we follow these colors, and sounds, and proportions, sufficiently far, we come invariably to mathematical ratios and relations; but we are now, be it observed, in the region of immutable truth. Other kinds of beauty, arising from the contemplation of happiness and feeling land us in the moral good, which is also necessary and eternal. We have sometimes thought that beauty is a gorgeous robe spread over certain proportions of the true and the good, to recommend them to our regards and cluster our affections round them. Our æsthetic emotions being thus roused, the association of ideas comes in merely as a secondary agent, to prolong and intensify the feeling.*

* We have had of late two excellent works on Beauty by Scotchmen. Professor Blackie's "Lectures on Beauty" are written quite in his own dashing and spirited manner, and comprise a vast amount of solid truth. A periodical which represents young Oxford and Cambridge, congratulates him on his hits at the national faith of Scotland; and yet we know not that he has anything better to substitute, and we are sure he would repudiate that mixture of high-churchism and low doctrine which his critics are seeking to recommend. His translations from Plato appended are thorough reproductions of the original. Mr. Blackie would confer a mighty boon on Scotland, and help to soften the hardness of the Scottish character, if he could create in Edinburgh University a taste for Plato as strong as the taste for Aristotle in Oxford. The other work is on "The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life." By A. J. Symington, an adherent, we believe of one of Scotland's most uncompromising religious sects. It is the production of one who has traveled wide intellectually, and gathered his knowledge from afar. He does not profess to sound all the theoretical depths of the subject; but, on a rich ground-work of his own he has set gems selected from all sorts of authors sacred and profane, and has given us noble thoughts on architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music, and life. When Sir W. Scott, represented the Covenanters as opposed to all sorts of manly sports, Dr. McUrie showed that their ministers often joined in such games, and at times stood first. If any one will maintain that Scotland's stern sects are opposed to the fine arts, we bid him read Symington's work on the Beautiful.

The two volumes on the Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers, were published by Stewart immediately before his death. The leading ideas unfolded in them had been given, in an epitomized form in the Outlines published many years before. They are somewhat too bulky for all the matter they contain, and they want somewhat of the freshness of his earlier works; but they are characterized by profound wisdom, by a high moral tone, by a stately eloquence, and the felicitous application of general principles to the elucidation of practical points. He begins with the Instinctive Principles of Action, which he classifies as Appetites, Desires, and Affections. The arrangement is good, in some respects, but is by no means exhaustive. As the next step in advance in this department of mental science, an attempt must be made to give a classification of man's motive principles, or of the ends by which man may be swayed in desire and action. Among these will fall to be placed, first of all, pleasure and pain; that is, man has a natural disposition to take to pleasure and avoid pain. But this is far from being the sole motive principle in man's mind. There are many others. There is, for example, the tendency of every native faculty to act, and this irrespective of pleasure or pain. Again, there are particular natural appetencies, which look to ends of their own, towards (to use the language of Butler) particular external things of which the mind hath always a particular idea or perception towards these things themselves, such as knowledge, power, fame, and this independent of the pleasure to be derived from them. Higher than all, and claiming to be higher, is the moral motive, or obligation to do right. A classification of these motive principles, even though only approximately correct, would serve most important purposes in philosophy generally, and more especially in ethics and all the social sciences. Very low and inadequate views have been taken of these motive principles of humanity, especially by those who represent man as capable of being swayed only by the prospect of securing pleasure or avoiding pain. Mr. Veitch seems to expect great results to be derived from recognizing the "place and importance, in ethical speculation, of the Aristotelic doctrine of the pleasurable—a grand and fertile, but little illustrated principle." We have an expectation that some curious questions will be

started by the revival of the old Platonic and Aristotelic disquisitions on this subject, in the forthcoming volumes of Sir W. Hamilton. But it should never be forgotten, that the motive part of man's nature may be excited by a great many other objects as well as pleasure and pain, by all the objects, indeed, which are addressed to the motive principles of man. It is the apprehension of objects as about to gratify the motive principles of the mind—whatever they be—which stirs up the emotions. Thus, the apprehension of a coming object, which is to gratify a motive principle, excites hope, which is strong in proportion to the strength of the apprehension and the strength of the particular motive principle; while the apprehension of a coming object, which is to disappoint this motive principle stirs up fear. It is strange that Stewart no where treats of the emotions in his *Philosophy of the Active Powers*.

Stewart's view of the Moral Power in Man, and of Moral Good, seems to us to be substantially correct. In treating of these subjects, he avows his obligations to Butler and Price.* His doctrine has been adopted, with some modifications, which are improvements, by Cousin. Stewart and Cousin are the most elevated of all the moralists who treat of ethics on grounds independent of the word of God. We are convinced that they never could have given so pure a morality, had they not lived in the midst of light shed abroad on our earth by a supernatural religion. We have always felt it to be a strange circumstance, that Stewart and Cousin, in giving so high a view of the moral faculty, are never led to acknowledge that it condemns the possessor; and, after present-

* Aristotle holds his place at Oxford. We rejoice at this, provided he is not allowed to slay all his younger brethren that he may be undisturbed in his reign; that is, provided his writings are not studied, to the neglect of modern authors who have proceeded in the inductive manner. The volume on the "*Ethics of Aristotle*," lately published by Sir Alexander Grant of Oxford, is the best work in the English language on the *Ethical system of Aristotle*, even as the first half of the second volume of Archer Butler's *History* is the best work on the *Dialectics of Plato*. We do not agree with Sir Alexander in his view of the death of Socrates, but we are grateful to him for his account of the Sophists as against Grote. His account of the relation in which the philosophy of Aristotle stood to the previous Grecian systems, is searching and generally accurate; though he does not, we think, give full credit to Aristotle for correcting the extravagances of Plato, who did not acknowledge the reality of the individual.

ing moral good in so rigid a form, are not constrained to acknowledge that the moral law has not been kept by man. Taking their own high principles along with them, neither could have looked within, without discovering sin to be quite as much a reality as virtue. Stewart could not have gone out of his dwelling in the old College or the Canongate, nor can Cousin go out of his chambers in the Sorbonne, without being obliged to observe how far man and woman have fallen beneath the ideal picture which they have drawn in their lectures. At the very time when the Scottish metaphysicians were discoursing so beautifully of moral virtue, there was a population springing up around their very colleges in Edinburgh and Glasgow, sunk in vice and degradation, which appalled the good men of the next age—the age of Chalmers—to contemplate, which the men of this age know not how to grapple with, and which is not to be arrested by any remedy which the mere philosophic moralists have propounded. We acknowledge most fully, that Stewart's lectures and writings have tended, directly or indirectly, to carry several important measures which are calculated to elevate the condition of mankind, such as Reform in the Legislature, Prison Improvement, and the Abolition of Tests and of Restrictions on Commerce. But the institutions which aim at lessening the sin and misery of the outcast and degraded—such as missions, ragged schools, and reformatories—have proceeded from very different influences; and a philosophy embracing the facts which they contemplate, must dive deeper into human nature, and probe its actual condition more faithfully, than the academic moralists of Scotland ever ventured to do. Mr. Veitch very properly remarks, in a foot-note: "The great fact of man's actual condition, as a member of a lapsed world—the peculiar ethical motives of reverence and love for a person who has exemplified the moral law in absolute perfection, and done so in the creature's behoof—and all the questions connected with the adjustment of the results of the ordinary Christian ethics—are unnoticed by Mr. Stewart, or, in general, by Scottish ethical speculators of note." As Mr. Veitch has found space, from time to time, to refer, in his *Memoir*, to writers of his own Hamiltonian school, he might also have spared a sentence to state, that this defect was sup-

plied by Chalmers, who is reckoned, wherever the English language is spoken, an ethical writer of note. It is an interesting and encouraging circumstance, that the majority of the professors of Morals in the Scottish colleges at this present time, have avowed in their writings a belief in the doctrines of sin and atonement, and, we presume, teach them in their classes. We hope that it will never be tolerated again in Scotland, that any professor of moral science should inculcate, that man is subject to moral law, without adding that he has disobeyed it.

It is very evident that the Scottish academic moral writers of last century, while they pay a dignified respect to Christianity, have kept at a distance from its profound peculiarities. Without meaning to excuse this deficiency, we may yet affirm that some incidental advantages have sprung from this *reticence*. It was certainly better that they should have kept at a respectful distance from Christianity, than that they should have approached it only, like the great German metaphysical systems, to set all its truths in rigid philosophic framework, or to absorb them all within themselves, as by a devouring flame. But the peculiar advantage arising from their method, consists in this, that they have, by induction, established a body of ethical truth on grounds independent of revealed religion; and this can now be appealed to in all defenses of Christianity, and as an evidence of the need of something which philosophy is incompetent to supply. Divines can now found on those great truths which the Scottish philosophers have established, as to there being a distinct moral faculty and an immutable moral law, and then press on those whose conscience tells them that they have broken that law, to embrace the provision which revelation has made to meet the wants of humanity.

The space which we have occupied with the Mental and Moral Philosophy, precludes us from entering on the two volumes of Political Economy, now published for the first time, partly from manuscripts left by Stewart himself, and partly from notes by pupils. The views expounded will scarcely be regarded as much advancing the science in the present day; but they did good service when delivered for twenty years in lectures. They are still worthy of being looked at on special topics; they may form an in-

teresting chapter in the history of the literature of political economy, and they illustrate the character of Stewart's intellect and philosophy.

An estimate of the influence which has been exercised by Stewart, may form an appropriate close to this article.

In Scotland, he increased the reputation of the Edinburgh University. Horner speaks of "many young Englishmen who had come to Edinburgh to finish their education," and not a few of these had been attracted by Stewart. He has had a greater influence than perhaps any other, in diffusing throughout Scotland, a taste for mental and moral science. We have referred to the power exercised on him by Reid; but if Stewart owed much to Reid, Reid owed nearly as much to his grateful pupil, who finished and adorned the work of his master, and by his classical taste has recommended the common-sense philosophy to many who would have turned away with disdain from the simpler manner of Reid. And here we are tempted to give utterance to the feeling, that Reid has been peculiarly fortunate in those, who have attached themselves to his school. If Stewart helped to introduce Reid to polite society, Sir William Hamilton, by his unmatched logic, and vast erudition, has compelled philosophers to give him—notwithstanding the somewhat untechnical character of his writings—a place in their privileged circle. By his expositions of Reid, and his own independent labors, Mr. Stewart aided in throwing back a tide of skepticism, which had appeared in France in the previous century; in England toward the beginning of the eighteenth century, on the back of the licentious reigns of Charles II. and James II.; and in Scotland, about the middle of that century. It appears from letters of Dr. John Gregory, published in Forbes' Life of Beattie, that atheism and materialism were about that time in high fashion, and were supported by many who used the name of Hume, but who had never read his works, and were incapable of understanding them. This tide came to a height about the time of the French Revolution, and it was one of the avowed aims of Stewart, "to stem the inundation of skeptical, or rather atheistical publications, which were imported from the Continent." Nor is it to be forgotten, that Stewart, directly by his lectures and indirectly by his pupils,

contributed as much as any man of his age, to diffuse throughout Scotland a taste for elegant literature, and enlarged and liberal opinions in politics.

As to England, Sir J. Mackintosh, writing to Stewart in 1802, speaks of the want of any thing which he could call purely philosophical thinking; and Horner, in 1804, declares, that the highest names in the estimation of those in the metropolis, who felt any interest in speculative pursuits, were Hobbes and Hartley. Such works as the *Moral Philosophy of Paley*, were fitted to lower still farther, rather than elevate, this taste. It was altogether then for the benefit of English thought, that Stewart did become gradually known in South-Britain, where his elegant style, his crowning good sense, and the moderation of his opinions, recommended him to many who had imbibed as great an aversion to Scotch Metaphysics as ever George III. had. There are still persons who abhor the infidelity of Hume, and who despise the plainness of Reid, who suspect the rhetoric of Brown, and are frightened by the bristling nomenclature and logical distinctions of Hamilton, but who are attracted by the writings of Stewart, which are felt to be as pleasing and as regular as their own rich fields bounded by hedge rows. In England he has so far been of use in creating a philosophical spirit, where none existed before, and in checking the utilitarianism of Paley. He is also entitled to a share of the credit of the great measures of reform, which such pupils as Horner, Brougham, Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Jeffrey, and Lansdowne, have carried in Parliament. Perhaps these eminent men have never estimated the amount of wholesome impulse which they received in early life from the prelections and lofty character of the Edinburgh professor.

In France the influence of Reid and Stewart has been considerable, and has been of the most beneficial character. In that country, Locke's philosophy, unfortunately introduced by Voltaire, and accepted in its worst side, had wrought only mischief, partly by its drawing away the attention of thinkers from the more spiritual philosophy of Descartes, and partly by its tempting a set of speculators to derive all men's ideas from sensation, and to deny the existence of all ideas which could not be derived from this source—such as the idea of Moral Good, of Inf-

nity, and of God. This wretched philosophy—if philosophy it can be called—was one of the fatal powers which operated to give an evil direction to the Revolution, and prevented good from issuing out of it. After Sensationalism—which used, but only to abuse, the name of Locke—had reigned for more than half a century, there appeared a reaction led on by M. Royer Collard, who began in 1811 to lecture at the Normal School. It is a most interesting circumstance, that in conducting this war against the debasing systems which prevailed, he betook himself to the philosophy of Reid and Stewart. Exercising a considerable influence in himself, Royer Collard has had a more extended sway through his pupils, especially Victor Cousin and Theodore Jouffroy. In this course of years, the works of Reid were translated into French, with an admirable historical and critical introduction, by Jouffroy. So early as 1808, the first volume of Stewart's *Elements* was translated into French by M. Prevost, of Geneva; and of late years M. Peisse has translated the other two volumes of the same work. It is now many years since Stewart's *Outlines* were translated into the same tongue by Jouffroy, who had prefixed a preface of great judgment and acuteness. It thus appears, that the great reaction in favor of sound philosophy, commenced by Royer Collard, and conducted by Cousin and Jouffroy, has made large and profitable use of the Scottish school, and rejoices to acknowledge its obligations to Scotland. No doubt, it has also called in aid from other quarters. Cousin has been indebted to the school of Kant, as well as to the school of Reid, and has derived some of his favorite principles immediately from the great metaphysician of his own country, Descartes; and he has besides, carefully examined the human mind, in an inductive manner; and he has been able to give a unity to these materials, because he is possessed of great original genius, acuteness, and comprehensiveness of mind. We are sometimes inclined to think, however, that he has got the most precious element in his eclectic system, from the school of Scotland. We are greatly gratified to observe, that after he had been drawn aside for a time from his attachment to the Scottish philosophy, by a later affection for German Transcendentalism, (this is very visible in his course of

lectures delivered in 1828 and 1829,) he is now returning to his first love—and this at a time when Scotland is rather forsaking the inductive method, and turning its regards towards the *à priori* method of Germany. We regard Cousin's review of the Scottish school, as the most faultless, as it is certainly the most generous, of all his historical criticisms. In his review of Locke, he has scarcely done justice to the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, which he always judges from the consequences to which the system led in France; in his review of Kant, he has not always been able successfully to wrestle with that powerful logical mind; but in his review of the Scottish Metaphysicians, he has shown a most hearty appreciation of their excellencies, while he has offered strictures which are very commonly correct. In the preface to the last edition (1857) of his volume on the Scottish philosophy, he declares that the true modern Socrates has not been Locke, but Reid, that modest and laborious pastor of a poor Scottish parish, who, after passing seven years in the study of himself, in a profound retreat, came forth with a full consciousness of his enterprise, to accomplish a revolution at once great and durable.

"Kant," he says, "has commenced the German philosophy, but he has not governed it. It early escaped him to throw itself in very opposite directions. The name of Kant rests only on the ruins of his doctrines. Reid has impressed on the Scottish mind a movement less grand, but this movement has had no reactions."

Yes, he says, Reid is a man of genius, and of a true and powerful originality; so we said in 1819, and so we say in 1857, after having held long converse with mighty systems, discovered their secret, and taken their measure. We feel proud, we confess, of the eulogiums which have been pronounced on Scotland, not only by Cousin, but by Jouffroy and Remusat. But these philosophers have scarcely seen, after all, wherein lies the peculiar strength of the Scottish nation. This is not to be found in its systems of moral philosophy, but in its religion, of which the high moral tone of its philosophy is but a reflection, which would soon wax dim and vanish were the original light extinguished; nay, in remembering that Kant was descended from Scottish parentage, we have sometimes thought that his high moral

precepts may be also a reflection from the same light. Often, we should think, when M. Cousin has looked around him on these scenes of revolution through which France has passed, and on those terrible attempted assassinations which burst out from time to time, and that grinding military despotism which *still* abides, must he have seen that his country needs something deeper and more influential than any system of moral science, even though it should be as pure and elevated as that which he has been living to inculcate.

In Germany Stewart has been little known, and has exercised no power for good or for evil. The only English philosopher familiarly referred to in that country is Locke, and even he is known, we suspect, more through his French consequences than from the study of his work. The German professors speak of him, under the name of Locké, as the representative of sensationalism, overlooking the constant reference which he makes to reflection as a separate source of ideas, and to the lengthened account which he gives of intuition—a much juster account, in some respects, of its function than that given by Kant or Schelling. The great English ethical writer, Butler, who has established forever the great truth of the supremacy of conscience in the human constitution, is either altogether unknown in Germany, or referred to by such writers as Tholuck only to show that he is not understood or appreciated. The only Scottish metaphysician thoroughly known in Germany is David Hume. Reid is occasionally spoken of, only to be disparaged in his system and its results. Stewart is scarcely ever named. We must be allowed to regret this. Such a body of carefully inducted fundamental truth as we have in the philosophy of Reid and Stewart, is precisely what was and is needed to preserve thought from the extravagancies of the transcendental schools in the last age, and now, in the natural recoil which has taken place since 1848, from the tide of materialism which is setting in so strongly, and with no means or method of meeting it. The philosophy of Germany must ever go by oscillations, by actions and reactions, till the unfortunate critical method of Kant is abandoned, and the inductive method is used to determine the rule and law of those *à priori* principles of which so much use is made, while there has been so little careful in-

quity into their precise nature and mode of operation.

This may be the proper place for referring to the relation in which Stewart stood toward Kant. We have already expressed our regret that Stewart should have entered on a criticism of Kant without a deeper acquaintance with his system. No doubt it might be retorted, that the criticisms of Stewart upon Kant are not more ignorant and foolish than those of the disciples of Kant upon Reid; but it is better to admit that Stewart committed a blunder in his review of the Kantian system. Some have supposed that, if he had known more of Kant, he would have formed a totally different opinion of his philosophy. And we admit that a further acquaintance with Kant's works would have raised Kant in his estimation—would have kept him from describing his nomenclature as "jargon," and his philosophy as "incomprehensible"—from affirming that Kant has "thrown no new light on the laws of the intellectual world"—would have shown him many curious points of correspondence between the views of Kant and the profoundest of his own doctrines, and have enabled him, when he did depart from Kant, to give fair and valid reasons, and thus to help in what must be one of the tasks of philosophy in this age—the work of taking from Kant what is good and true, and casting away what is evil, because false. While we admit all this, we are convinced at the same time that Stewart would never have given an adhesion to the peculiarities of Kantism. He would have said, My method of induction is better than your method of criticism, and my account of the intuitive convictions of the mind is correct, when I represent them as fundamental laws of thought and belief; whereas you are giving a wrong account of them, when you represent them as *a priori* forms imposing on the objects in all cognition something which is not in the objects. We can not conceive him, in any circumstances, allowing to Kant (as Hamilton unfortunately did) that Space, and Time, and Causation are laws of thought and not of things, and may have merely a subjective existence. His caution, his good sense, and his careful observation, would have prevented him from ever falling into a system of nescience such as that to which the relentless logic of Hamilton has carried him, founding, we acknowledge, on pre-

misses which Stewart as well as Kant had furnished. He would have adhered, after knowing all, to his decision:

"We are irresistibly led to ascribe to the thing itself (space) an existence independent of the will of any being." It is an "incomprehensible doctrine which denies the objective reality of time." "That space is neither a *substance*, nor an *accident*, nor a *relation*, may be safely granted; but it does not follow from this that it is nothing objective." Our first idea of space or extension seems to be formed by abstracting this attribute from the other qualities of matter. The idea of space, however, in what manner formed, is manifestly accompanied with an irresistible conviction that space is necessarily existent, and that its annihilation is impossible," etc. He adds: "To call this proposition in question, is to open a door to universal skepticism."—*Dis.*, pp. 596-597.

The great work which the school of Reid has done, consists in its careful investigation, in the inductive manner, first, of the faculties of the mind; and, secondly, and more particularly, of man's primary and intuitive convictions. For this they ought to be honored in all time. Kant did a work similar to this last, but in a different manner. Rejecting (as Reid had done) the combined dogmatic and deductive method of Descartes, he introduced the critical method, affirming that Reason can criticise itself, and proceeding to criticise Reason by a kind of logical process of a most unsatisfactory kind. Criticism has succeeded criticism, each new critic taking a new standing-point, or advancing a step farther, till Hegel's system became the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole method of procedure inaugurated by Kant. We admit that Kant was right in affirming that *a priori* principles should be examined before they are assumed in philosophical investigation. We are not at liberty to assume a first truth till we have shown it to be a first truth; and we have no right to use it in argument or deduction till we have determined its precise nature and law; but this is to be done, we maintain, in the inductive manner, with its accompanying analysis and exclusions. The Scottish school commenced this work, but they do not profess to have completed it. Stewart every where proclaims that it is to be done by the combined efforts of successive inquirers, pursuing the same method for ages.

Reid and Stewart no where profess to give a full list, or even a rigid classifica-

tion, of the intuitive convictions of the mind. All that they affirm is, that those principles, which they have seized for the purpose of meeting the skepticism of Hume, are and must be intuitive. They do not even pretend to give a full account of these, or to express them in their ultimate form. They vacillate in the account which they give of them, and in the nomenclature which they employ to denote them. They draw no definite distinction between cognitions, beliefs, and judgments. They treated of the faculties, and also of the principles of common-sense, but they do not tell us how the two stand related to each other. And here we may be permitted to observe, that we look on these fundamental laws as being the necessary laws of the faculties regulating all their exercises, but not as laws or principles before the consciousness; and they are to be reflexly discovered as general laws only by the induction of their individual acts. Reid and Stewart do not even tell us what are the tests by which their presence may be detected: these we hold to be, first, as Aristotle and Locke have shown, self-evidence; and, second, as Leibnitz and Kant have shown, necessity and universality. Such defects as these they were quite willing to confess in that spirit of modesty which was one of their highest characteristics; and to any one complaining that they had not settled every point, they would, as it were, say, Go on in the path which we have opened: we are sure that there is more truth yet to be discovered, and rejoice we must and will, if you succeed where we have failed, and raise a little higher that fabric of which we have laid the foundation.

Metaphysics, in spite of the prejudice against the name, are at present in a state of revival in this country. A greater number of works on speculative philosophy have issued from the press during the last dozen years, than in any similar period of the history of Britain. The mysteries into which even physical science is conducting us, the deep questions casting up in all branches of inquiry, and, above all, the religious struggles which are working in many a mind, all land in metaphysics. We are anxious that this period of respite to mental philosophy should be properly

employed. If this is not done, it must be followed by a time of terrible reaction, in which men revenge themselves for the deceit which has been practiced on them. That reaction has already set in powerfully in Germany, where a pretentious idealism has been succeeded by an indifference and a tendency to a very low and loose style of thinking, (just as rationalism or intuitionism has succeeded to Puseyism in Oxford,) and where the religious community is at present inclined to turn away from all philosophy, as tending to infidelity, and will not be aroused, we suspect, till they see how fast and how far materialism has progressed, and are then made to feel that they have no sober philosophy to meet it. We fear that the flow in this country, at present at its height, may be followed by a similar ebb, in which all will be left barren as a sandy beach. It is with deep concern that we observe the taste, among metaphysicians proper, to be almost exclusively in favor of an *a priori* style of speculation, varied only by historical disquisitions in which all systems are arranged into a few artificial compartments, such as subjective and objective, idealism and sensationalism; while the study of inductive mental science is abandoned very much to the mere physiologist, who never comes in sight of the deeper convictions of the mind. We feel that very high interests, moral and religious, as well as philosophic, are involved in the proper conduct of metaphysical investigation at this instant. We confess that we should like to see it carried on in the very manner and spirit of Reid and Stewart. But let us not be misunderstood. We are not advising a retrogression, but an advance; we are not recommending that metaphysicians should stop where Reid and Stewart stopped, or do over again what they have done, and done so well. What we ask is, that, commencing where they closed, they should do in this age what Reid and Stewart did in their age. Appeal there is enough, in these times, to *a priori* principles; and the special want of the time now arrived, is a determination of the precise nature of such principles, with the view of settling what intuition can do, and, as no less important, what it can not do.

From Fraser's Magazine.

POEMS FROM EVERSLEY, BY THE RECTOR.*

A SPRING-TIDE STUDY.

Yes! I like the spring-time as I like the rosy faces and the rosier hearts of children. Spring is the childhood of the world, and it proves how fresh and healthy the old world must be at heart, that in this its six thousandth spring, or thereby, it is still full of gladness—glad as when the morning stars sang together. One might believe that the happy carol of their dawn had ere this been tempered by a somewhat "sad astrology." But the weather-beaten, blood-stained, sin-stricken earth, as some like to call it, clearly does not despair of itself. Let who will moan and maunder in disconsolate sonnets, the "life-giving" planet remains hale and hearty and hopeful. The most bitter winter experience can not disenchant it. The lily at my foot is penciled as delicately and tenderly, I believe, on my conscience, as any that bloomed on the banks of the blessed rivers, and were plucked by Eve in Paradise.

And no one of the blessed rivers—not even "Pison which compasseth Havilah where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good, and bdellium and the onyx stone"—was more beautiful than this ragged Scotch stream is to day, on this the first morning of our Scottish spring. Is it not a charming picture? Why did not Copley Fielding paint it? Or rather let us hope that Macculloch, "lord of the mountain and the flood," may stumble on it this summer as he marches to his royalty on Loeh Corruskin; or that Waller Paton, in search of the sea-breeze, may one day set up his easel on its daisied banks. Yes, it must have a Scotch annalist—no English artist, good man and true though he be amid the Lincoln flats, could truly explain the wild charm of these wind-swept bents. And, if it please him,

let him introduce, in this its most sheltered nook, the sleeping fisher, spread out with ample and lazy limbs in the sunshine, and dimly indicate, by a single masterly touch, "the guardian angel" who hovers over his head and mingles with his dream. Beautiful the spirit is as Murillo's, only her eyes are blue, and the light golden hair is copied from Titian—Tiziano Vicelli, as they called him in Venice.

The vision fades, and his eyelids open upon the common day. But the unearthly music yet rings in his ears, and the only mortal words into which it may be woven are those Keats wrote before he died. Do you remember that last sonnet? Let us repeat it solemnly, and let the words wander down with the waters of the river to the sea:

"Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—

Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors;
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still, to hear her tender-taken breath
And so live ever—or else swoon on to death."

How the star-shen on the tremulous tide, and that white death-like "mask," haunt the imagination! Had the poet, who felt the grass grow over him ere he was five-and twenty, been crowned with a hundred summers, could he have done any thing more consummate? I doubt it.

It is a pleasant picture indeed, this river estuary, almost as bright and sunny as the picture in the dream. The stream unrolls itself, snake-like, through the center of the oozy plain which the tide has dried for the snipe and the sand-lark; on either

* *Andromeda, and Other Poems.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.

hand arise the snowy drifts of the sand-hills; and midway across the valley which they form, the blue lustrous sea-line runs straight as an arrow. For yonder truly lies that great sea to which men go down in ships from the haven under the hill; to-day it murmurs, it whispers, it caresses, and ever and anon it breaks into a loud jubilant laugh of joy, which yet has in it something eerie and bodeful, and that moans of shipwreck and storm among the Hebrides. Half a mile down, a ferry-boat is paddling across the stream, with a boisterous crew of children on board, who laugh and shout at the pitch of their shrill voices, and splash the waves over each other with their oars in childish frolic.

See! a yellow moss bee, stirred from its winter sleep, reaches the gateway of the outer world. Dazed by the unaccustomed glare, it tumbles over and over among the grass, till, recovering its feet, it prudently backs into its *byke*. With ear to the turf, one hears it droning and murmuring far within—dreaming, it may be, of the “fox-gloves on Furness Fell.” A brace of sand-larks trip daintily through the loose seaweed at our feet; and the salmon trout are leaping in the pool beyond. Ah! yonder comes the cloud for which all the morning we have watched and prayed; and the fine gut falls lightly upon the curled water. A yellow-fin misses the bob—misses it luckily—for, in another moment, the pool is deeply stirred, and a white finnock strikes the tail-fly on our cast. Away it shoots like a sunbeam—now casting itself madly into the air, then rubbing its nose obstinately against the sharp stones at the bottom; yielding and giving ground as the reel cautiously gathers in the line, until it lies panting on the shore in its silver armor—armor like to that in which Aphrodite of Cnidus, and Joan of France, and other valiant maidens, clad their white limbs when they went down to battle with men and gods. “A bonny fish,” says Tom Morrice, who hails us from the opposite bank.

But the cloud has passed away, and the fisher is again stretched among his bents, and there is no sound in heaven or in earth save the rich *gurgle* of the peesweet, (I can not otherwise write down that wail in words,) and at times the clamorous alarm of the innumerable sea-fowl who breed on the rocky headlands outside the bar. “Dear old Scotland!” so runs our noon-day soliloquy, “there may be better and

richer and wiser lands; but it has not been our luck to find them. What are the rivers and hills of Italy to your mountain-torrents? what the Mediterranean to your ice-girt sea? The Tiber is a dirty puddle: yellow ditch-water best represents to the Teutonic mind the classic and unfamiliar Arno. Did mortal eyes ever behold the keen, bracing, glorious green on *that* sea kindle the tepid milk-and-water of the *Ægean*? Yet Dian and Aphrodite? Tush! look yonder!”

And we do look. She is dressed in a bodice and kirtle of shepherd tartan, her feet and arms are bare, and her yellow curls are twined negligently off her face, and fastened with a string of primroses behind. She comes trippingly down the steep pathway that leads from the Black Castle on the windy bents, liting to herself, as you may hear, one of those sweet ballads whose subtle and pathetic charm to a Scottish ear defies explanation or analysis:

“O Logie o’ Buchan! O Logie the Laird!
They hae taen awa Jamie wha dived in the
yard,

Wha played on the flute and the viol *sae sma*;
They hae taen awa Jamie, the flower o’ them a’.”

Now she is upon the brink of the river, — the ferry-boat has fallen down the stream with the tide—her errand admits of no delay; what can she do in this extremity? She pauses and hesitates for a moment—dips her bare foot coquettishly into the water, to try if it be *very* cold—glances round quickly to detect any naughty faun or peeping satyr, and no one being in sight, for Tom is casting at this very moment across the “saumon pot” below the linn, and we are deep in a thicket of golden gorse, “kilts her coat” without more ado round her knees, and wades demurely into the channel, shivering no doubt a little as the chill water rises about her. O Diana and Athene, and all chaste maidens and matrons in Pagan and Christian story, why not? The instep is no doubt finely and cleanly cut; we back the curve of that ankle any day against the Medici’s—and why not? We trust and believe in our souls that there is nothing morally wrong in loving to show a pretty ankle, nor indeed, for that matter, in loving to look on one. The trim little lassie, turned of seventeen, we take it, has no doubt a very charming figure; something like Greuze’s *Flower*

Girl, you recollect; only whereas in the French girl the skirt is tucked up for no good reason that we can see, *here* it is kilted because she wades through the water, and very properly desires to keep her petticoat dry. That she is altogether pure and innocent, as well as pretty, no one can for a moment doubt—even though she show no very grave embarrassment on finding that her aquatic feat has not been quite unwitnessed. Why should she?

So she trips through the gorse on her errand to the "toun," and we return to our reverie and our neglected volume of the morning—the songs and ballads of the Rector of Eversley. In these days of cheap and nasty publications, of infinitesimal type and transparent paper, a volume like this is "gude for sair een," as we say here. It ought to lie in the royal drawing-room. A ball from an Enfield rifle could not make way through half its pages. It transports us back to the old times when men believed that they had something worth recording to write about, and so wrote it on parchment and papyrus. While these hoary manuscripts are still regarded with awful reverence, the romance, and poetry, and metaphysics, and theology, and gastronomy of the nineteenth century are consigned to the dust-bin, and other "progressive" and sanitary institutions, with appalling rapidity. We wonder how many of the books printed during the present season will be in the body in the year of grace 1958?

To speak frankly, we do not believe in criticism. What good has criticism ever done to any particular individual? What benefit to society at large can be laid to its charge?

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust—

and when you have done so, what advantage have you gained or conferred? The crab is the critic of the vegetable world. He can pick a hole or two, we may be sure, in the coat of the rosy pippin or the swarthy ribston over the way, and we know of old the result. For it was this same unlucky tree that brought the "something in the world amiss" among us—the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—the tree of criticism, that is to say—the original *Edinburgh Review* taken in by Eve at the instance

of the first Whig. Ought we to imitate this bitter, acrid, perverted plant?

Historic criticism is a special nuisance. Why may I not believe in Romulus and Remus, and the gaunt she-wolf of the Tiber, if I like? That grand old poem does not do me a bit of harm. What right has any musty philologist in a German university, or any ex-chancellor out of Downing-street, to break to pieces the cherished traditions of a hundred generations? Nay, when they are about it, why not smash the Apollo, and Uranian Venus, and Minerva the Healer, and the rest of the time-stained divinities of the Vatican? The one is not a shade more false than the other; not a shade less characteristic of the temper of mind of the people who produced them, among whom they grew up, and round whose daily life they twined themselves as the ivy does round the oak. Again, why may I not hold that Mary of Scotland was true as she was beautiful? To a Scottish gentleman it is a point of honor to defend the honor of his queen; why is his soul to be disquieted by historic heresies? Why must he be pestered into the conviction that the most unhappy daughter of an unhappy house was a courtesan and a murderess? Leave us alone with our harmless traditions; they may be false, but they can not do you any injury, and we can not afford to give them up; we learned them long ago, before the age of criticism dawned; they are almost the only poetry the income-tax has not crushed out of our hearts. Besides, how insecure the foundation on which the whole edifice rests! We have reversed the judgments of our fathers; will not the criticism of the next generation reverse ours, and with an equal show of right?

Poetic criticism, to our minds, is quite as fruitless as historic. A critic never manufactured a poet: the poet, from of old, was born, not made. The greatest poems recognize no formal laws—not even the Greek tragedy, which was simply the instinctive expression of a leading Greek idea—and are great in spite of the critics and the critical canons of the day. What did the contemporary censor say to the "license" of William Shakespeare, to the "dreary" epic of Milton, to the "vulgaries of Robert Burns?" I can not therefore conscientiously do Mr. Kingsley the injustice to criticise him. I like his poems: I should not like them better were I able to advance fifty rea-

sons for the liking. Let us wander pleasantly through this pleasant volume, thankful that we gain pleasure from the perusal, and not over-anxious to extort "the reason why."

For indeed this critical mania of our day and generation must reach a climax ere long. Even the poet has latterly ceased to be a poet, becoming a critic instead. I have the greatest possible respect for the Oxford Professor of Poetry, but I do not think he has any right to compose an article on the Greek and Gallic stage, and thereafter publish it to the world as a Tragedy. The tragedy which he appends to his charming essay is no doubt a very clever "illustration" of the text, but it is in my opinion little more. It illustrates the "Preface," but the preface is the book, and attests the real power and pith of the writer much more effectually than the poem. A piece avowedly constructed down to particular lines, by the rule and square, can not claim to be considered an authentic work of art. It is nothing more than the "plan" which the traveler makes to verify his description; the model which the man of science exhibits to attest his theory. It was not so that the great poets worked. Homer did not "explain" the *Odyssey*: Shakspeare did not "explain" *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*.

Why should they, or why should any of us? "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," until we begin to dissect it, and expose the ugly bones that wise Nature has bountifully concealed. Why can not we be content to enjoy? We have the stars, and the sky, and the clouds, and the trees, and the sea, "that bares its bosom to the moon," and the children who gather shells on its shore—what more do we need? Why cut and carve? Why cavil about the dye in Lilian's eyes, or the dimples in Lilian's cheek? Why mar by our crooked formulas the perfect symmetry of spontaneous life? There is the spring out yonder with its golden daffodils, and here are we who have been born into the midst of it—is it not enough? Let us bask in its sunshine, if you please, and so, ere the budding branches yellow, we too will grow ripe and ruddy and mellow—fit for the marriage-feast of the gods.

"Oh! rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."

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Excepting three words of simple dedication, Mr. Kingsley, we are glad to see, publishes his poems without a single page of introductory or explanatory matter. There they are; we may read them or not, as we see fit; but the poet, having written them, has done his part, and the public may draw its own conclusions, if it can. This, we take it, is simply another manifestation of the virtue which gives a peculiar charm to whatever Mr. Kingsley writes—the perfect healthiness of his mind. These poems are the poems of a good man, and a good sportsman, sound in wind and limb, and not afflicted by any of the ailments to which flesh is heir. Too much poetic stuff in these latter days has been written by men who suffer from jaundice, and other combinations of liver-complaint. We detected, for instance, a prolonged attack of asthma in the very last epic we read; a dreadful book, which by the tenth canto (the last published) had conducted the hero through half the maladies incident to childhood. He had cut his teeth, (a very spirited episode,) and was vigorously prosecuting the measles when we gave in. Disease occasionally, though rarely, is a man's misfortune and not his fault, but it is a thousand pities that our poets should always avail themselves, for literary purposes, of the leisure which illness affords. Now Mr. Kingsley, we are sure, has never been ill in his life. He does not know what a bad constitution means, and the consequence is, that, after Walter Scott, he is probably the healthiest writer in the English language. I am convinced Sir Walter would have relished this *Ode to the North-East Wind*, however little he might relish the wind itself, which blows with peculiar malignity in his "gray metropolis"—as we know to our cost. How shrill, and sharp, and bracing it is! The keen wind whistles through every stanza!

"ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

"Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,

Showers soft and steaming,
 Hot and breathless air.
 Tired of listless dreaming,
 Through the lazy day :
 Jovial wind of winter
 Turn us out to play !
 Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
 Crisp the lazy dyke ;
 Hunger into madness
 Every plunging pike.
 Fill the lake with wild fowl ;
 Fill the marsh with snipe ;
 While on dreary moorlands
 Lonely curlew pipe.
 Through the black fir-forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
 Shattering down the snow flakes
 Off the curdled sky.
 Hark ! The brave North-easter !
 Breast-high lies the scent,
 On byholt and headland,
 Over heath and bent.
 Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Through the sleet and snow.
 Who can over-ride you ?
 Let the horses go !
 Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Down the roaring blast ;
 You shall see a fox die
 Ere an hour be past.
 Go ! and rest to-morrow,
 Hunting in your dreams,
 While our skates are ringing
 O'er the frozen streams.
 Let the luscious South-wind
 Breathe in lovers' sighs,
 While the lazy gallants
 Bask in ladies' eyes.
 What does he but soften
 Heart alike and pen ?
 'Tis the hard gray weather
 Breeds hard English men.
 What's the soft South-wester ?
 'Tis the ladies' breeze,
 Bringing home their true-loves
 Out of all the seas :
 But the black North-easter,
 Through the snow-storm hurled,
 Drives our English hearts of oak
 Seaward round the world.
 Come, as came our fathers,
 Heralded by thee,
 Conquering from the eastward,
 Lords by land and sea.
 Come ; and strong within us
 Stir the Viking's blood ;
 Bracing brain and sinew ;
 Blow, thou wind of God !"

A most vigorous discourse—with the exception, indeed, of the last line, which we do not like :

"Blow, thou wind of God!"

Why, in preference to the winds which come from the other points of the com-

pass, the north-easter should be more particularly under divine guidance, we confess we do not understand ; except, indeed, that the poet is thereby assisted to a fitting rhyme and a forcible finish. We notice what is obviously a very subordinate blemish, because we think that Mr. Kingsley is prone to make use of this and similar forms of expression. In the poem named *The Outlaw*, a poacher, for instance, justifies his occupation—

"I do but hunt God's cattle upon God's ain hills."

No doubt there has been, alike in our literature and in the other forms of our social intercourse, too marked a line of demarkation drawn between things sacred and things profane ; but we doubt whether the miscellaneous application of our Maker's name be the right way to cure this, or to induce a simpler, or more constant and reverent recognition of that divine life in which we live, and move, and have our being.

We are fault-finding, and we wish to quit this part of our task as soon as may be. So let us at once suggest to Mr. Kingsley that the *form* of one of his poems, *Saint Maura*—a very powerful and striking poem in many respects—is open to certain rather serious objections. We do not speak of the sentiments the Saint expresses : for what a saint should or should not say under the circumstances, is a matter on which we do not pretend to speak with authority. But we are disposed to object to the "situation." Saint Maura is being crucified alongside her husband ; and to wile away the hours till dawn for him, she utters a discourse which occupies some twelve or fourteen pages of moderate-size print. Now, we do not absolutely affirm that it would be impracticable for any poet to make this subject attractive, or a fit theme for artistic delineation. Even Shakspeare, however, with his intense dramatic energy, would have hesitated to employ it ; and if he had ventured, the pained shape of the martyr-girl would have been lightly indicated rather than drawn in full. Most of us have read Mr. Aytoun's *Bothwell* ; and most of us have felt that, as the soliloquy of a man chained in a dungeon, its construction is open to a fatal objection, which the most careful and skillful recasting of parts (and we are bound to own that the last edition is an immense improvement on its predecessors) can not

remove. But imprisonment, or even penal servitude, is a mere joke in comparison with crucifixion. And the mischief in such cases is, that the excellence of the poetry only serves to intensify the unnaturalness of the effect. Lines like these are very beautiful in themselves :

"So they led me back :

And as I went, a voice was in my ears
Which rang through all the sunlight, and the
breath

And blaze of all the garden slopes below,
And through the harvest-voices, and the moan
Of cedar-forests on the cliffs above,
And round the shining rivers, and the peaks
Which hung beyond the cloud-bed of the west,
And round the ancient stones about my feet."

But a vivid and spirited description of natural scenery coming from a woman who is slowly dying on the cross is somewhat repugnant to our ideas of truth and nature. No. If we are to make the cross the scene of dramatic action, the lines must be light, rapid, and intense ; not the imaginative and picturesque address, but the pain-wrung "My God, my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ?"—the solemn and simple "It is finished."

Otherwise the book, as already intimated, is eminently healthy. Nor do we except from this verdiet the political songs, some of which might be thought to indicate a certain morbidness in the way that social evil and injustice are looked at. But they indicate, as we think, nothing of the kind. They are the natural expression of a very indignant, but of a perfectly healthy mind. There is no dejection, despondency, nor moodiness. The world is not to be destroyed, but restored ; and the strong heart and the brawny arm are ready to aid the restoration :

"Forward ! Hark, forward's the cry !

One more fence and we're out on the open,
So to us at once, if you want to live near us !
Hark to them, ride to them, beauties ! as on
they go,
Leaping and sweeping away in the vale below !
Cowards and bunglers, whose heart or whose
eye is slow

Find themselves staring alone."

There is a scriptural simplicity, a grave severity, in certain of these pieces, which remind us of the old preachers of the Covenant ; stern, sour-visaged, iron-handed men, who in the retirement of healthy country manses girded on the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and went out to

battle against the Philistine—hardy of body and resolute at heart :

"THE DAY OF THE LORD.

"The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand !

Its storms roll up the sky :
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;
All dreamers toss and sigh ;
The night is darkest before the morn ;
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the Day of the Lord at hand.

"Gather you, gather you, angels of God—

Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth ;
Come ! for the Earth is grown coward and old ;
Come down, and renew us her youth.
Wisdom, Self-Sacrifice, Daring, and Love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

"Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age
of gold,

While the Lord of all ages is here ?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work
to do,

In the Day of the Lord at hand."

There is of course, and admittedly, a very obvious distinction between the way in which contemporary political subjects are treated by Mr. Kingsley, and in which the Laureate, for instance, treats them. Both poets show indeed an intense sympathy with the time ; but Mr. Kingsley is the combatant, the partisan. There is therefore heat, temper, fierce likings and dislikings, in his rhymes. The Laureate, on the other hand, is serene and impartial. He crystallizes and renders shapely the drifting sea-foam of the storm. In his amber the fluttering insect is staid and petrified. Our sayings and doings have acquired an historic air when they reappear in his poetry—"suffered a sea-change, into something rich and strange." What he has said about us are the things, we may be pretty sure, which will continue to be said about us for a good many generations to come. Still, we can afford to like both men—Hofer, who fights while he sings ; Goethe, who sits apart on his Olympus.

And this difference of circumstance must be taken into account before we can fairly estimate our author's poetical claims. "These poems of Mr. Kingsley," said an acute but evasive critic to us the other day, after the manner of his craft,

"are very good; but not good enough." This is probably what many readers have felt. They expected more; and they are disappointed. "They are good; but they are not good enough." But it must be remembered that the making of poems, so to speak, has not formed the serious business of Mr. Kingsley's life, as it has of the Laureate's. These snatches of music are evidently the interludes in a more engrossing drama, "short swallow-flights of song." A thought has risen up occasionally during reading or work that required expression, and it fitted itself naturally into melodious words. Such we take to be the explanation of the contents of this book; excepting, indeed, the *Andromeda*, of which a word presently; and such a book must be judged by a very different standard from one which is avowedly the fruition and crown of a life-long devotion to the craft.

That Mr. Kingsley lacks genuine poetic insight, is another averment to which it is difficult to reply. What is this subtle and delicate Ariel which men call the spirit of Poetry? No two of the critics are agreed. It is, and will be forever, a question exclusively of feeling, sentiment, individual or national caprice. Whether Mr. Kingsley be a poet in this sense must therefore be left to the determination of each particular reader. But we think most readers of taste will agree with us when we say that these songs and ballads display great force and felicity of expression, much clever and vivid appreciation of natural beauty; that they are distinguished by remarkable breadth, and an almost primitive literalness and simplicity of handling; that the imitative or sympathetic faculty, which metaphysicians have shown to be intimately allied with the imaginative, is strongly developed; and that the close texture and rare compression of the style afford a most effective and much-needed protest against the looseness and lawlessness of recent poetic practice. If he be not a poet, the man who possesses all these qualifications must have at least a very fine instinct for what poetry should be.

And whatever criticism may urge to the contrary, Mr. Kingsley, we are convinced, is a true *lyric* poet. Though the lyric feeling in this volume is more conspicuous, perhaps, than the power of lyric expression, yet one or two of the songs are characterized by a perfection and completeness of form which is not found except in

the greatest poets—Burns, Keats, Tennyson. *The Sands of Dee*—with the added charms of music and girlish voices—our readers have, no doubt, often heard; but *Airly Beacon* and *The Night Bird* will probably be new to some of them; and we quote these pieces the more readily because they illustrate another noticeable quality of the lyric—its suggestiveness. It is the feeling and not the environment (which ought to be subordinated and used only in so far as really necessary to give body and concreteness to the feeling) which forms the supreme interest of the lyricist; and there is consequently much more opportunity for implication, and delicate and subdued handling in his than in any other form of poetry.

"AIRLY BEACON.

"Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh! the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climbed up to me!

"Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh! the happy hours we lay
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
Courting through the summer's day!

"Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh! the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee!"

"THE NIGHT BIRD.

"A floating, a floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmast tree.

"Oh! came you off the isles of Greece,
Or off the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main?"

"I came not off the old world
Nor yet from off the new—
But I am one of the birds of God,
Which sing the whole night through."

"Oh! sing, and wake the dawning—
Oh! whistle for the wind;
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind."

"The current sweeps the old world,
The current sweeps the new;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

The man who can write a song should be able to write a ballad also; for to pro-

duce a really excellent old ballad, infers a good deal of the same sort of power; and many of Mr. Kingsley's are very charming. It is in these that we note more particularly the simplicity and breadth of handling to which we have referred; that union of the homely and the picturesque which is found in the poetry of primitive peoples, and which so few modern poets have been able to compass. *The Long-beard's Saga*, in this respect, is probably the most characteristic; but *The Weird Lady*—an early production—is even more to our liking.

"THE WEIRD LADY.

"The swevens came up round Harold the Earl,
Like motes in the sunnys beam;
And over him stood the Weird Lady,
In her charmed castle over the sea,
Sang, 'Lie thou still and dream.'

"Thy steed is dead in his stall, Earl Harold,
Since thou hast bid with me;
The rust has eaten thy harness bright,
And the rats have eaten thy greyhound light,
That was so fair and free.'

"Mary Mother she stooped heaven;
She wakened Earl Harold out of his sweven,
To don his harness on;
And over the land and over the sea
He wended abroad to his own countrie,
A weary way to gon.

"Oh! but his beard was white with eld,
Oh! but his hair was gray;
He stumbled on by stock and stone,
And as he journeyed he made his moan
Along that weary way.

"Earl Harold came to his castle-wall;
The gate was burnt with fire;
Roof and rafter were fallen down,
The folk were strangers all in the town,
And strangers all in the shire.

"Earl Harold came to a house of nuns,
And he heard the dead-bell toll;
He saw the sexton stand by a grave;
'Now Christ have mercy, who did us save,
Upon yon fair nun's soul.'

"The nuns they came from the convent-gate
By one, by two, by three;
They sang for the soul of a lady bright
Who died for the love of a traitor knight:
It was his own lady.

"He staid the corpse beside the grave;
'A sign, a sign!' quod he,
'Mary Mother who rulest heaven,
Send me a sign if I be forgiven
By the woman who so loved me.'

"A white dove out of the coffin flew;
Earl Harold's mouth it kist;
He fell on his face, wherever he stood;
And the white dove carried his soul to God
Or ever the bearers wist."

But after all there is no surer test of the excellence of a song or a ballad than its capacity to affect all kinds and conditions of men; and, as our fishing ally of the morning, Tom Morrice, is just now passing with his well-filled creel slung across his back, we may try the experiment at once. Tom is a keen fisher, and used, *consule Planco*, to be a considerable bit of a poacher; not the moody, savage, and murderous miscreant who sends a double charge of slugs into the poor wretch who watches My Lord's pheasants, without a touch of compunction, but the genuine Scotch poacher, who enjoys the danger and romance of his calling, and feels no grudge against either game-preservation or game-keeper, considering the sport a fair trial of skill between himself and the laird, a species of knightly encounter of arms, over which the pale-faced moon sits arbitress.

"What think you of this, Tom?" and we read him

"THE THREE FISHERS.

"Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the habo-bar be moaning.

"Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-by the bar and its moaning."

"Deed, sir," says Tom, rubbing his rough seal-skin sleeve across his tanned cheek, "that's grewsome. Puir things! puir things! but it's sair comfort. What's that line, sir, about the Scaur?"

"And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

"It has a gran soun," says Tom, repeating it to himself. "I've seen't aften on the sea about the fa'."

Thank you, Tom; we thought you would like it; and the Rector of Eversley may rest satisfied that he has written *one* genuine poem.

But, indeed, Mr. Kingsley is always great on the sea-shore, and few men have said better or truer things about it—at least since the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens was written. "The sea," according to a certain dark-eyed critic, "is the poetic side of Mr. Kingsley's mind." Just and true; as that golden-tongued criticism always is; but, indeed, of how many English and Scotch men is the sea *not* the poetic side? We used to fancy that we could detect the "monotonous undertone" in ever so much of our literature—as we could, surely and sensibly, in the habit of thought, nay sometimes in the cadenced speech, of those who had lived much within sight and hearing of its surge. But it was not till we saw Venice—till we learned how that constant companionship had forced itself upon the brick and marble of a great city, on the art and architecture of a conquering people—it was not till then we were assured that our vague suspicion was only

one of the common-places of history. "The influence of the sea on English literature," would form a tolerably attractive subject for discourse at a literary institute in these days, when almost every literary topic of interest has been written out and exhausted, and the literary man, like the hand-loom weaver and the kelp-burner, begins to despair of his craft.

And this poem of "Andromeda"—of which it remains to speak—is essentially a "sea-story." It is a clear and vivid picture of the sea at dawn, at noon-tide, and at night. As a piece of rich and superb coloring—and this was probably the principal object aimed at in the selection—it is eminently happy and successful; Tintoret or Titian might have mixed the colors; and its warm and voluptuously idealized enjoyment of the powers of life and nature would not have unbefitted the painters of the "Venus" and the "Europa," and is eminently characteristic of the refined sensuousness of the Greek intellect. It needs not to sift more curiously the merits of a poem borrowed from such a source; if it is graceful, sunny, and richly toned, more can not be competently asked. But listen to a page or two of these obnoxious English hexameters ere we put the book away.

It is evening, and Andromeda, "a snow-white cross on the dark green walls of the sea-cliff," has been left, by her mother and the priests, as a sacrifice to the angry sea-gods:

"Watching the pulse of the oars die down, as her own died with them,
Tearless, dumb with amaze she stood, as a stormed-stunned nestling
Fallen from bough or from eave lies dumb, which the home-going herdsman
Fancies a stone, till he catches the light of its terrified eye-ball.
So through the long long, hours the maid stood helpless and hopeless,
Wide-eyed, downward gazing in vain at the black blank darkness."

As she passionately reproaches the sea, which she had loved from girlhood,

"O dread sea! false sea! I dreamed what I dreamed of thy goodness;
Dreamed of a smile in thy gleam, of a laugh in the splash of thy ripple,"

the sea-maids rise around her, but sweep by, careless and unheeding—

"Seeing they saw not, and passed, like a dream, on the murmuring ripple."

The morning dawns, and Andromeda behold afar over the blue water the home of her people:

"High in the far-off glens rose thin blue curls from the homesteads;
Softly the low of the herds, and the pipe of the out-going herdsman,
Slid to her ear on the water, and melted her heart into weeping."

But there is no help from the Sun-God, and the maiden maddens with terror as the time draws near for the coming of the monster. Then occurs what, for lightness and aerial grace, we deem the most perfect passage in the poem—the advent of the Deliverer:

"Sudden she ceased, with a shriek: in the spray, like a hovering foam-bow,
Hung, more fair than the foam-bow, a boy in the bloom of his manhood,
Golden-haired, ivory-limbed, ambrosial; over his shoulder
Hung for a vail of his beauty the gold-fringed folds of the goat-skin,
Bearing the brass of his shield, as the sun flashed clear on its clearness.
Curved on his thigh lay a falchion; and under the gleam of his hemlet
Eyes more blue than the main shone awful, around him Athéné
Shed in her love such grace, such state, and terrible daring.
Hovering over the water he came, upon glittering pinions,
Living, a wonder, outgrown from the tight-laced gold of his sandals;
Bounding from billow to billow, and sweeping the crests like a sea-gull;
Leaping the gulfs of the surge, as he laughed in the joy of his leaping.
Fair and majestic he sprang to the rock; and the maiden in wonder
Gazed for awhile, and then hid in the dark-rolling wave of her tresses,
Fearful, the light of her eyes; while the boy (for her sorrow had awed him)
Blushed at her blushes, and vanished, like mist on the cliffs at the sunrise.
Fearful at length she looked forth: he was gone: she, wild with amazement,
Wailed for her mother aloud: but the wail of the wind only answered.
Sudden he flashed into sight, by her side; in his pity and anger
Moist were his eyes; and his breath like a rose-bed, as bolder and bolder,
Hovering under her brows, like a swallow that haunts by the house-eaves,
Delicate-handed, he lifted the vail of her hair; while the maiden,
Motionless, frozen with fear, wept loud; till her lips unclosing
Poured from their pearl-strung portal the musical wave of his wonder.

"But the maid, still dumb with amazement,
Watered her bosom with weeping, and longed for her home and her mother.
Beautiful, eager, he wooed her, and kissed off her tears as he hovered,
Roving at will, as a bee, on the brows of a rock nymph-haunted,
Garlanded over with vine, and acanthus, and clambering roses,
Cool in the fierce still noon, where streams glance clear in the moss-beds,
Hums on from blossom to blossom, and mingles the sweets as he tastes them.
Beautiful, eager, he kissed her, and clasped her yet closer and closer."

The diamond falchion shears the chain which binds Andromeda to the rock,

"Carved through the strength of the brass, till her arms fell soft on his shoulder,"

and scornfully the eager, beautiful, love-smitten boy hastens to meet the monstrous offspring of the slime:

"Kiss me but once, and I go."

Then lifting her neck, like a sea-bird
Peering up over the wave, from the foam-white swells of her bosom,
Blushing she kissed him: afar on the topmost Italian summit
Laughed in the joy of her heart, far-seeing, the queen Aphrodité."

The fall of the hero on the sea-beast is finely likened to the fall of the osprey on its prey:

"Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping the wrath of his eyebrows
Falls from the sky like a star, while the wind rattles hoarse in his pinions."

Assisted by the Gorgon's head, "the beautiful horror," Theseus slays the brute, and hies back to the rescued maiden:

"Beautiful, eager, triumphant, he leapt back again to his treasure;
Leapt back again, full blest, toward arms spread wide to receive him.
Brimful of honor he clasped her, and brimful of love she caressed him."

Then from the heights of Olympus Athené, the guide of the hero, descends:

"Awful and fair she arose; and she went by the glens of Olympus;
Went by the isles of the sea, and the wind never ruffled her mantle,"

to bestow upon the hero's bride the gifts of the Immortals:

"Blissful, they turned them to go: but the fair-tressed Pallas Athené
Rose, like a pillar of tall white cloud, toward silver Olympus;
Far above ocean and shore, and the peaks of the isles and the mainland;
Where no frost nor storm is, in clear blue windless abysses,
High in the home of the summer, the seats of the happy Immortals."

Is not the work very exquisite?—dewy, fragrant, and rosy with the rosy-stain which stained the marble of Praxiteles?

We have wandered along the stream-side all day; and now as the evening gathers, the boom of the sea sounds sad and far-remote, the sandy bents have changed to flowery meadow-lands, and we enter at length the lordly chase, through which, for many a mile, the river winds from its fountain among the pines up yonder. The roses in my Lady's garden are still black with winter frosts. The Naiad, with her empty horn, looks dry and disconsolate, and as if she too would not

unwillingly follow the elder gods from a planet that owns no more the divinity of Pan. The swans upon the lake are bearing down with ruffled wings before the evening breeze, and the last rays of the sun touch gorgeously with gold and purple the cock-pheasant who sweeps silently past us to his roost. The white pillars of a still Greek shrine are repeated in the still water; while the echoes of the miniature Tivoli die among the woods on which the crimson crown of the evening rests. Fair and pleasant and peaceful, and haunted by the cushat, as when we were boys:

"But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

INSTINCT OF THE PIGEON.—Sir John Ross, the Arctic voyager, dispatched a young pair of pigeons, on the 6th or 7th of October, 1850, from Assistance Bay, a little to the west of Wellington Sound, and on the 18th of October a pigeon made its appearance at the dovecot in Ayrshire, from whence Sir John had the two pairs of pigeons which he took out. The distance direct between the two places is about 2000 miles. The dovecot was under repair at this time, and the pigeons belonging to it had been removed, but the servants of the house were struck with the appearance and motions of this stranger.

After a short stay, it went to the pigeon-house of a neighboring proprietor, where it was caught, and sent back to the lady who originally owned it. She at once recognized it as one of those which she had given to Sir John Ross; but, to put the matter to the test, it was carried into the pigeon-house, when, out of the many niches, it directly went to the one in which it had been hatched. No doubt remained in the mind of the lady of the identity of the bird. By what extraordinary power did this interesting bird find its way, and by what route did it come?—*Yarrell's History of British Birds.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

FROM DELHI TO CAWNPORE.

In introducing to our readers' notice a French account of the Indian massacres, recently published by Dr. Maynard, and bearing in mind that the too famous Jessy of Lucknow was but the emanation of a French brain, we feel it due to ourselves to preface our notice of the work by quoting the author's own introduction as a voucher for our *bona fides*:

"Accident brought it about that I recently resided in a hotel, where I met with a poor English lady, Mrs. Hornstreet, a victim to the mutiny of Bengal. She was one of that procession of widows and orphans brought by the Calcutta steamer every fortnight to Suez. She had landed at Southampton and come to France to find a refuge with her husband's family, who had for a long period resided in Touraine. On her passage through Paris she was taken ill, and I was called in to see her. We physicians are, as a general rule, somewhat curious. I inquired of the lady as to the cause of her illness, and she told me in consequence all her sufferings in India, for the cause of her illness was misery, exhaustion, and grief—incurable maladies. I shuddered with horror at the narrative of her long martyrdom. The lady had been rich, and lived happily with her husband, daughter, and son. These are all dead; fortune and happiness are lost: the son, a boy of two years of age, was crucified to a wall in his mother's presence; the daughter, a maiden of eighteen, is mouldering in the well of Cawnpore, after being exposed to the most fearful brutalities from the Sepoys. The father was the least unhappy, for he died first, by a bullet through his heart. His widow buried him with her own hands, lest his body should become the prey of the vulture. I asked Mrs. Hornstreet's permission to publish this lamentable narrative of her sufferings. Many prejudices had to be removed, many doubts settled; at last I succeeded in gaining her consent, and so I now give the story just as I received it from her lips."

Nothing can be more explicit than this; and as Dr. Maynard's is no unknown name in modern French literature, we consider ourselves justified in regarding the dreadful narrative to which we would call attention as strictly true.

In May, 1857, few persons could be regarded as more blessed with worldly

comforts than Mrs. Hornstreet. Heaven had but recently granted her a son, to take the place of a daughter, who was engaged to Lieutenant Hood, of the Engineers, and her husband was making the necessary preparations for the sale of the indigo factory, and their return to England with an ample fortune. The correspondence thus entailed with the agents kept the family *au courant* as to the various suspicious movements in the Presidency. They heard of the *émeute* at Barrackpore, and of the mutiny of the Nineteenth N. I. In the same way they were told of repeated incendiary fires in the vicinity of Calcutta, and of the distribution of the chupatties. Still they entertained but slight apprehension; their knowledge of the natives led them to believe that these reports were purposely exaggerated to depreciate the value of the factory, and Lieutenant Hood, a daily visitor, confirmed their views by the utter contempt he revealed for the Sepoys. It seemed, in fact, as if they rushed blindly on their fate, else they would have noticed the warnings they received of insubordination and hatred of the Christians.

"One evening in March, we were walking on the banks of the Jumna, a river that runs beneath the walls of Delhi. Ellen was leaning on the arm of her betrothed; my little Will was running before us, or coming back to pluck at my dress. At a place where the path narrowed a fakir had laid himself with his face to the ground, and stopped the road. Will came back to me in alarm, and the Lieutenant, as soon as he saw the man, bade him get out of the way. The fakir did not stir. 'Lift up the dog and throw him into the water,' said the Lieutenant, with a wave of his hand to the four men who constantly followed him. The soldiers hurried up, but I did not give them time to execute the order, for it suddenly occurred to me that the poor fellow had laid himself here to beg. 'Give him this rupee,' I whispered to Will. Will dauntlessly approached the beggar, stooped down, and placed the money between his face and the ground. At this moment the fakir rose, and moved on his knees to the edge of the path, and as Ellen and the Lieutenant passed him he cried, in a piercing voice, his hands

being laid flat on the ground: 'The roads will soon be free.' My husband and the clergymen, who walked before me, received the following salutation: 'The believers in the true faith will triumph to-morrow.' When I came up to him with Will, who was now frightened, and tried to hide himself in the folds of my dress, he altered his tone and position, raised his hands heavenwards, leaned back, and whispered the following words, which turned my blood icy cold: 'Poor child! thou canst not ransom thyself with thy alma.' At dinner I repeated the beggar's words, and did not conceal the fact that they had startled me. But every one laughed so heartily at my timidity, and the Lieutenant cited so many instances of the impudence and folly of these pretended seers, that I at last joined in the laugh, and soon forgot the circumstance."

The preparations were now made for Ellen's wedding, which, alas! was fated never to be solemnized. On the morning of the tenth of May, or the day prior to the wedding, while the party were seated at breakfast, a sergeant rushed in without preface or apology, and requested speech with Lieutenant Hood. After a short conference the young man took a hurried leave, and started for cantonments. The news the messenger had brought was of the massacre of Meerut, and the march of the rebels on Delhi. The scene of confusion this produced in the lately so merry party was indescribable, until Mr. Grant, the clergyman, bade all present join in a prayer, and then called the gentlemen apart to consult about what should be done. Fortunately the Hindoo servants remained staunch, although all the ryots had disappeared, and some preparations were hurriedly made to arm and equip them in the event of the rebels attacking the factory. Not long and they saw Brigadier Graves's small force defiling past the avenue. This gave them fresh courage, for they naturally assumed that the rebels would be disbanded by the mere sight of English troops. Not long and they saw the same soldiers returning in full retreat on Meerut, for the Thirty-eighth, Fifty-fourth, and Seventy-fourth Native Regiments had betrayed them. This led to the ruin of the bungalow, for the artillery made a stand on a mound near the house, and the Sepoys tried to outflank them by marching through the grounds. At the moment when the affrighted party were expecting an immediate assault from the Sepoys, a Hindoo rushed up with a letter from Mr. Hood, begging the family to

retire into Delhi before the bridge of boats was rendered unserviceable. This request must be obeyed. The family hurriedly collected some money and jewels, while the servants brought out the only three horses left, (for the rest had been taken by the visitors and the European servants,) and the family set out on their mournful march. Of three hundred natives to, whom they had given bread and labor, only Will's nurse, a Malabar woman, accompanied them, and the steward, a worthy Mussulman. The latter had got out the elephant and laden it with all sorts of stores in the absence of the mahout. When the party reached the bridge they turned round to survey once more the scene of past happiness; but dense clouds of smoke were ascending from the bungalow, and they fervently thanked Heaven for having saved them from such imminent danger, little foreseeing that the time would come when they would have gladly welcomed such a death. At the bridge, Mrs. Hornstreet was assailed by fresh apprehensions, for the temper of the natives appeared fearfully changed, and any accident might endanger their lives. They consequently dismounted and walked along behind the elephant as it majestically cleft its way through the crowd in the direction of a Mr. Craig's house, where they expected to find shelter. On reaching it they found that the family had already left, the gentlemen for the Flag Tower, the ladies for the palace of Begum Sumroo. After some reflection they determined on proceeding to the Arsenal, as the most likely place for the English to congregate. On the road they had fearful evidence of the brutality of the Sepoys. They marched past in companies, each regiment distinct, and led by a European officer; but, fearful mockery, they only bore the heads of their officers along with their shakos still on to show the various grades. With great difficulty the party succeeded in creeping along under the half-ruined walls of the royal palace until they came to the street leading to the Jumna Mosque, beyond which they found it impossible to proceed, owing to the tremendous firing. Gradually, too, the crowd around them grew denser, and they were exposed to great peril, until they took shelter in the courtyard of a large house which had already been plundered. Here they were obliged to bid adieu to the faithful steward, for

the elephant could not pass through the doorway.

"The house belonged to a rich English family, whose name I have forgotten. Savage-looking men, or rather half-naked demons, rushed through the rooms, destroyed mirrors and furniture, tore up the flooring, destroyed the walls, and sent a shower of fragments down into the yard, where they were carefully collected to form a pyre like that of the Suttees. While this was going on, others, furious men, with their cutltries in their hands, were ransacking every corner of the house. They were evidently searching for a victim they had trapped, for every moment they uttered shouts of joy or anger, according to the result of their search. Without being ourselves seen, we could observe all this from the spot where we had assembled near a cellar window in the yard, beneath the stem of a mighty catalpa. Ellen, the Malabar woman, and myself were cowering on the ground, while my husband stood upright with a revolver in his hand. Suddenly the cellar near which we stood was illuminated; piercing shrieks of women and children came up to us; the noise of a desperate struggle lasted for several minutes. Then all grew dark and quiet again. Soon after, a tall man, with torn clothes and bleeding face, was dragged into the yard by a band of ruffians, who led him to the bonfire. It was then set on fire, and the smoke poured forth in volumes. I imagined they were about to murder the Englishman and cast him into the flames; but I did not yet know the barbarity of our gentle Sepoys. They left the unhappy man perfect liberty of movement, but pointed their knives at his breast, and formed a dense circle round the pyre. The tortured man did not deign to beg the charity of a thrust or a bullet through his heart; he seemed determined to die the death of a hero. He turned his back to the fire, crossed his hands over his chest, and seemed to be praying. At length, the circle that surrounded him closed in, and the murderers stabbed at him so savagely that he fell back into the flames. A long and loud shout of joy accompanied his terrible fall."

The court-yard was gradually deserted, and the terrified family decided on seeking a shelter in the house, for they hoped that the steward might still come back to their assistance. But Mrs. Hornstreet was determined to visit the cellar where the terrible scene had taken place, and after leaving her boy and the nurse upstairs, she went down to the vault. What she found there we can not describe: suffice it to say that they found two women and a child still living in that awful scene of massacre. Suddenly they were interrupted in their charitable task by the arrival of the faithful steward, who offered

to lead them to the house of a Mussulman friend of his, where they would be in greater safety, if they could succeed in entering his house unnoticed. The two still bleeding women were lifted on to the howdah by the husband, while Mrs. Hornstreet hastened up-stairs to fetch her son. What was her horror to find that the Malabar woman had disappeared with him without saying a word. In vain did the distracted mother search through the whole house; but the safety of all was imperiled by any further delay, and the mournful procession set out, Ellen by this time being quite insane, and the mother almost in the same condition. On reaching the house, Mohammed held a hurried conference with his friend, which resulted in the party being admitted, and they felt themselves in safety at last. The party spent a restless night, as may be imagined, to which extra discomfort was added by the ungracious conduct of the two women who had been saved, and who eventually turned out to be an English cook and a housemaid.

The next day at noon, after they had been fearfully terrified by the explosion of the magazine, Mohammed entered the room in great alarm. Instead of giving them the provisions they had been expecting, he tore up the bamboo framing of the divan and bade them conceal themselves if they wished to save their lives. They were hardly hidden, ere a band of infuriated Sepoys rushed in, crying, "Death to the Feringhees!" They had a narrow escape, for some of the men passed their swords through the seats, and one of them entered the ground between Mrs. Hornstreet's arm and leg. At length the Sepoys quitted the room, and the party could breathe in safety. The same night came a gentle tapping at the door, and, on opening it, two Hindoo women came in, bearing a bundle of clothes; they were sent by Mohammed, and the little party had no hesitation in following them. On the road a fearful incident occurred:

"An unforeseen obstacle arrested us at the foot of the immense deodara-tree, which overshadowed the entire road. A regiment of Sepoys was drawn up in rank and file before the Boschums ud-Dowlah mosque. We should have been lost if the sun had been already risen: our disguise would have been useless, for our cotton garments only hung down to our knees, so that our European shoes would have betrayed us. Whilstanding against the stem of the tree, I sudden-

ly noticed blood appear on my right sleeve, and the stain grow gradually larger. Did this blood come from my own arm? But no, I was not even wounded. I carefully observed the spots, and soon discovered that it was raining blood! I looked up, and saw at first only the dark foliage of the deodara; but on looking more closely I detected several bodies slowly swaying in the breeze. A corpse was hanging from every bough, and though I changed my place repeatedly, the shower of blood would not cease."

The Hindoo woman led our party into a cellar filled with bundles of reeds and bamboos. When these were removed a small passage was visible, into which she thrust them all, and carefully concealed the opening again. Here they found a number of other ladies, whom a generous Parsee had saved at the risk of his own life, and concealed in the crypts of his garden, which was planted over the ruins of one of the Indian palaces. There were no gentlemen here, for the darogah had but recently searched through the crypts and assassinated two or three wounded civilians he found. The women he had spared out of policy, as he expected to make good ransom by them, or give them up to the Sepoys whenever in danger himself. The Hornstreet family remained in this hiding-place until the 18th, but then they were forced to come to a decision, and the father determined on returning to the bungalow. To this the mother gladly consented, for she hoped that she might find her Willy again there. On quitting the cellar, under the escort of the Hindoo woman, they were joined by four men clothed in white, and great was their joy at recognizing in one of them William Hood, who had also escaped death by a miracle. They managed to cross the bridge in safety, as William had heavily bribed the havildar on duty before he began his perilous search after his friends in Delhi. He had entered the city every night, accompanied by three faithful men, having bribed the havildar of his regiment, who had charge of the Calcutta gate, to give him free ingress and egress, and at last he had gone to the bungalow to try and gain information. There he met Mohammed, who told him where his friends were to be found. How great was Mrs. Hornstreet's joy when he told her that her Willy was there in safety. In her selfishness she hardly regretted to hear that the faithful Mohammed had been

hanged in front of the house as a friend of the detested Christians.

So soon as the child had been recovered, the party set out at once for the river, where a boat was held in readiness for them, and they hastened down the river towards Agra. The voyage lasted six days, and on the last night they landed on the left bank of the river, hoping to be in safety on the ensuing morning. But they were bitterly undeceived when they learned from some passing boatmen that the English were shut up in the citadel, and there was no possibility of reaching it in safety. After a long consultation, they decided on going down the river to Cawnpore, where they knew that General Wheeler was still holding out. But an unexpected difficulty occurred: the boatman, who had been only hired to go to Agra, refused to proceed, and they were at length obliged to buy his boat. Two boatmen offered their services from a nearby boat, and were accepted. Unfortunately they were Thugs, and the consequence was that on the second evening the boat sprang a leak, and sank to the bottom at the only spot where it was difficult to reach land. However, they succeeded, and after lighting a fire they lay down to rest. Mrs. Hornstreet was restless, and fancied she saw forms flitting about them during the night, and at length, in her terror, she called to her husband. He and Mr. Hood sprang up and searched all around, but no one was visible. However, on proceeding to wake the boatmen, it was found they had disappeared, having artfully dressed up bundles of reeds to represent sleeping figures.

A long argument now ensued as to their further progress: Mr. Hood suggested that they should follow the Great Trunk Road, and try to reach Allahabad. Mr. Hornstreet, on the contrary, proposed that they should attempt to reach Gwalior. The matter was referred to Mrs. Hornstreet for decision, and she agreed with Mr. Hood. Thus, their fate was settled:

"With daybreak we set out, after recommending ourselves to the divine mercy. After two long hours' march along the river bank, partly through sand, partly through the tall vegetation of a marshy soil, pursued by clouds of mosquitoes, terrified by the hissing of the snakes, without the shade of the chattiwallahs and the lofty trees, burned by the tropical sun, whose beams filled the air with suffocating heat, we

at length reached a dense wood, at the extremity of which the path forked. The right arm lost itself in the depths of the forest, the left skirted the wood, as far as the eye could extend. We sank down from fatigue. Peter and William groaned beneath the weight of our scanty baggage and provisions; I carried Will in turn with Ellen, while he asked incessantly for water, as he pointed to the sparkling waves of the Jumna. I feared a mortal attack of fever for him, if I allowed him to drink a drop of this poisoned water, and was in despair because I could not quench his thirst. How wistfully I regarded the nuts on the top of the waving cocoa-trees, which I was unable to reach and quench his thirst! Not a banana or orange-tree was visible on this road of misery! not a spring or rivulet! here pestiferous marshes, further on burning sand, and even the path we followed seemed not made by man, but by wild beasts. I believe Willy would have died in my arms if we had been forced to continue our journey the whole day."

After a long rest, the party set out once more, following the course of the river, and after an hour's march sighted a large town, which they conjectured to be Etawah. But here, too, were evidences that the revolt was temporarily triumphant through the whole of Bengal: they suddenly came on a scene of death, and had difficulty in forcing their way through the countless flocks of birds of prey that were tearing the dead English with their savage talons. At length, horror-stricken, the party came near a fortified village, and were happy enough to find it occupied by Captain Martin, an old friend of Hood's, at the head of fifteen cavalry and ten infantry, composed of the English officers of some of the revolted regiments. He had escaped from the butchery of Furruckabad, and hoped to reach Benares in safety, but his humanity proved his ruin. He had stopped to save many English women and children from certain death, and had been forced to wait in this village to give them a rest. The same night that our party joined them, the Sepoys attacked the village. After a heroic defense, in which every man of the little garrison fell, Mr. Hornstreet and William hurriedly collected their party, and hid to the forest once more, for the tigers would be even more merciful than the Sepoys. They had reached the verge of the forest in safety, though quickly pursued: the Sepoy trumpet of recall was heard in the village. The villains, balked of their prey, halted in their pursuit, but savagely fired

a parting salvo, and Mr. Hornstreet and Lieutenant Hood fell mortally wounded.

How the night passed away the widow never knew; she was restored to consciousness in the morning by the bitter exclamations of her poor orphan boy, who asked for food and drink. Thus woke the consciousness that she had a duty to perform to the living as well as to the dead; and she was cheered to find that Ellen's mind had not given way again before the accumulated horrors of that dreadful night. But the two women could not leave the scene of the tragedy until they had paid the last poor honors to the dead, and they set to work with unwearied zeal to dig a grave in the sand, which would at least preserve their poor bodies from desecration. They were forced to hasten on their work by a terrible incident:

"While we were toiling with feverish haste, we heard a strange noise behind us; it sounded as if William had risen and fallen back again. Aroused at the same moment by hope and fear, we turned round. William lay motionless on the same spot where Ellen had laid him to rest; no change had taken place in his position, but we saw a philosopher, one of those huge insatiate birds, fly lazily across the fields, after making a rude attack with the extremity of its wings upon William's poor body. 'Dig away, my mother!' cried Ellen, as she went on with her task with redoubled energy."

At length, after three hours of incessant toil, the grave seemed to be deep enough to cover both bodies: Mrs. Hornstreet cut off a lock of her dead husband's hair, and placed on his little finger the wedding-ring she had worn so happily—as a pledge of a perpetual widowhood; while Ellen took off William's hand a heavy ring he wore, as a sign of her perpetual betrothal. When this terrible task was completed, Mrs. Hornstreet consulted with her daughter as to their chances of escape, and they decided eventually on making their way to Cawnpore. They set out on their journey, carrying the boy in turn, but, unfortunately, they had not gone far ere they stumbled on a public bungalow, filled with rebels. A subahdar came up and addressed them, ere they could turn to fly, and their speech betrayed them. To add to their misfortune, Willy, who had never before seen Hindoos behave with such audacity, took offense at the officer tapping him on the cheek, and cried in English his displeasure. The Sepoys started up and rushed with inflamed glances on

Ellen, who suddenly turned and fled. One of the ruffians had all but seized her by her flowing ringlets, as she made her escape into a tent where several Hindoo women were seated. But the chief begum coldly repulsed her, and on joining her mother again, the whole band fell upon them. For a while, the sight of the belt Mrs. Hornstreet wore round her waist, filled with money, excited another passion; but so soon as the spoil was divided, the party were dragged off to a burning pyre. Nearer and nearer they drew to the flames, and the mother formed the fearful determination of throttling her boy to save him from greater suffering, but her hand refused the office. She closed her eyes and prepared for death: she could feel the flames assailing her extremities—when suddenly she felt herself dragged away. On recovering her senses she saw her daughter striving to conceal herself behind her brother, as she cowered on the ground, while over her stood a herculean figure employed in strange gesticulations. It was the fakir to whom Willy had once given alms on the banks of the Jumna!

When the caravan started again, the party were left with the fakir standing by their side. He addressed the Sepoys in a solemn and impressive manner, which produced an immediate effect upon them, for they came up and laid before the English women palm-leaves on which they spread rice; others gave ghee and fruit; some of the more pious even took off their cloaks and threw them over the ladies' shoulders. So soon as all had passed, the fakir conducted them into the bungalow, and after spreading them beds of leaves, he left them with the recommendation to remain there until some prospect of safety offered itself. For twelve long days the little party kept concealed, while large bands of Sepoys were passing. At length, to their joy, they saw a procession of soldiers come up, escorting a band of Catholic Sisters of Mercy. But they were sadly disappointed at finding that the new arrivals were fugitives like themselves. However, their company was a relief after the terrible solitude they had lately gone through. But Mrs. Hornstreet appeared a plaything of misfortune, and destined to injure every one she came into contact with; for that self-same night a band of Sepoys detected their presence in the bungalow. The nuns were allowed to march out in safety, followed by Mrs.

Hornstreet under the garb of a novice, and then the fearful butchery commenced, and a night of anguish for the mother, who feared each moment lest her children should be detected in their hiding-place.

At last the Sepoys quitted the scene of butchery, and Mrs. Hornstreet, true to her feminine instinct, began searching for any still living victims. The Sepoys had, however, made sure of their prey, and only three women had escaped by an accident. They then set out again on their journey, and spent the night together; the next morning the Sisters started for Allahabad, while Mrs. Hornstreet and her children made their way to Cawnpore.

Mrs. Hornstreet found things in a sad condition at Cawnpore: the General had been wounded in a sally, and the want of provisions had compelled a capitulation. Nana had promised on oath to let the garrison and inhabitants retire unmolested, and the evacuation was to commence the next morning at eleven. When the time arrived the garrison marched down to the Ganges through a double rank of Sepoys, and a countless swarm of men covered the steep banks of the river. We all know what occurred after the embarkation. Mrs. Hornstreet, when her boat sank, managed to secure a floating piece of timber, and, with her daughter, reached the shore again.

The prisoners—in number one hundred and fifteen women and children—were treated with considerable kindness during their captivity: male and female servants were at their orders, and a native surgeon regularly attended the wounded. In spite of the strictest surveillance, and the severe orders against it, some ladies, widows of officers and high civilians, contrived to keep up a dangerous communication with the outer world. Their confidants came at an appointed hour in the adjoining street, threw letters wrapped round stones over the wall, and received answers in same manner. They told them that Regnauld, Neill, and Havelock were hurrying up to Cawnpore by forced marches, and the hour of liberation and vengeance was at hand.

On the 19th of July shouts of joy were heard among the prisoners. A letter, just thrown over the wall, announced that Nana Sahib's army had been routed at Kullempore by Havelock, and that the Nana was preparing to evacuate the town. Suddenly the joy was damped by a havil-

dar entering the assembly-room at the head of some soldiers, and summoning by name four ladies, who had been the principle negotiators with the spies, to appear immediately before the Nana. These ladies, far from feeling alarm, imagined that the Nana was about to send them as negotiators to General Havelock. They were soon undeceived: a council of war was convoked to try them, for their correspondence had been arrested, and the defeat of Kulempore was ascribed to them. The other ladies waited anxiously for the result, for the crowd grew gradually denser and more threatening; at last a wampuri scaled the outer wall, seized the first woman within his reach, and thrust his sabre into her breast. Thus began the second massacre of Cawnpore.

When Mrs. Hornstreet returned to consciousness, she found herself preserved by a miracle, but both her children were killed—Will being impaled on a bayonet, Ellen buried in the well of terrible memory. Henceforth her life resembles that of all those wretched women who quitted India to return to England. General Havelock sent her under convoy to Allahabad, thence she proceeded over Benares to Calcutta, where she took passage on board the Colombo, one of the Suez steamers. She is now living in the Touraine, with her husband's family. As, however, he was not in the Company's service, she does not yet know whether the Court of Directors will award her any compensation or pension for her terrible losses.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ROME AND HER RULERS ;

OR, CARDINAL WISEMAN AND HIS COMPEERS.*

ALL nations have their prescribed duration, which they may not pass, however the period of their existence, like that of individuals, may be hidden from human eyes: they arise, flourish, decline, and pass away, leaving but a memory more or less important in the records of the world's history. How many of these have passed away since Romulus raised his castle on the Palatine hill—the first germ of that city which was destined to link together, in a chain of gorgeous architecture, the seven hills upon which Rome now stands! How many periods—not, indeed, of one existence, but, in truth, of various—has she gone through—a metempsychosis, as it were, in which, however, the same spirit can still be recognized as animating her—a spirit that

dominates, or struggles ever to dominate, over the world, whether that domination be material or moral—the rule of the sword or the rule of the cross. And there she is still—a beauty and a mystery—with the records of her kings, her consuls, her emperors, and her pontiffs; all coëxistent, from the early tomb to the modern sarcophagus—from the pagan temple to the Christian fane whose dome towers in lofty preëminence over every surrounding object. One does not wonder at the reverence which all mankind accords her—the love which her own children, whether they be such politically or spiritually, willingly render her—

“Gran Latinà
Città di cui quanto il sol aureo gira
Ne altera più, nè più onorata mira.”

One can scarce blame the pride which has found its expression in the phrase of “the Eternal” for that city which, in full-

* *Recollections of the Four Last Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

grown maturity near two thousand years ago, is still beautiful and enduring, replete with the accumulated treasures of art and of civilization.

But, beyond all this, Rome is an object of interest, not unmixed with wonder, as the seat and center of a politico-religious dominion the most extensive, the most enduring, the most skillfully devised that the world has ever known. Her ruler—a priest-king, whose temporal power is so weak that he can scarce maintain his own independence among nations, yet whose spiritual empire influences, if it does not sway, a large portion of Europe; subject to the vicissitudes which this double character involves—at one time compelling sovereigns to stand barefooted for days as suppliants for pardon, to hold his bridle-rein or his stirrup, to kneel while he spurns the crown from the imperial head; at another time exiled, deposed, and imprisoned by Catholic monarchs who still acknowledged the supremacy of the pontiff. To see this Rome, and those who are thus placed on her pontifical throne—not as they are seen by the casual visitor from a foreign land, but through the experiences of one who has lived long amongst her institutions, and been the intimate of her sovereigns—is just what an Englishman, with his feelings, and, it may be, his prejudices, running in such distinct channels, would desire; and if he can give a reasonable amount of credence to the narrator, as one whose own feelings and prejudices are not likely to lead him far astray, he will be sure to receive it favorably. The volume which Cardinal Wiseman has recently given to the public professes to accomplish this object. No doubt, few Englishmen, or indeed Italians, enjoyed greater opportunities for information than he has done; and his intimate and official connection with some of the last pontiffs, and his free access to others, gave him larger materials for forming a complete estimate of them than most others could have had.

It so happened that, in the year 1300, when Boniface VIII. instituted the Christian jubilee, a certain Englishman—John Shepherd by name—came to the holy city, with his wife, Alice. Many English pilgrims besides these were there, coming, as was their wont, to visit the shrines of the apostles. Now, this John Shepherd, with his large English heart, had a large English purse likewise; and he thought

it a pity and shame that his people should have no hospice, as other nations had; and so he and his good wife took up their abode in Rome, and they founded a house, upon which they expended their substance in the reception and entertainment of English pilgrims. The institution thrived and grew great, so that the English monarch became its patron, and augmented it with royal aid; and the hospice of "St. Thomas" continued to receive the English pilgrims who came to Rome in *forma pauperum*. At length it was united with two other English institutions—those of the Holy Trinity and of St. Edward—upon a site near the Farnese Palace; and, in 1579, Gregory XIII. converted the hospital into an English college. Previous to the pontificate of Pius VII. the establishment had practically ceased to exist, but that pontiff restored it in 1818, and his successors still further augmented it, and it now holds a high place amongst the collegiate institutions of the city. In December of the year we have last mentioned, a few youths, sent from England to colonize this hitherto deserted building, reached their destination; amongst them was Nicholas Wiseman, destined afterwards to become its vicerector in 1826, and to succeed, in 1828, to the rectorship, upon the promotion of Dr. Gradwell—destined to a still higher position in the Roman Catholic Church, as one of its cardinals. This is the author of the volume under our consideration, and in it he has recorded the personal experiences of two-and-twenty years' residence in Rome. A narrative from a person of such antecedents must, of necessity, be strongly tinged with a partiality for the things and the men with whom he was thus associated. One whose affections clung to every old stone of Rome's venerable monuments, "like the moss that grew into it"—who lived not only in its outward and visible life, but in that inward and spiritual existence which, to the churchman, is the very life of life in Rome, till all that belongs to her "sinks deeper and deeper into his soul like the dew, of which every separate drop is soft and weightless, but which still finds its way to the root of every thing beneath the soil"—can not be expected to see faults or failings where less partial eyes and less engaged feelings would discover them. He can not do otherwise than clothe and color every thing in the purple hue which

must fill his own vision. Let us, however, in the onset, do him the justice of admitting that, with this qualification—natural, perhaps laudable—and an occasional depreciatory remark, sometimes amounting almost to a sneer, at the Reformed religion—natural it may be, but not laudable—the book is written temperately, elegantly, and with a certain scholarly appreciation of literature and literary men that will commend it to general favor.

The work is neither political nor polemical, though the civil and religious position of Rome has, of course, to some extent, received occasional discussion and comment. This, indeed, was inevitable; but, on the whole, Cardinal Wiseman has judiciously chosen to occupy less debatable ground, where men of all politics and all denominations of Christianity may sympathize with him. He does not profess to write a history, nor even complete biographies, but he gives, to quote his own words, "so much of a moving picture as caught one person's eye, and remained fixed upon his memory: that portion of it which came nearest to him, touched him most closely, interested most deeply his feelings." Every page of the volume affords evidence that the feelings of the writer are engaged in all he deals with. The portions of that picture, to follow his own illustration, are all bright: sunlight shines upon every one, and every thing; the shadows and the darkness are not for his pencil. Some other limner may depict them. Yet he does not deny that such may, and must, exist in Rome as elsewhere, as every where—he only shuns, or perhaps shuts his eyes to them. Well, be it so. As he professes to be but a selector, we have no right to quarrel with him for selecting that which is most to his taste or to his purpose. Others, no doubt, will be found to fill in the darker colors with a touch perhaps as true to nature.

The first portrait which Cardinal Wiseman presents to us is one well suited to his taste. Veneration might well be accorded by all to the amiable and the excellent pontiff, Pius VII., who again occupied the chair from which he had been so rudely forced by Napoleon. None could withhold from him respect and admiration for his courage, constancy, and endurance during the imprisonment to which he was subjected, though there may mingle with

the sentiment some feeling of sorrow for the weakness (excusable in the worn-out captive) that succumbed to the threats or the seductions of Napoleon, and gave assent to the concordat that signed away his temporal power—a weakness nobly condoned by his subsequent firmness.

Shortly after their arrival in Rome several of the English boys, and the writer amongst them, were presented to the Pope. The reception was that which a father, rather than a sovereign, would accord, and, no doubt, had its full effect on the youths. We can well believe in "the gentleness, condescension, and sweetness of speech," which is recorded, nor would we detract from the grace of the act in the sovereign and the pontiff; but we would assure the writer of one fact upon which he seems to entertain a doubt, namely, "how a dignitary of any other religion would receive a body of youths about to devote themselves to the service of his creed, or whether he would think it worth while to admit them at all to an interview." No dignitary of the Anglican Church would fail to receive such a body, or any individual of them, seeking his presence and advice, as a father should receive a child; but the act would scarcely seem one of condescension, or justify any particular emotion of gratitude. True, the position of the two bishops is widely different in *temporalibus* we admit, but the comparison is not of our instituting but of Dr. Wiseman's, and seems but suggested for the purpose of conveying a covert sneer. But let this pass. The portraiture of Pius is elaborately wrought, and highly finished, and we find no fault with the partiality that would bring out in strong light and high relief the fine points of his subject, leaving out the defective.

The picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence is familiar to every body. The commentary upon it, by Cardinal Wiseman, is itself a piece of painting.

"The pose of the body, sunk unelastic into the chair, and seeking support from its arms, the wearied stoop and absence of energy in the limbs and head, tell us of seventy-seven years, among which had been some of calamity and grief. And yet the hair, scarcely bearing a trace of time, or of that more violent hand which often has been known to do in one night the work of years, but black and flowing, the forehead still smooth and unfurrowed by wrinkles, the mouth not dragged down, but cleanly impressed with a habitual smile, show the

serene and enduring mind with which the vicissitudes of a long life had been passed, a life of rare passages and changes—from a noble home to a cloister; from the cowl to the miter; from the bishopric to the See of Peter; then from the palace to the dungeon; and now, at last again from Savona to Rome. That there should be lassitude, and even feebleness, marked in that frame and on that countenance, can excite no wonder; but that there should be not one symptom of soured temper, or bitter recollection, or unkind thought, nay, not even of remembered humiliation and anguish, is proof not only of a sweet disposition, but of a well-tattored and well-governed mind, and of strong principles capable of such guiding power."

Barnabas Chiaramonti was of noble birth, endowed with a singularly mild and sweet disposition, with an early bias to religion, due, no doubt, in part, to the teaching of a mother as distinguished for her virtues as for her birth. At the age of sixteen he sacrificed wealth, rank, family ties, ambition, and apparently earthly aggrandizement, to become a Benedictine monk, under the humble name of Brother Gregory. When Clement XIV. was raised to the popedom, Gregory, anxious to witness the ceremony of the benediction, leaped up behind an empty carriage, and was accosted by the driver in words that were afterwards singularly fulfilled: "My dear little monk, why are you so anxious to see a function which one day will fall to your lot?" The authenticity of this anecdote is vouched by Cardinal Wiseman, on the authority of the Pope's secretary, to whom the Pope communicated it. We are not disposed to doubt it, though we look upon it as one of those random shots, a thousand of which miss the mark and are forgotten, while the one that hits is noted and remembered. A somewhat similar prediction is, we recollect, said to have been made by a tradesman to Sextus V. Chiaramonti passed through the usual courses of philosophy and theology, if not with any great distinction, at least respectably; then he became professor, first at Parma, and subsequently at Rome. He was, successively, abbot, bishop, and cardinal, till on the death of Pius VI., in 1800, the conclave assembled under the imperial influence raised him to the dignity of the popedom. His public life thenceforth, as pope, is matter of history, into which we need not enter. Pistolesi, his biographer, Artsaud, in his life of Pius VIII., and Cardinal Pacca, the bold and

high-hearted secretary, whose moral strength so effectually sustained his less vigorous master, have added many details of a more private nature. All conjoined exhibit Pius VII. as a man of the most amiable nature, patient under suffering, gentle under wrong, placable and forgiving, meek in the extreme, and humble in his self-estimate; and though not endowed with as much intellectual strength or firmness as the critical circumstances in which he was placed required, yet possessing a moral power of enduring, for conscience sake, in the maintenance of what he considered his duty, which supported him against the pressure so heavily and unscrupulously imposed upon him; add to these, habits of life, simple, frugal, and regular in the extreme—the training of the monastery carried into the Vatican, and one has a fair summary of Pius VII.

As we have given Cardinal Wiseman's sketch of the pontiff physically, let us place beside it the moral picture by the same hand:

"It has been a generally received opinion, at least one has heard it again and again expressed, that the qualities of the heart prevailed in Pius VII. to the almost exclusion of intellectual gifts. Kindness and benevolence, forgivingness and meekness, have been the characteristics by which he has been generally known, and for which he has been universally esteemed. But, however remarkable this gentleness of nature, it was by no means an usurper of his entire character. Though not possessed of genius, nor of over-average abilities perhaps, what he had were fully cultivated and vigorously employed. It is far from being the object of this work to reproduce matter already published, or load its pages by long quotations. It will be, therefore, sufficient to refer to Cardinal Pacca's excellent memoirs for a fuller explanation on this subject. He traces, indeed, to this mistaken apprehension of the Pope's character, the afflicting collision which ensued between the two greatest spheres of spiritual and of temporal power—the see of Rome and the empire of France. But one sentence says so much to our present purpose, and will spare so much less authoritative treatment of the subject, that it will be well to quote it. After remarking that having been associated with the Pontiff under such varieties of situation, it would have been impossible for his character to have remained disguised from him, the Cardinal thus proceeds: 'Having, therefore, attentively studied his character, and well knowing his disposition, I can affirm that Pius VII. was a man by no means deficient in talent, nor of weak, pusillanimous nature. On the contrary, he was a man of ready wit, lively, more than commonly versed in the sacred sciences, and

especially possessed of that peculiar description of good sound sense that in matters of business intuitively perceives the difficulties to be overcome and sees every thing in its proper light."

Pius was happy in having great ministers upon whom to lean. Pacca, whose clear judgment so often guided him, and whose firm heart sustained him in imprisonment and in sorrow. Consalvi, whose great statesmanship guided him through many a political difficulty, and gave vigor to his administration. This last is unquestionably the most distinguished Roman of his times, and familiar, especially to the English reader, as he was the first Cardinal who, after a lapse of two centuries, appeared publicly in London, as such, on the occasion of presenting the Pope's brief to the Prince Regent. Cardinal Wiseman devotes a whole chapter to a biographical sketch of this eminent man, and he has written it in a style worthy of his great subject; the final summary is just and forcible:

"The Pope and his minister seemed providentially made for each other. The comprehensive and energetic mind of Consalvi, his noble views and his industrious love of details, filled up that void which might otherwise have succeeded the restoration, and have created disappointment, after the admiration and love that years of exile had won for the Pontiff. The wise and gentle and unshaken confidence of the prince, gave ample room for expansion to the abilities and growing experience of the minister. Without the one the other would have been useless; and whichever failed first, seemed sure to lead to the extinction of the other. Indeed they fitted so truly together, that even physically they may be said to have proved equal. The amount of vigor, health, and power meted out to the secretary was in just proportion to his need of them. He retained them as long as they were required by him, for whose comfort and glory they had been intrusted to him."

Pius died on the 20th August, 1823, and the minister, having then fulfilled his earthly mission, in five months after, "calmly went to rejoin, in a better world, the master whom he had faithfully served, and the friend whom he had affectionately loved." Passing over the portions of this volume, which are devoted to an exposition of the policy of the Government of Pius VII., we pause a moment upon the chapter which treats of the state of literature, science, and art, at Rome, during

the same period. Cardinal Wiseman is himself an accomplished scholar, and well fitted to appreciate those with whom his position in Rome brought him in contact, for he filled, for a time, the office of librarian at the Vatican. We find here some sketches of the learned men then at Rome, which, though little more than outlines, are happy in catching the angularities which abound in the configuration, mental and physical, of scholars. There is the antiquarian, Fea, the erudite, and adust archaeologist, the distinguished annotator upon Winkelmann, who could bring to the illustration of any subject a heap of erudition from every imaginable source, from classics or fathers, from medals, vases, bass-reliefs, or unheeded fragments of antique objects, hidden amidst the rubbish of museum magazines. "Day after day one might see him, sitting for hours in the same place in the library of the Minerva, at the librarian's desk, poring to the end of life over old books still" —not a very comely man, but rather looking like a "piece of antiquity, not the less valuable because yet coated with the dust of years, or a medal still rich in its own oxidization." Sharp, rough, decisive, dogmatic, who, at a glance, would decipher all the mysteries of a coin or a medal, at which others had spent hours in vain. The Abbate Francisco Cancellieri was a thorough contrast to the former: tall, thin, erect, elastic, clean and neat to faultlessness, courteous, serene, and smiling; a voluminous writer upon all sorts of subjects, of whose writings Niebuhr has said that "they contained some things that were important, many things that were useful, and every thing that is superfluous." The distinguished Dr. Pappencordt, too, whose short life gave such great promise, was in Rome, at this period; but, above all, there was Angelo Mai, the great explorer of palimpsests. Of him, however, and some other notabilities, the Cardinal speaks more at large, in his memoirs of a subsequent Pontiff.

Like a good churchman Cardinal Wiseman holds that the pulpit is one of the best indexes of the national literary taste. Though we are not disposed to yield entire assent to his views on this point, we have read with great pleasure his critical review of literature in the progress of establishing his proposition. To one statement we give our own hearty concurrence as ear and eye-witnesses — namely, the

marvelous power, both of grace, diction, and gesture, which so eminently distinguish Italian preachers. More than once have we been present on an occasion, such as described by the writer, at the preaching of a very distinguished man, Father Paccifico Deani :

"Hours before the time, the entire area was in possession of a compact crowd, that reached from the altar-rails to the door, and filled every aisle and all available standing room. The preacher ascended the pulpit, simply dressed in his Franciscan habit, which left the throat bare, and by the ample folds of its sleeves added dignity to the majestic action of his arms. His figure was full, but his movements were easy and graceful. His countenance was calm, mild, unfurrowed as yet by age, but still not youthful: he seemed in the very prime of life, though he survived very few years. To one who could not, except very imperfectly, understand the language, and who had never heard a sermon in it, the observation of outward qualities and tokens was natural, and likely to make an indelible impression. Indeed, I remember no sermon as I do this, so far as the 'faithful eyes' go. And yet the ears had their treat too. The first, and merely unintelligible accents of that voice were music of themselves. It was a ringing tenor, of metallic brilliancy, so distinct and penetrating that every word could be caught by every listener in any nook of the vast church, yet flexible and varying, ranging from the keenest tone of reproach to the tenderest wail of pathos. But the movement and gesture that accompanied its accents were as accordant with them as the graceful action of the minstrel, calling forth a varied and thrilling music from the harp. Every look, every motion of head or body, every wave of the hand, and every poise of the arm was a commentary to the word that it accompanied. And all was flowing, graceful, and dignified. There was not a touch of acting about it, not an appearance of attempt to be striking."

Pius VII. was, in his way, a patron of the fine arts—that of sculpture had been almost re-created shortly before his time by the genius of Canova; but our author truly observes, that the works in painting executed during this pontificate in Rome are not worthy of Italian art. Still Pius did not a little in filling the long corridors leading to the Vatican Library with monuments, urns, busts, and statues, while the walls were lined by him with inscriptions—Pagan on the one side and Christian on the other. To the library, too, he made considerable additions, not only of manuscripts, but of many thousands of printed volumes. He construct-

ed a new gallery in the capital, whither he removed from the Pantheon the busts of all the distinguished Italians that were theretofore ranged round its walls; and, above all, he commenced that series of excavations round the ancient monuments of the city, which have been since continued with such signal results in advancing and illustrating antiquarian knowledge. Full of years and of virtue the good Pope died, on the 20th of July, 1823, the object of the steady and unvarying love of his subjects; and, upon the whole, we think Cardinal Wiseman justified in the observation: "One may doubt, if there be an instance in history, where the judgment of posterity is less likely to reverse the verdict of contemporaries."

The Papacy is now the only elective monarchy in Europe, so, when a pope dies, it requires some time ere the electors can be assembled from the distant lands through which they may be dispersed. This interval is occupied in the obsequies of the deceased pontiff—he is embalmed, clothed in the robes of his office, and laid on a couch of state within one of the chapels of St. Peter's, so that the faithful may see him and kiss his feet. After three days commence funeral rites, closed by a funeral on the ninth day. On the afternoon of that day the cardinals assemble in a church near the Quirinal Palace, and walk thence in procession to the great gate of that royal residence in which one will remain as master and supreme lord. A scene of this impressive character was not likely to be without its full effect upon our author. He has described it with a life-like vigor, picturesque and dramatic, that puts it almost within our very vision—describing, one by one, the most distinguished of that body of spiritual princes whose names are part of the history of their age, till he comes to the last portrait in his picture :

"Perhaps not a single person there present noticed one in that procession, tall and emaciated, weak in his gait, and pallid in countenance, as if he had just risen from a bed of sickness, to pass within to that of death. Yet he was a person holding not only a high rank, but an important office, and one necessarily active amidst the population of Rome. For he was its Cardinal Vicar, exercising the functions of Ordinary. Nevertheless, to most he was a stranger: the constant drain of an exhausting complaint not only made him look bloodless, but confined him great part of the year to his chamber and his bed."

This was Hannibal della Genga, the future Leo XII. He was the son of Count Hilary della Genga, and had been taken by Pius VI. into his household. In 1793, being then only thirty-three years old, he was consecrated Archbishop of Tyre. Subsequently he was diplomatically employed in Paris, after which he retired into privacy, to be drawn from it in order to be the bearer of a letter from the Pope to Louis XVIII., on his restoration. In 1816 he was raised to the cardinalate, and in 1820 was appointed Vicar of Rome, to become its sovereign three years later. The conclave at which the Pope is elected now takes place in the Quirinal Palace. It is a proceeding unlike any thing that we know of—a part of that profound policy of the Church of Rome which has been well characterized as “the very masterpiece of human wisdom.” Every precaution is apparently taken to exclude all external influences from reaching those to whom the duty of selection is committed—how vainly so, let the annals of many an election declare. During the conclave each cardinal lives apart with his attendants in the chambers allotted to him, and every thing that reaches him, even his food, is jealously scrutinized. The first day visitors are suffered to enter:

“After that all is closed; a wicket is left accessible for any cardinal to enter, who is not yet arrived; but every aperture is jealously guarded by faithful janitors, judges and prelates of various tribunals, who relieve one another. Every letter even is opened and read, that no communications may be held with the outer world. The very street on which the wing of the conclave looks is barricaded and guarded by a picquet at each end; and as fortunately, opposite there are no private residences, and all the buildings have access from the back, no inconvenience is thereby created.

“While the conclave lasts, the administrative power rests in the hand of the Cardinal Chamberlain, who strikes his own coins during its continuance; and he is assisted by three cardinals, called the ‘Heads of Orders,’ because they represent the three orders in the sacred college of bishops, priests, and deacons. The ambassadors of the great powers receive fresh credentials to the conclave, and proceed in state, to present them to this delegation, at the *grille*. An address, carefully prepared, is delivered by the envoy, and receives a well-pondered reply from the presiding cardinal.

“Twice a day the cardinals meet in the chapel belonging to the palace, included in the inclosure, and there, on tickets so arranged that the

voter’s name can not be seen, write the name of him for whom they give their suffrage. These papers are examined in their presence, and if the number of votes given to any one do not constitute the majority, they are burnt in such a manner that the smoke, issuing through a flue, is visible to the crowd usually assembled in the square outside. Some day, instead of this usual signal to disperse, the sound of pick and hammer is heard, a small opening is seen in the wall which had temporarily blocked up the great window over the palace gateway. At last the masons of the conclave have opened a rude door, through which steps out on the balcony the first Cardinal Deacon, and proclaims to the many, or to the few, who may happen to be waiting, that they again possess a sovereign and a Pontiff. On the occasion of which we treat the announcement ran as follows:

“‘I give you tidings of great joy; we have as Pope the most eminent and reverend Lord, Hannibal Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church Della Genga, Priest of the title of St. Mary’s beyond the Tiber, who has assumed the name of Leo XII.’”*

Cardinal Wiseman candidly admits that human passions and human failings may find their way into even this sanctuary, but he asserts that many prejudiced writers have formed an unjust estimate on this head. This is a truism of which we should scarcely expect such a logician to have been guilty. The estimate of prejudiced persons is always unjust; were it otherwise, those prejudices would be inoperative, that is, non-existent. But unprejudiced persons form estimates of papal elections somewhat more in accordance with the evidence of history, and the influences that operate in all human affairs, than, we think, Cardinal Wiseman does, who perhaps is not just in the condition to be himself a very unprejudiced judge in the matter. The influence exercised by Austria and France on various occasions can not be gainsaid, and the sacerdotal character of the electors will not protect them from those influences operating upon them in their political capacity, and on purely political grounds; and we fear it is but a very partial manner of stating these political intrigues as he does:

* Although it is a well-known fact that a Pope on his accession takes a new name, by usage one already in the catalogue of his predecessors, it is not so generally known that, in the signature to the originals of bulls, he retains his original Christian name. Thus Leo XII. would continue to sign himself as “Hannibal,” and the present Pope signs “John,” at the foot of the most important ecclesiastical documents. The form is, “*Placet Joannes*.”

"These may consider Austria as the truest friend of religion, and best defender of the Church; while those may look on France as most earnest and powerful in attachment to the faith." Let us also not forget the strong personal motive that operates with all to induce them to vote for the oldest and the most infirm of their number. This was, beyond all denial, the case in the election of Sixtus V., who for years previously accommodated himself, with consummate hypocrisy, to simulate a condition, the importance of which he could only have understood from a thorough conviction that such a motive as we have mentioned was an operating principle. What, if the real feebleness of Della Genga had its effect just as the simulated feebleness of Montalto? As such things have been, so may they be again. The genius of Romish polity is unchanging.

The shattered health of Leo XII. appeared to give promise of a short sovereignty and a new conclave at no distant period. He became so ill that he had to suspend all business, and was thought past all recovery. He did, however, recover, and all Rome, we are told, attributed the change to the prayers of a saintly bishop who, at the Pope's request, visited him:

"He came immediately, saw the Pope, assured him of his recovery, as he had offered up to heaven his own valueless life in exchange for one so precious. It did indeed seem as if he had transfused his own vitality into the Pope's languid frame. He himself died the next day, the 31st of December, and the Pontiff rose like one from the grave."

The efficacy of "the prayer of faith to save the sick," no Christian may limit; few may be disposed to believe in the suggestion that the vicarious life-offering was accepted. Still, from one so enfeebled much vigorous policy was not to be expected. Yet he, too, has done something to commemorate. He made some steps in the restoration of the monumental edifices of the city. He commenced the rebuilding of the Basilica of St. Paul's, that had been burned down a few days before his predecessor's death; he repaired the ravages committed by the Anio, and he lent a helping hand to the progress of literature and art. Several useful financial reforms, too, were effected: imposts were abolished; the property-tax greatly reduced; and, above all, he ultimately

accomplished the re-purchase of the immense appanage in the Papal States settled upon the family of Beauharnais by the Congress of Vienna. Up to this time it was the custom upon the evenings of Thursday and Friday in the Holy Week to light up St. Peter's with a marvelous cross of light, suspended from the dome. Its effects of light and shade were so beautiful that it interfered with the solemnity of the time and place.

"While pilgrims from the south were on their knees crowded into the center of the church, travelers from the north were promenading in the wondrous light, studying its unrivaled effects, peeping into the darksome nooks, then plunging into them to emerge again into a sunshine that had no transition of dawn. And, doing all this, they talked, and laughed, and formed chatting groups, then broke into lounging, sauntering parties, that treated lightly of all intended to be most solemn. It made one sore and irritable to witness such conduct, nay ashamed of one's home manners, on seeing well-dressed people unable to defer to the sacred feelings of others, bringing what used to be the behavior in old 'Paul's' into great St. Peter's."

These observations have our hearty concurrence. We have often ourselves shared the feelings which the writer expresses. We could, however, have wished he had abstained from the sneer at "the behavior in old St. Paul's," which provokes the retort that the behavior at St. Peter's, even of the faithful and the native, is often sufficiently irreverent to encourage, or at all events sanction, that of the heretic and the stranger. How constantly are the chatter and the gesticulation of the Roman *cicerone* heard and seen through its solemn aisles and gorgeous chapels at the very moment when the prayer is being offered up. Leo discontinued this brilliant though popular exhibition, and had the courage also to abolish the dram-shops as a place of resort. This excited much angry feeling; and though he maintained his own course during his life, the measure was revoked in the succeeding reign. He appears, too, to have been kind and charitable, and was wont to visit privately prisons and other institutions, for the purpose of inspection and improvement.

The jubilee of 1825 was the most signal event in the reign of Leo XII., and Cardinal Wiseman, as might be expected, has expatiated at great length on the imposing ceremonials connected with it. On Christmas eve the Pope proceeds in stato

to the great portico of the Vatican Basilica; the doors of the church are all closed, and the Pope strikes the central door—which is walled up, and never opened except on these occasions—with a silver hammer; it falls inward, is removed, and the Pope and cardinals enter. The other doors are then open, and the church is filled by an innumerable multitude of every rank, from royal princes down to the poorest pilgrims. Thus is the jubilee commenced. During the whole year of its continuance the theaters are closed, public amusements suspended, the pulpits are occupied by the most eloquent preachers, the confessionals by priests who speak every language, and trains of pilgrims are received, entertained, and conducted from sanctuary to sanctuary by charitable confraternities. Amongst these the most conspicuous is that of the Trinità del Peligrini, whose ample revenues were devoted in lodging and feeding for three days all pilgrims who sought its hospitality. It is alleged that in the month of November of the jubilee, over 38,000 persons were thus entertained there. The mode of treatment is thus described:

"The pilgrim, on his arrival at the house, had his papers of pilgrimage examined, and received his ticket of hospitality. In the evening the new comers were brought into a hall surrounded by raised seats, and supplied with an abundant flow of hot and cold water. Then, after a short prayer, the brothers of the confraternity, or the sisters in their part of the house, washed their feet, wayworn and sore by days or weeks of travel; and the ointments of the apothecary, or the skill of the surgeon was at hand, to dress wounds and bandage sores. . . .

"Thus refreshed, the pilgrims joined the long procession to supper. A bench along the wall, and a table before it, railed off to prevent the pressure of curious multitudes, were simple arrangements enough, but the endless length of these, occupied by men of every hue, and many languages, formed a striking spectacle. Before each guest was his plate, knife, fork, and spoon, bread, wine, and dessert. A door in each refectory communicated with a roomy hall, in which huge caldrons smoked with a supply of savory soup sufficient for an army. This was the post of honor; a cardinal or nobleman, in the red coarse gown and badge of the brotherhood, with a white apron over it, armed with a ladle, dispensed the steaming fluid into plates held ready; and a string of brothers, at arm's length from one another all round the refectory, handed forward the plates with the alacrity of bricklayers' laborers, and soon furnished each hungry expectant with his reeking portion. Two additional rations were served out in the

same manner. The guests fell to with hearty good will, and generally showed themselves right good trencher-men. Opposite each stood a serving man, who poured out his wine, cut his bread, changed his portions, and chatted and talked with him. Now these servitors were not hired, but all brethren of the confraternity; sometimes a royal prince, generally some cardinals, always bishops, prelates, noblemen, priests, gentry, and artificers. Then, occasionally, a sudden commotion, a wavy movement through the crowd would reach from the outer door, along the passage to the lavatory, just as prayers were beginning. All understood what it meant. The Holy Father was coming without notice. Indeed none was required; he came simply to do what every one else was going to do, only he had the first place. He knelt before the first in the line of pilgrims, taking his chance of who it might be. If any priest were in the number, he was naturally placed first; and he would probably feel more sensitively than a dull uneducated peasant, the honor, not unmixed with humiliation, of having so lowly an office discharged, in his person, by the highest of men on earth. And then, he would find himself waited on at table, by that master who coming suddenly in the night upon his servants, and finding them watching, knows how to gird himself, and passing along, ministers to them.

"Supper ended, and its baskets of fragments for the morrow's breakfast put by, the long file proceeded up-stairs to bed, singing one of the short religious strains in which all Italians can join, a sort of simultaneous, yet successive, chorus winding along, stunning to your ears at the spot where you chanced to stand, alternately swelling and fading away, as it came from one or other side of the stairs, then dying away in the deep recesses of the dormitory above, yet seeming to be born again and grow at the beginning of the line, still unemerged from the supper-hall."

It is said that persons of the highest rank came in disguise amongst the pilgrims, in order to partake of this hospitality. Leo himself, during the year, served in his own palace twelve pilgrims at table. And the Chevalier Artaud assures us that he continued this practice throughout his reign. At the commencement of 1829, Leo was drawing near the close of his life, and was himself conscious of the fact. He took leave of his secretary, Testa, saying: "A few days more, and we shall not meet again." He gave up the ring usually worn by the Pope to his maggiordomo, and after dispatching some business with Monsignor Gasperini, he said to him:

"I have a favor to ask of you, which I shall much value."

"Your Holiness has only to command me," was the natural reply.

"It is this," the Pope continued, placing before him a paper. "I have drawn up my epitaph, and I should be obliged to you to correct it, and put it into proper style."

"I would rather have received any commission but that," said the sorrowful secretary, who was deeply attached to his master. "Your Holiness, however, is I trust in no hurry."

"Yes, my dear Gasperini, you must bring it with you next time."

At the next audience, Gasperini laid the inscription before the Pope, who read and approved of it. On the 6th of February, after a long conference with the Secretary of State, he was seized with his last illness, and died on the 10th.

Francis Xavier Castiglioni, as Pius VIII., was the successor of Leo. He was a man of scholarly attainments and ecclesiastical learning. In 1800 he was ordained Bishop of Montalto, and was raised to the dignity of cardinal in 1816. In his case, too, as in that of Pius VII., (and we may add also in that of Leo X.,) we are told of a prophetic intimation of this future elevation to the Papacy. D'Artaud states that when Castiglioni was once transacting some business with Pius VII., the latter said to him: "Your Holiness Pius VIII. may one day settle the matter." Cardinal Wiseman is scarcely contented to allow this little badinage—possibly a delicate rebuke from the Pope to some assumption of the inferior—to fall into the common category of a casual or a sagacious guess at the truth. "One does not see," he says, in commenting on it, "why if a Jewish high priest had the gift of prophecy for his year of office, one of a much higher order and dignity should not occasionally be allowed to possess it." One does not see why he should, nor yet why the pontifical scepter should become a serpent or bud because the rod of Aaron did so; nevertheless, we would not, while confessing our own blindness, wish to limit the logical vision of another. In matters of belief, faith is the evidence of things unseen, and the eye with which to see them. Be all this as it may, the election was one which caused no surprise, though but for the interference of Austria the choice would have fallen elsewhere. Bowed down with an infirmity which soon preyed upon his vitals and tormented his life, his short pontificate did not endure throughout the succeeding year, for

he died on the 1st of December, 1830. Yet short as was his occupation of the chair of St. Peter, it was not uneventful. He witnessed the carrying of the long-contested measure of Catholic Emancipation in England, while he was embroiled with Prussia upon the question of mixed marriages. The revolution of July, too, which hurled a monarch from his throne, did not fail to communicate its impulse to other portions of Europe. Belgium speedily arose and cast off the sovereignty of Holland. Poland struggled to be free, but without success, and the spirit of insurrection spread to the Papal dominions. The Pope had cope with the secret societies that plotted in Rome, against which he issued his edicts: twenty-six members of the "Carbonari" were arrested, tried, and condemned—one to death, which sentence was commuted, and the rest to imprisonment.

Another conclave, and not free from the usual intrigues and the interference of other states. Cardinal Giustiniani, in whose favor the electoral tide was setting strongly, was prohibited by the veto of Spain: Cardinal Wiseman assures us, on the authority of Cardinal Weld, who assisted at the conclave, that Giustiniani looked wretched and pining, while the prospect of the Papacy was before him, but that he brightened up and looked himself again the moment the vision had passed away. This it did speedily, dissolving into the reality of Bartolomeo Cappellari, being elected as Gregory XVI. He was a native of Belluno, in Lombardy, where he was born in 1765; entered the monastery of the Camaldolese order, in Venice, in 1783, assuming the name of Mauro; and in 1805 was created abbot of the monastery of St. Gregory in Rome, where he spent twenty years in the retirement of a man of letters, when he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal in 1826. Thus on his accession to the Papal throne, the world was still agitated by the revolutionary storm; and Gregory had to cope with it at home. This he did with some vigor. Scarce a week had elapsed when a plot, formed for the surprise and capture of St. Angelo, had been discovered and foiled by the vigilance of the government; and a few days after an attack was made on the post-office guard, with the intention of seizing their arms and ammunition, which resulted in a conflict in which many of the assailants were

wounded and captured. It must be remembered that Rome had no standing army worth speaking of; that the revolutionary party were now advancing upon the capital, not to make terms, but to expel the Pope if possible, and to substitute a republic in place of the established form of government. Under such circumstances Gregory did, we believe, the best thing to be done, bad as it was—he invited the aid of a foreign power, who, like the allies of his successor, came to protect and remained to occupy. Sir Archibald Alison, in his continuation of the “History of Europe”* has given a brief but true summary of the pontificate of Gregory:

“His reign was a long and often arduous struggle with the revolutionary liberals, against whom he was sometimes, at the instigation of the victorious Austrians, obliged to adopt measures of rigor little in unison with the native humanity of his disposition. Fearful of letting in the point of the revolutionary wedge, he saw no safety but in sturdy resistance to all measures of reform, which he regarded as the first letting in of the inundation.”

Despite the amiability of the man, posterity will, we believe, pronounce the Pontiff to have been bigoted and exclusive in his ecclesiastical administration—the sovereign harsh and despotic in his temporal policy; and that during the fifteen years of his reign his subjects had little intermission of oppression. Nor will the Protestants of England readily forget the Encyclical letter of 1844, against the Bible Societies and the free use of the Holy Scriptures.

Gregory did much to promote the arts. He added largely to the treasures of the Vatican, in Greek, Etruscan, and Egyptian monuments; opening in 1837 his Etruscan museum, and in 1839, that of Egypt. He also made many valuable additions to the paintings, which he caused to be rearranged. In his pontificate a national bank was first established in Rome; the laws were revised; and a new coinage was issued; the excavations in the old city were continued, and the Roman forum was thoroughly restored. Cardinal Wiseman commemorates many men of learning and genius, who graced the pontificate of Gregory XVI. His sketches of them are lively, anecdotal,

and interesting. Indeed the desultory gossip which ever and anon leads him from the direct course of his narrative into some by-way of art or literature, to illustrate it by tasteful criticism and thoughtful observations, forms one of the chief attractions of the book. A whole chapter is devoted to a sketch of that learned and most patient investigator of manuscripts, Angelo Mai. By his will he left his manuscripts, which were very precious, to the Vatican, and his extensive library was purchased by the Pope, and placed in a separate apartment of that of the Vatican. Another distinguished scholar, too, is not forgotten. One who, as well as Mai, was raised to the dignity of Cardinal—we mean Joseph Mezzofanti. As we perceive that Dr. Russell's biography of this great linguist has just appeared, we shall abstain here from anticipating the notice which that work may induce. We will only say, in passing, that he was as modest and simple as he was learned, and his outward appearance gave small indications of his hidden intellectual wealth.

“His brow,” says Cardinal Wiseman, “was a problem to phrenologists: though his eyes were heavily pressed outwards by what they may have considered lingual faculties. One of this order once told him gravely that he had great facility in learning languages. ‘But then,’ Mezzofanti archly added, in telling me this wise discovery, ‘he knew that I was already acquainted with fifty.’”

There is a sketch of one singular person which we can not abstain from quoting partially, that of Baron Géramb:

“Those whose memory does not carry them back beyond the days of Waterloo may have found, in Moore's politico-satirical poems, mention of a person enjoying a celebrity similar to that possessed more lately by a French Count resident in London, as a leader of fashion, remarkable at the same time for wit and accomplishments. Such was the Baron Géramb, in the days ‘when George the Third was king.’ But some may possibly remember a higher renown gained by him, beyond that of having his last *bon-mot* quoted in the morning papers. Being an alien, though neither a conspirator nor an assassin, he was ordered to leave the country, and refused. He barricaded his house, and placarded it with the words ‘Every Englishman's house is his castle,’ in huge letters. He bravely stood the siege of some duration, against the police of those days, and drew crowds round the house; till at length, whether starved out by a stern blockade, or

* Vol. 7, p. 625.

over-reached by Bow-street strategy, he either yielded at discretion, or was captured through want of it, and was forthwith transferred to a foreign shore."

Thus ends the first act of the Baron's life—the curtain falls and hides him. Now for Act the Second:

"Many years later, in the reign of Gregory XVI., let the reader suppose himself to be standing on the small plateau, shaded with ilex, which fronts the Franciscan convent above Castel-Gondolfo. He is looking down on the lovely lake which takes its name from that village, through an opening in the oaken screen, enjoying the breeze of an autumn afternoon. He may see, issuing from the convent gate, a monk, not of its fraternity, but clothed in the white Cistercian habit, a man of portly dimensions, bestriding the humblest but most patriarchal of man-bearing animals, selected out of hundreds, his rider used to say, to be in just proportion to the burthen. If the stranger examines him, he will easily discern, through the gravity of his look, not only a nobleness of countenance, and through the simplicity of his habit, not merely a gracefulness of demeanor, which speak the highly-bred gentleman, but even visible remains of the good-humored, kind-hearted, and soldierly courtier. There lurks still in his eye a sparkling gleam of wit suppressed, or disciplined into harmless coruscations. Once when I met him at Albano, he had brought as a gift to the English Cardinal Acton, a spirited sketch of himself and his 'gallant gray' rolling together in the dust. When I called on him at his convent, he showed me an Imperial autograph letter, just received, announcing to him the gallantry and wounds of his son, fighting in Circassia, and several other royal epistles, written in the pleasant tone of friend to friend."

This change was due to the Baron having been a fellow-prisoner with Cardinal de Gregorio: he became a monk of La Trappe on his liberation, and was afterwards sent to Rome as procurator of the order.

We have already exceeded the limits which we prescribed to ourselves when we commenced, and must, therefore, omit some pleasant anecdotes which we had intended to have given. Amongst them is one, in relation to the subject of brigandage, in which "The Painter's Adventure,"

in Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveler," is shown to have been surreptitiously taken from a manuscript of a M. Chattelton, an old painter, who had been seized by brigands in mistake for Lucien Bonaparte.

Cardinal Wiseman's volume is a very clever, a very tasteful, and a very agreeable one. It is true, it does not add a great deal to our previous knowledge—little or nothing historical—something, no doubt, as illustrative of the private life of those with whom he was brought into contact; and even the anecdotes are not all novel: for instance, that of Pius VII. and Pacca, when hurried away by General Radet, finding they had only a few pence in their purses. Pacca has long since given this story in his memoirs, (as Cardinal Wiseman acknowledges;) and Alison has made it the property of the world in his history of Europe. However, the book is an accession in the way of "Memoirs pour servir." But he who would use these memoirs must remember they are written by one who is a true and faithful son of that Church—a prince of that politico-ecclesiastical dominion which he candidly admits has the allegiance and love of his whole heart and intellect. Hence it is that we have throughout elaborate descriptions, eloquent and impassioned, of gorgeous rites and magnificent ceremonies—processions, inaugurations, Papal benedictions, all that is sensuously impressive, all that is æsthetically captivating in a religion built up with the consummate craft of human wisdom on the simple and spiritual foundation of primitive Christianity. We do not censure Cardinal Wiseman for this. It is but the natural consequence of his own convictions and position. Nay, we cordially admit that he has, upon the whole, written with candor, moderation, and a charitable abstinence from what could hurt the religious feelings of any sect of Christians. But we admonish his readers that they see but a part of the picture—unfaithful, we are willing to concede, in this chiefly, that it is too highly colored—unreal, because it is incomplete.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

IMPERIAL PARIS.

WHEN future historians sit down calmly to discuss the merits and demerits of the Second Empire, it is quite certain that they must be unanimous in their praise of the improvements to which Napoleon III. has subjected the capital of his empire. It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. The flatterers of our George the Fourth said the same thing about the conversion of Swallow street into the Quadrant; but all such improvements pale into insignificance when compared with the alterations which the Emperor has produced in Paris. Not alone that Paris has been adorned with magnificent buildings, but the streets have undergone a thorough renovation, and it is possible now to walk in comfort through the penetralia of the *Cité*. To the Emperor the great credit is due that he has not sought merely to aggrandize his reign by the erection of stately buildings, which will form an epoch in French history, but at the same time he has ever kept in view the wants and wishes of the inhabitants.

On first acquaintance with Lutetia Parisiorum dates from the revolution of July, and on our last visit it seemed to us as if the city we remembered had disappeared from the face of the earth to make room for some gorgeous creation of John Martin. In those days Paris was essentially black, crooked, and uncomfortable, and the painters of the Romantic school had opportunities in abundance to represent mediæval Paris. At that time the city possessed its hills and its valleys; the bridges were admirable counterparts of the *Montagnes Russes*; and on the slightest suspicion of frost, the horses found it impossible to ascend the acclivities of the *Pont Neuf* and the *Pont de la Tournelle*, while the *Boulevards* and quays were in a deplorable condition, fully justifying the remark that Paris was the inferno of horses. A smart shower rendered Paris inaccessible for the pedestrian; water-pipes had not then been invented, and the rain poured down from the roofs through

the gaping mouths of the stone spouts, and gave the passer-by a shower-bath. In a few minutes the gutters were converted into rivulets, for the present system of sewerage was a thing unknown; streets became lakes, and the tradesmen hurriedly closed their shops to keep the water out. When the rain had ceased, the doors were again opened, and the apprentices began removing the water by means of large sponges. The wayfarers emerged from the gateways in which they had taken shelter, and crept cautiously along the slippery trottoir. Then came some clever speculator to earn a few sous by laying a plank across the road, on which only a tight-rope dancer could keep his balance—but we seem to be only repeating in halting prose what Boileau wrote in mellifluous verse about the discomforts of Paris, and yet we are describing matters from nature. It is not our fault if Paris in 1834 too often resembled the Paris of 1693.

These things struck us at once while pursuing our researches in new Paris—the absence of the gutter running through the center of the causeway, the disappearance of the trottoirs, and the abolition of reverberères, of revolutionary notoriety. In the time we first saw Paris, the paving-stones formed a hollow along the center of the street, which, though not an actual gutter, retained the moisture even through the summer, for the sun found it impossible to force its way between the bulging houses and lick up the water. Even the broader and more convenient streets in the middle of the city were always either wet or covered with a black layer of mud, less offensive when it rained than when the sun had imparted to it a degree of consistency. However active you might be, you could not for any length of time continue your peregrinations through the streets of Paris; for while you were soon fatigued by incessantly slipping off the greasy trottoirs, the stench emanating from the filth which was being continually stirred up by passing carriages made one

sick at the stomach. In winter, again, the pedestrian ran considerable danger of being injured by the carriages, for, owing to the greasiness and high pitch of the streets, the wheels persisted in making eccentric revolutions, which inevitably brought them on to the trottoir.

It must be borne in mind that we are not writing of barbarous times, but of a recently passed lustre, of a blessed time of peace, of elegant manners and civilization: but the pedestrian was not taken into account. The small space left him by the vehicles he could only attain in the sweat of his brow. Now, broad footpaths are his property, which no *coupe* or *cabriolet* dare invade. He can now walk firmly with clean boots, even if it have been raining furiously for hours. So soon as the storm ceases, the population of idlers and *flâneurs* reappear and lounge along the asphalt pavement; while, though their noses may be unpleasantly affected by the gutters running along the pavement, at any rate their stomachs are no longer upset. But the greatest change has taken place in the night of Paris. Formerly, it is true, the streets were not quite unilluminated, but the *reverbères* could hardly be regarded as lighting, although they produced a remarkable change, and lengthened the daily traffic of the city by six hours. In the reign of Louis XIV. commercial Paris closed its doors at nine in summer and five in winter; but the introduction of the *reverbères* effected an alteration, more especially as, with the revolution, they were lighted every evening. Under the monarchy, the lighting of Paris being farmed out, the good citizens had often to wade home through a sea of mud in the dark, or hire a boy at the corner of the street to light them to their houses. Paris of to-day and Paris of yesterday are as different as light from darkness. The light destroys those places and schemes which depend on darkness for success, and shun any illumination. Light kills like the Delian Apollo destroyed with his golden arrows the dragon Python, the father of the Gorgon and the Hydra. When Boileau writes that the most dangerous and desolate forest was a secure place as compared with Paris, it was no witty exaggeration. In any rich city, where the night is longer than the day, there is an endless succession of crimes, and murderers and robbers find certain shelter. Even at the close of the

seventeenth century there were in Paris twelve publicly privileged robbers' dens, known by the name of "*Cours de Miracles*," of which Victor Hugo gives us such an admirable description. Unfortunately, our prosaic age can not tolerate the romance of robber-life, and the Courts of Miracles have been put down by the strong arm of the law. Still, so long as Paris exists, with its startling contrast between unbounded riches and the extremest poverty, it must be a prey to the dangerous classes that war against society. So late as 1836, these rogues regarded the night as their exclusive property. With the twilight the veriest scum of Paris congregated on the Place de la Concorde. No honest man ventured among them, except under the most pressing necessity, and he might esteem himself fortunate if he escaped with only the loss of his watch and purse. After dusk no one ventured to walk along the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire, or the Boulevard of the Bastille. Paris ended with the extreme verge of the Marais. On the other side was the town wall, with a prospect across the Rue Basse of wood-yards, fields, and nursery-gardens. Further along the Boulevards you came to the remains of Beaumarchais's splendid house and gardens, a half-finished basin in which stood the column of July, and a plaster model of an elephant, designed for a fountain, but never completed, and which eventually became a colony of rats. Round about these a spacious open quadrangle indicated the spot where the Bastille had formerly stood. Not a trace was to be seen of the once terrible building; the moat, a pestiferous swamp, with a green covering of festering weeds and some blocks of stone which peered out from the dank vegetation, were the only visible proofs of the existence of the Bastille. The long walk along the Boulevards ended as it began—in desolation and uncompleted monuments. At one end the elephant fountain, at the other the Madeleine church; on all sides there was something to complete or remove. The Seine had to be freed from the old houses which obstructed passage; the quays must be leveled to form a long, straight route from the Pont d'Jéna to the Pont d'Austerlitz, from the granaries to the garrison bakery; the river must be hemmed in between lofty insurmountable walls, the public buildings restored from the unclean and tottering

condition in which they vegetated; the wretched shops and stalls removed from the immediate vicinity of the palace. But there was much more to be done besides all this: the Louvre to be restored, Paris rebuilt in accordance with a regular plan, the old *Cité* reformed, as Medea renovated Æson; gardens must be laid out, trees planted, lungs for the city arranged, the miracles of art and science introduced to every-day notice; and hundreds of other equally important matters. Well, reader, every thing that seemed impossible has been proved not merely possible, but carried into effect—and that, too, with a rapidity that you can hardly believe it all has happened within your lifetime. New Paris in so far differs from old Rome, that it has been built in a day.

During the last half-century the population of Paris has more than doubled, and the measure of its prosperity increased proportionately with even greater rapidity. It was necessary that new houses should be built and suitable sites selected. The north-west side was preferred; and hence Paris has not grown equally in every direction. As in other great cities, the population of Paris has collected in districts, so that similar trades are assembled in the same part. Thus, the great manufactories may be found in the Faubourg St. Antoine; the smaller factories, such as the bronze foundries and smithies in the Marais; the dealers in imported articles are found in the district between the Hôtel de Ville and the Canal St. Martin; in the vicinity of the Rue Hauteville, the commission and export agents have collected; further on, near the Place des Victoires, we find the dépôts of woolen goods; while across the water, in the Quartier Latin, the tan-pits and dyers' establishments occupy the banks of the Bièvre; and the printers, bookbinders, etc., are congregated around the schools and university. Hence it is seen that each part of the city possesses its elements of prosperity; but they are too unequally divided, and too much isolated. The great object, then, is to approximate them, and the greatest want hitherto felt in Paris has been of broad bridges and chaussées, which would accelerate the communication between the various suburbs. The towns of Flanders were at least three centuries in advance of the capital of France in this respect. The first trace of design in Paris will be found in the reign

of Louis XIII., who had the Marais laid out after a regular plan, with a large *place* after the pattern of the Netherlands. The Place Vendôme and the Invalides, the chief monuments of the lengthy reign of Louis XIV., are sufficient to show what that monarch might have made of Paris, had he not devoted his attention almost exclusively to Versailles. From that time Paris was left to its fate, and although a few streets were opened, and the most crying defects repaired, still the center of Paris has always proved the stumbling-block which prevented any material improvement. This was the narrowest, darkest, and dirtiest part of the town, a chaotic mass of filthy houses, and narrow, winding streets, into which the sun never penetrated: in this confined sphere lived some fifty thousand people, and the number was indefinitely increased during business hours. As was natural, this was always the unhealthiest part of Paris; the tables of mortality show that while the average deaths in the more open parts of Paris were one in fifty, in the center one in thirty died. Here, too, epidemic diseases raged most severely. In 1832 and 1848, the cholera was fearful in the center of the city, and in the confined region round the Hôtel de Ville the mortality was five times as great as in the open, healthy neighborhood of the Chaussée d'Antin. Every thing tended to prove that, if broad streets were made through the center of the *Cité*, this quarter would not only become more convenient and ornamental, but at the same time the inhabitants would be healthier and have increased facilities of trade communication with the faubourgs. In this sense the present government has perfectly comprehended its mission, and immortalizes itself by commencing its improvements in that portion of the *Cité* where the want was most pressingly felt.

It would be unjust to assert that since the First Empire no French government has made attempts to remodel or improve Paris. During the Restoration but little was done, and private buildings as much surpassed the public edifices as the reverse had been the case under Napoleon I., but the dynasty of July did much to improve the city. The formation of the Rue Rambuteau, running parallel with the river, and forming a better communication between the Place Royale and the Halles, was the greatest and most useful of the undertak-

ings made by that government. The partial removal of the buildings round the Hôtel de Ville, the formation of the Rue Lobau, Rue du Pont Louis-Philippe, and of another street running from the rear of the Hôtel de Ville to the gate of the church of St. Gervais, also in some measure ventilated the center of the city. Still, the Citizen King, in this as in too many other matters, allowed himself to be directed by accidental circumstances rather than a given plan. A wise and powerful ruler, faithful in peaceful times to the principles of the founder of his dynasty, was destined to reconstruct Paris. Napoleon III. was the restorer of public peace and security in France, and with these trade and commerce emerged from their torpor. So soon as the community felt itself saved from the horrors of internecine war, the confidence it displayed in the new system was extraordinary. The numerous joint-stock enterprises, the enormous state loans, suddenly produced an incredible mass of easily convertible capital, and the spirit of speculation became so powerful among the Parisians that even the war could not damp it. Entire quarters disappeared and rose again by magic; and it would be incredible, if it could not be proved by documents, that during five years of the present régime four times as much was effected for the improvement of Paris than during the thirty-one years of the Restoration and the July dynasty. The sums expended in the improvements of Paris from 1816 to 1830 amounted to 10,250,000fr., and from 1831 to 1847 to 24,500,000 fr.; while between 1851 and 1855 the enormous sum of 157,651,000 fr. was expended for the same purpose. Even more admirable than this is the design accompanying these magnificent works, for every day the spirit becomes more visible which has actuated Napoleon III. in all his undertakings. He has proved to his people not only that he ever studies their welfare, but that he possesses the head with which to find the means.

Paris is not a commercial and manufacturing city, which, like London, can be independent. The enormous population it contains lives almost entirely on the luxury and expenditure of rich Frenchmen and foreigners, who spend their revenues there, and consequently furnish employment for all hands. The rich foreigners, however, were driven from France by the Revolution, the rich people of France

were afraid of attracting attention by any profuse outlay, and consequently the trade of Paris, being entirely dependent on them, was utterly stagnant. Every government, then, whatever name or form it might have, if it desired stability, was forced to find employment for the poorer classes, and set money in circulation; not merely because the workman must eat, but because an idle man is a dangerous man in any state, above all, in one that is insecure. After the *coup d'état* Louis Napoleon, consequently, sought to consolidate his power and make a powerful impression on public opinion, and he chose the improvements of Paris as the best and most effectual means. According to an old French proverb, "all goes well when *le bâtiment* goes on;" and by this is understood a quantity of special trades, which furnish employment for at least 50,000 workmen, or about one fourth of the industrial population of Paris. In consequence of this new impetus the amount of money employed in private building soon grew from twenty-eight to two hundred and fifty millions, and the quantity of work for the laborers increased in an equal ratio.

If however, the primary cause of the Parisian improvements may be of a political character, there is a second cause of much more important and beneficial aspect. A portion of Paris was immoderately populous and industrial, another almost lifeless and dull. Every one thronged round the Palais Royal, the Louvre, and the Halles. This was an admirable situation for the retail trade, from its vicinity to the Boulevards. Houses were expensive here, but any one who possessed one considered his fortune as made. On the other hand, the once rich Quartier du Marais, the handsome Faubourg St. Germain, and the West-end had so sunk in public repute that they appeared like a city of the dead. The farther one went from the center the broader and longer the streets became, but trade was stagnant. The more distant Quartiers had no intercommunication, and lay round Paris like villages. In Chaillot and the Roule, behind the Chaussée d'Antin, and the Faubourgs Montmartre, Poissonnière, St. Denis, St. Martin, etc., on the right bank, as well as in the district between the Gobelins and the Invalides, resided many thousands who belonged only topographically and politically to Paris, but

seemed to have no connection with the city, which they only visited on business or on holidays. All these districts were once villages, which gradually joined themselves to the colossus, and were finally included by a common wall, during Calonne's ministry in 1784. In these village-like districts every thing was quiet and rustic. Here you might see, within the banlieue, fields of wheat, spacious orchards, large nursery-gardens, dépôts of wood and stone, and those factories which required large space, which could be obtained here at a cheaper rate. In short, while one part of the city was overcrowded, another was almost deserted. So soon, then, as the number of houses in the populous quarter was diminished, the inhabitants were compelled to emigrate to the desolate portions of Paris. Such has been the object for which the present government of France has been striving, and it has met with perfect success.

The new Louvre was designed as the nucleus of new Paris. The completion of this palace has so long been regarded as impracticable, as the creation of the brain, that it is difficult to believe in the realization, even when it is visible to us as a gigantic fact. The Parisians had for so long a period known the court of the Louvre as a cloaca, where at night four wooden posts stretched out their arms to the passengers, diffusing a sickly light, and the Carousel-square, as a fair-ground, full of booths and stalls, that they had at last persuaded themselves that the dirty streets, gallows-like lamp-posts, and neck-breaking holes, formed an indispensable adjunct of the royal palace. And, in fact, is it not a dream? Five years have scarce elapsed, and the whole disgraceful heap of pig-sties, stalls, pot-houses, and tapis francs has disappeared. The holes are filled up, the ground leveled and covered with magnificent buildings, and, strange to say, the eye accustoms itself so entirely and rapidly to the change, that the memory can hardly summon up the old aspect of the place; we seem to forget utterly the but recent buildings that covered it. At length we vacantly look round for the Rue du Doyenné, a species of Invalid quarter; the Hôtel de Nantes, a large house standing alone in the center of the Place, where it looked like a pyramid, and served as a house of call for all the omnibuses of the city and the banlieue; the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre,

the most respectable and cleanest in the quarter, and which ran to the Château d'Eau: gone, too, is that labyrinth of dirty and scandalous streets that formed a chain of villainy between the Louvre and the Palais Royal, in which no honest citizenne dare appear by day or night, lest she might be subjected to insult. It is difficult now for us to comprehend how such a swarm of scoundrels could find shelter on a spot which is only just large enough for the new Louvre buildings. All this and much else existed five years ago—a miserable sight for the philanthropist; now it is almost an obliterated reminiscence, attaching itself to the archæologic memories of the Bastille and the Carillon on the Pont Neuf. The boarded stalls of the Carousel are as much a Parisian tradition as the old wooden gallery in the Palais Royal, once known as the "Camp of the Tatars."

The Parisians have certainly witnessed eternal repairs and improvements on the Louvre and the Tuileries, but they progressed so slowly that they might have gone on building forever, for before one part was finished, another had fallen into a dilapidated state. Now the Parisians see with amazement that the two palaces are connected, and the new Louvre built and decorated with magical rapidity, before they had time to form an idea of its extent, arrangement, and plan. The huge block of buildings now covering the Place de Carousel is of very recent date, the foundation-stone having been laid in July, 1852. Since that date the wing on the north side of the Tuileries, begun by Napoleon I. and extending from the Pavillon de Rohan to the Rue de Marengo, has been completed, thus forming the connection between the Louvre and the Tuileries. At the same time two other wings have been added, running parallel from the old Louvre to the Place du Carousel, and forming a large square, which has received the name of the Place Napoléon III. Round the new wings, along the Place du Carousel and the Place Napoléon III., run covered walks, with terraces, in which an army of statues of celebrated men stand in rank and file, like soldiers in the battlements of a fortress. Doubts may exist as to the æsthetic value of the new edifices, and we are not disposed to agree with the French critics when they say that it is "*le plus beau monument d'architecture moderne qu'il y ait dans*

l'univers;" but they certainly possess two incontestable grounds for attracting our attention and justifying our amazement—the magnitude of the design, and the wondrous rapidity of execution.

The same merit may be justly claimed by the new Rue de Rivoli. This magnificent street, running parallel with the quays and Boulevards, now extends to the Fontaine de Birague, opposite the church St. Paul St. Louis. From the Place de la Concorde, where it commences, it runs along an endless succession of stately art monuments, such as the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Louvre, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the Tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie, the Town House, and the Column of July. The portion of this street extending from the Rue de Rohan to the Rue Culture Sainte Catherine furnishes the fairest evidence of the humanity that suggested this great artery. More than thirty pestilential streets and alleys have been removed, and a whole quarter cleared and ventilated. The Tower of St. Jacques has been restored in its pristine pomp and surrounded by a handsome garden, and the Town House has been thoroughly cleared from obstructions; in the rear is the colossal barrack called Caserne Napoléon, a perfect fortress, connected with the Town House by a subterranean passage; and in front, a magnificent new street, christened Avenue de Victoria, in honor of our queen's visit to Paris. Another great artery is that known by the name of the Boulevard de Sébastopol, running from the Strasbourg Railway station in the Faubourg Poissonnière to the Place du Châtelet. These streets have cost an enormous sum in payments to leaseholders and running up the new buildings; thus, the new Rue de Rivoli, which swallowed up more than five hundred old houses, cost 81,563,000 fr. But, in spite of this, the Emperor has been indefatigable, and it is an extraordinary fact that the restorations have been carried on in every quarter of Paris almost simultaneously. On the island of the *Cité* important works have been undertaken: a broad street has been laid down from the Parvis Notre Dame, running to the Council House, over the Pont d'Arcole, which has been converted from a suspension-bridge for foot-passengers only into a handsome stone bridge with a broad highway. Great improvements have also been effected in and around the Palais de

Justice; the block of houses between the Sainte Chapelle and the Quai des Orfèvres has already been pulled down, and the quay widened up to the Rue de la Barillerie. On the left bank of the Seine equally surprising alterations have been effected. The Faubourg St. Antoine naturally afforded no great opportunity for demolishing; still the architects have found it necessary to pull down some houses in order to form new routes of communication. In the Quartier Latin enormous alterations are projected, which must drive the students to despair. Four wide streets are to be formed, crossing each other at right angles, and intersecting the entire Quartier. The two streets running from east to west, parallel with the Seine, are the Rue des Ecoles and the Boulevard St. Germain; the two running from north to south are the Rue St. Jacques, a continuation of the Rue St. Martin on the right bank, and the Boulevard de Sébastopol, which is intended to run as far as the Barrière d'Enfer in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and intersect entire Paris for a distance of nearly three miles. These streets are to be completed in five years, at a cost of 37,650,000 fr.; and thus a stop will be put to the complaints that have been prevalent as to the left bank being neglected.

One of the principal results produced by the wholesale demolition of houses in the center of Paris has been that the faubourgs have greatly increased in population. The Faubourg St. Antoine has been thus enriched by upwards of thirteen hundred new houses, or more than sufficient for a population of forty thousand. A similar phenomenon is now visible in the Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Marcel, and the buildings will grow up with magical celerity so soon as the Boulevard de Sébastopol had become an established fact. In the first and second arrondissements a multitude of new houses have also sprung into existence, and the Tivoli garden has entirely disappeared. This garden lay at no great distance from the northern boulevards, in a quarter between the Faubourgs Montmartre and St. Honoré, opposite the Pavillon du Hanôvre on the Boulevard des Italiens, and extended thence to the Barrière de Clichy. Even though it might appear a paltry spot when compared with Horace's Tibur Supernum, the Roman Tivoli, whence it derived its name, it contained within its

ample space every requisite for pleasure-gardens; but the greedy eye of speculation surveyed it, and Tivoli was doomed. The ruthless ax was laid to the root of the chestnut-trees and silver poplars, the grass-plats were cut up, the visitors were expelled, and some dozen streets soon occupied the fairy spot. For a while the gardens might still be traced, however; the first purchasers of "eligible building spots" considered it a point of honor to leave a clump of trees or a bosquet near their houses; and in some places entire alleys and gardens might be traced. But the quartier soon began to be regarded as fashionable, and the demand for building sites rapidly destroyed all the trees. On the Place Vintimille, in the Rue de Douai, Rue de Calais, etc., the trees have all been cut down, and the quartier now resembles any other, except that the houses are eagerly caught up, and frequently entered upon before the building is finished.

The park of Monceaux, near the Barrière de Courcelles, which reverted to the state by the Orleans succession, will soon endure the fate of its pristine neighbor Tivoli, which it far surpasses in convenience and space. The speculating builders have already invaded it, for it is known that two main roads, the Boulevard de l'Impératrice and the Boulevard Malesherbes, are to run through it. Even the Champs Elysées, which so reluctantly allowed admission to bricks, appear fated. An Anglo-French company has been established, under the title of the "Company of the Champs Elysées," and holds out most flattering offers to shareholders, great and small. It has already purchased a piece of land of more than one hundred thousand metres, and, we believe, has commenced operations. Every available spot between the banlieue and the wall of circumvallation is by this time built upon, and even beyond them the Parisians are now setting up their lares. There seems, in truth, no end to the extension of the city, for the entire population, down to the poorest laborer, is affected by a desire for living out of town.

The botanist, who not long ago was enabled to herbalize near the Barrière de l'Etoile, on now seeing the Bois de Boulogne converted into a Parisian promenade, may perhaps be justified in giving way to a gentle sigh; but while he is compelled to go farther afield to follow in

the footsteps of Jussieu, the inhabitants of Passy, Boulogne, and Auteuil sing a psalm of praise at the conversion of their scrubby wood into a magnificent park. An ordonnance of the 8th July, 1852, gave the property of this wood to the city of Paris, on condition that it expended two millions of francs upon it in four years. This condition has been more than fulfilled: in three years the city laid out three millions and a half in converting the sandy plain into a garden. If we take into account the four million francs expended in forming the Avenue de l'Impératrice, with the two millions spent in building the new hippodrome of Longchamp, as well as all the improvements projected, we must allow that the city of Paris has spared no expense in producing a pleasure-garden such as the Parisians could desire. Under the management of Monsieur Varé, the old scene of duels and suicides has been converted into the Paradise of Imperial Paris: it already displays trees and bushes of every variety, hedges and labyrinthine flower-beds, shady walks and Elysian alleys, rocks and grottoes, a hill with a gentle slope and pleasant view of the surrounding scenery, silvery ponds and foaming cascades, green islands with flower-gardens, chalets, and harbors; boats and swans upon the water, stags and deer upon the meadows, singing and chirruping birds in the trees and bushes—the whole produced, as it were, by a magician's wand. There are also numerous respectable hotels, where refreshments of every description may be obtained, a magnificent room for concerts and balls, and a hippodrome, where thousands of persons may drive and ride without impediment. The Bois has justly become the favorite resort of the Parisians, and we may say it assumes the character of a botanic garden, as almost every variety of tree has its *habitat* here, having been brought from all parts of the world to satisfy the luxurious desires of the Parisian populace.

Since the gardens of Paris have been destroyed for building purposes, it was found advisable to take especial care of the few oases left. Hence a commission has been appointed for this purpose with a very efficient staff. The city of Paris now holds possession of eight inclosed grounds, forming promenades or squares; on one side the Bois du Boulogne with its annexes, the plain of Longchamp and the

Avenue de l'Impératrice, on the other the Place Royale, the Place de l'Archevêché, and the squares round the tower of St. Jacques, in front of the church of St. Clotilde, at the Temple, and at the ruins of the old Roman palace of the Thermæ. In addition to these, the city possesses more than fifty-seven thousand trees, planted in the Champs Elysées, the quincunxes of the Trocadero, the inner and outer boulevards, the quays, and a few open spaces; the whole of the plantations occupy a space of more than two hundred acres; the oldest, on the Champs Elysées, dating from 1617. The outer boulevards are adorned in some parts with double rows of lofty trees, dating from 1760; but the inner boulevards lost nearly all their trees in the revolutions of 1830 and 1848; those left are too stunted, and the newly-planted trees too young to offer any shade. As a general rule, the trees planted in the streets of Paris have proved a failure, in spite of the care devoted to them; they die off rapidly, and the gamins do their part in accelerating their death. The authorities have recently planted large nurseries in the Bois de Boulogne, where they experimentalize on the best varieties of trees, and arrangements have been even made with the gas companies, which will in future prevent the trees being poisoned by the exhalations from the pipes. If these prophylactic measures are in any way successful, we may live in hope of seeing trees planted in our own streets—somewhere before the advent of the Millennium.

It would lead us too far, were we to stop and discuss the result of all these changes in the aspect of Paris. For a time rumors were prevalent of discontent at the great increase of rents, but these appear to have subsided, and the population of Paris to have "accepted the situation" with resignation. There appears to be more truth in the statement that, in these new buildings, internal comfort has been too often sacrificed to external effect. Among the numerous jeremiads we have heard, the principal refer to the instability of the houses and the thinness of the walls. Another inconvenience is the immoderate height of the windows, which open after the Italian fashion from top to bottom, and are fastened by a heavy iron bar, which a puff of wind is sure to blow open.

Then, again, we are told that the chimneys are of extravagant dimensions, occupying more than half the side of the room, and costing a small fortune in firing. But the true Parisian cares little for these things; so long as the exterior of his house is handsomely decorated with stucco, gilding, and statues, he is perfectly satisfied, and these things are lavishly expended in Imperial Paris. At the same time, Paris has been newly furnished to correspond with the new style of building, and thus an immense sum of money has been brought into circulation; and if such amusements keep the people quiet and contented, who are we that we should gainsay the wisdom of the imperial policy?

In so slight a sketch as ours it would be impossible to give more than an outline of the improvements in Paris which the Emperor has effected; but what we have said will suffice to prove how admirably he has provided for the physical comfort and well-being of the lower classes. By a stroke of his pen he has affected a marvelous change, such as we have so long desired at home, which has been debated and discussed under a hundred different aspects among us without producing the slightest satisfactory results. It is true that eminent philanthropists have subscribed to build model lodging-houses, but we doubt whether St. Giles has lost one denizen by their erection; and though schemes have been ventilated for lodging our artisans out of town and enabling them to come to their labor each morning by train, we do not find any prospect of its fruition. And yet it is a question which will have to be grappled with sternly before long: the safety of our population demands that such lurking-places of disease must be eradicated, and the legislature is alone capable of strenuously interfering. The pleasing fiction that "every man's house is his castle," has, like so many other fictions, been overturned by the Board of Health, and it would require but a step to carry out in London all that the Emperor has so successfully achieved in Paris. At any rate, we are forced to admit that they "manage such things better in France" on the *sic volo sic jubeo* principle than we can effect by the united efforts of our Board of Health and Sanitary Commissioners.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

CURIOSITIES OF BIRDS AND INSECTS.*

It is seldom that the historian of man occupies himself with the inferior animals. There seems to be almost an antagonism between the two. Man, whether contemplated in relation to the past, to the progress ever going on in the present, or to the great future conditionally held out to him, occupies a preëminence which unfits the intellect, busy with so great a theme, for pursuits of a comparatively insignificant character.

Yet that lessons of the highest import and interest to humanity, of purposes omnisciently working to an end, of relations coördinated by an infinitely wise Creator, and of goodness evidenced in the adaptation of structure to functions in the very lowest grades of animated beings, are to be derived from the pursuit of natural history, is well known. There is a natural theology as well as a revealed religion, and happy is he to whom both books are open. If the one enlarges the mind, the other gratifies the intellect, and all who have tasted of the joys and pleasures derived from the contemplation of Nature, even as a Gosse would make her known to us in her least regarded aspects, have felt that there are no gratifications more pure, no pleasures less alloyed, than such as are derived from these simple, harmless, and yet instructive pursuits.

We have been led into this exordium by the fact that the well-known and deservedly-esteemed historian of man—J. Michelet—has published two volumes on Natural History—one on "Birds," the other on "Insects." How he was led to the study of nature, he shall tell us himself; it so fully bears out our own feelings in the matter:

"I owe to a friendly and faithful public, who has listened to me so long, and has never cast me off, a statement of the circumstances which, without taking me away from historical pursuits, led me to Natural History.

"That which I now publish came solely from the family, from the domestic hearth. It is from our hours of repose, from afternoon conversations, from winter readings and summer gossip, that this book took its origin—if it is a book.

"Two active persons naturally united after the day's work, put their gatherings together, and warmed their hearts by their evening's repast.

"Is that to say that we had no other helps? It would be alike unjust and ungrateful to pass them over. The familiar swallows that lodged under our roof took a part in the gossip. The tame robin redbreast that flew about me cast tender notes into it, and sometimes the night-gale would suspend it by its solemn concert.

"Time weighs. There has been life and labor, violent changes, and the dispersion of a world of intelligence in which we lived, and to which nothing has succeeded. The rude toils of history found a relief in instruction, which was friendship. Their interruption is now silence. From whom, then, can we ask for repose and moral refreshment, if it is not from nature?

"The powerful eighteenth century, which embodies a thousand years of combats, found repose in the amiable and comforting (although feeble in matters of science) book of Bernardin de Saint Pierre. It finished with that touching sentence of Ramond's: 'So many irreparable losses wept for in the bosom of nature!'

This is, at all events, a great step. To the individuals themselves concerned—the historian and his wife—a great discovery. The study of man's past career had, at the best, left more to regret than to admire; the present had been brimful to overflowing of calamities; they asked for something else than tears given to solitude, or the moral apothegms by which it is sometimes sought to heal the wounded heart, and they found in the simple pursuit of nature "a cordial with which to go ever onward, a drop that came from overflowing sources, a new strength, nay wings!"

From such a source something peculiar and original must be expected. In what does this manifest itself? We will endeavor to ascertain. First, we are told that the historian going to extremes, seeking for a bird in a bird, and an insect in an insect, has avoided all human analogies.

* *L'Oiseau*. Par J. MICHELET. Deuxième édition revue et augmentée. 1856. *L'Insecte*. Par J. MICHELET. 1858.

With the exception of a few chapters, both works are written as if birds and insects stood alone, and man had never existed.

"Man could not have lived without birds, who alone have saved him from insects and reptiles; but birds could have lived without man.

"With or without men the eagle would equally reign in its throne on the Alps. The swallow would not the less make its annual migration. The frigate-bird, albeit unobserved, would not the less hover over the solitary ocean. The nightingale would chant its sublime hymn in the forest, even with greater safety, without waiting for a human audience. And for whom? For her whom it loves, for its offspring, for the forest, for itself indeed, who is its most delicate auditor, and the most in love with its own song."

But the historian—the man who in Michelet's own language has drunk of the strong and bitter wine that flows from the fountain of all history—can not separate himself from man. It is in vain that he tells us that his natural history shall seek no analogies in human nature; humanity is at the bottom of all. It is not long ere it breaks out:

"The religious faith which we have in our heart, and which we teach here, is that man shall pacifically rally all the earth about him, that he will gradually find out that every adopted animal, every living creature that is domesticated or at least brought to such a degree of friendship or neighborly communication as its nature is susceptible of, will be a hundred times more useful to him than it could be with its throat cut.

"Man will only be truly a man when he shall seriously work at that which the earth expects from him:

"The pacification and the harmonious gathering together of living nature.

"A woman's dream, some one will exclaim. Where's the import?

"Granted that a woman's heart had a part in this book, I see no reason for advancing this as a reproach. We accept it as praise. Patience and mildness, tenderness and pity, the warmth of incubation, these are the very things which make, which keep, and which develop a living creation."

It was in 1852 that Michelet broke with his usual habits, and locking up his books with bitter joy, he sought the country air for the sake of the health of a beloved person. The site selected was near Nantes, where the yellow waters of Brittany join the gray flood from La Vendée. The house, an old château in the style of Louis XV., long uninhabited, and placed

in the middle of a wilderness. A neglected garden suited both tastes. The abundance of fruits, vegetables, and plants of all kinds fed a number of domestic animals. The worst was that knowing each they could not eat them. The same abundance fed no end of slimy things, snails, insects, and grubs. In the morning Michelet worked at his "History of the Revolution of '93," an heroic and fatal epoch, which filled his every thought and inwardly consumed him. It was, he says, a daily struggle of affection and of nature against the gloomy thoughts of the world and of man. In the evening they read the "Birds of France," by Toussenel. Sickiness overtook them here, and they removed to a more southerly climate, and nestled for a time in a valley of the Apennines, some two leagues from Genoa.

But there the orange and the lemon-trees, harmonizing in their changeless foliage with the ever blue sky, grew monotonous. Animal life was infinitely rare. There were no little birds, no sea birds. Fish do not frequent those transparent waters. "I could pierce them," says Michelet, "with my eyes to a great depth, and see nothing but solitude and the black and white rocks which make up the bottom of this marble gulf." There was no walking, only a little stony rugged pathway circulating between the old garden walls, the precipices, and the sea. As to ascending the hills, it was a feat of gymnastics altogether beyond their strength. The physicians had also interdicted the pen, so the historian was left to his eyes and his thoughts, and a new world was thus awakened in him.

The first friends he made were the lizards that peopled the rocks. At first they were shy, but scarcely eight days had elapsed before the dreamer was known even to the youngest, and they pursued their innocent and graceful evolutions indifferent to his presence. A fly was to them a banquet. On such an arid soil the *povera gente* of the coast were little better off. The analogy suggested a train of thought the culminating point of which was the resuscitation of the Apennines!

From what little things do great results sometimes flow! But still the orange groves seemed silent and gloomy deprived of birds. The historian felt for the first time that human life becomes a serious thing when man is without the ban of those innocent creatures whose move-

ments, games, and voices, are as the smiles of creation. Michelet had, in his work "Le Peuple," emitted in the spirit of democratic eclecticism which dominates over all his ideas, a protestation against there being any one so degraded as to be undeserving of civic rights. Natural history now appeared to him in the light of a branch of politics. All living creatures came in their humble right to knock at the door of his intelligence, and ask to be admitted into the bosom of a universal democracy. Such is the legitimate progress of philosophy. Admit one, you must admit all. "Why should the superior brothers," says the preacher of universal democracy, "place beyond the law those whom the universal Father harmonizes in the world's law?"

Thus man and wife united in deep agreement of spirit, entertaining a fruitful communication of intimate thoughts and sustaining a perfect harmony in feeling for nature. Only that they arrived at this by different processes, the one by his love for the city, and his efforts to complete it by associating with it all living things; the other by the force of religion and filial love "pour la maternité de Dieu."

The promontory of La Hève completed the revelation. There the birds of the sea and those of the woods had nothing to say that was not understood. There, from that elevated point, from whence the eye embraces the mouth of the Seine, the Calvador, and the Ocean, they began to hear the birds that seldom sing, but that speak like the swallows, gossiping about fine weather, about rare or abundant food, or about their proximate departure. "I had listened to them at Nantes in October, at Turin in June. Their gossip in September at La Hève was more distinct. We could translate it freely, in their pleasing vivacity, in that joy of youth and happiness, which is void of noise or display, in conformity with that felicitous equilibrium of a bird that is free and wise, and which appears to recognize not without gratitude that it has received from the Creator so much that is conducive to happiness."

"Alas! the swallow itself is not excepted from the insensate war that is carried on against nature. We even destroy the birds that save our harvests, good workmen that follow the plow, seizing the future destroyer, which the careless peasant turns up and then buries again.

"Entire races, important and interesting as

they are, disappear. The first of the ocean, those mild and sensible beings to whom nature gave blood and milk, (I speak of the cetaceæ,) how few do they now number! Many large quadrupeds have disappeared from the earth. Many animals of different kinds, without entirely disappearing, have fled before man; they fly bewildered, lose their natural arts, and fall into a state of barbarism. The heron, extolled by Aristotle for its skill and prudence, is now (at least in Europe) a misanthropic, stupid creature. The beaver, which in America had, in its peaceful solitudes, become an architect and an engineer, has lost courage, and in the present day is scarcely at the trouble of making a hole in the ground. The hare, so good, so handsome, so original in its fur, by its speed and its quick sense of hearing, will soon have disappeared; the few that remain are brutalized. Yet, nevertheless, the poor animal is still docile and teachable; with kindness it can be taught things that are even opposed to its nature, and that require the exercise of courage."

"The winged class," Michelet goes on to remark, after a few more paragraphs to the same purport, "the most perfect, the most delicate, the one that sympathizes most with man, is that which man pursues in the present day with the most cruel perseverance.

"What is to be done to protect it? Reveal birds as minds—show that they are persons."

In such a system — if system it can be called — where faith and love take the place of scientific classification, the agents of death, the murderous birds, so glorified by some, are rejected among the lower classes of the bird hierarchy. They are so in their modification as they are also in the arts of music. The nightingale, on the contrary, is placed at the top of the scale. But the egg precedes the bird, and upon this theme we have the following beautiful passage:

"The learned ignorance, the far-seeing instinct of the ancients, spoke this oracle. Every thing comes from an egg; it is the cradle of the world.

"Same origin, but diversity of destiny comes especially from the mother. She acts and foresees, she loves more or less; she is more or less mother. The more she is so, the more she ascends in the scale; every degree in existence attaches itself to the degree of love.

"What can the mother do in the mobile existence of fish? Nothing but confide its egg to the ocean. What can it do in the insect world, when generally she perishes after having laid her egg? Find for it, before dying, a safe place to come to life and to live.

"The destiny of a bird is different. It would die if it was not loved.

"Loved? Every mother loves, from the ocean to the stars. But I mean to say, cared for, surrounded by an infinite love, enveloped in the maternal warmth and magnetism."

Remarking upon the birds of the Arctic regions, Michelet justly observes that those realms of ice and darkness have been stupidly vilified. "A poet has foolishly placed the throne of evil in these beneficent glaciers, which are the reserve of the waters of Europe, which pour forth its rivers and give to it its fertility. Others still more stupid have cursed the ices of the pole, ignoring the magnificent economy of the globe and the majestic balancing of alternative currents which constitute the life of the ocean. They have seen war and hatred, wickedness of nature, in these profoundly pacific and regular movements of the universal mother.

"Such are the dreams of men. Animals in no way participate in these antipathies. On the contrary, a double attraction makes them congregate every year towards the poles in innumerable legions.

"Every year birds, fish, gigantic cetaceæ go to people the seas and islands which surround the southern pole. Admirably productive seas full to superabundance of life, germinating, (in the state of zoophytes,) of living fermentation, of gelatinous waters, of spawn and germs incalculable."

Then we are told that the poles are the seat of love and peace to these great gatherings. How the "giant man of the old ocean"—the whale—finds there a temporary shelter during the sacred moments of maternity. It slays its myriads—a work of destruction commanded by nature—it is true, but it does this without inflicting pain; the whale has neither teeth nor saw in its capacious mouth. "Most of the living matters with which the inhabitants of the seas around the poles support life are so imperfectly organized as to have little or no consciousness. This gives to these tribes a character of innocence which touches us infinitely, fills us with sympathy—nay, if it must be said, with envy." Alas! on the other side of the picture, see the stealthy fox pouncing upon a thoughtless palmped, or the hardy white bear waiting polar days and nights at a hole till an innocent seal shall pop up its devoted head.

When man first reached the polar regions, he was received by the living multitudes with curiosity, but without fear. It was with difficulty, we are told, that the sailors could force their way through the crowd of benevolent and curious seals that came to look at them. The penguins of the southern seas, the auks of the northern, never stirred from their places. The ducks, whose soft down supplies us with eider, allowed themselves to be approached without difficulty and to be taken with the hand.

Thus the polar regions are depicted as deriving from love and devotion a moral grace which is seldom met with in the South. A sun shines there which is not the sun of the equator, but milder, that of the mind. Every living creature is raised in the scale there by the very austerity of the climate and by a common danger.

The wing—the cry of the psalmist and the poet—furnishes the subject for a pleasingly contemplative chapter. Man endeavors to supersede the absence of wings by all kinds of locomotive contrivances, but how little do they effect towards overcoming the universal aspiration, the more sad as it is so utterly powerless.

With the bird, on the contrary, what a sublime and easy life! With what an eye of contempt can the smallest of the winged creation look down upon the strongest and the swiftest of quadrupeds—the tiger or the lion! How the bird must smile at the vain and useless fretting, the nocturnal roar which only testifies to the slavery of the miscalled king of animals!

The genius of Michelet has seized the great inference to be drawn from this state of things—at least in so far as regards man—and which was long ago announced, in a less poetic but a more philosophic form, by the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," in his best work, "The Physical Theory of another Life." "It is the certain sign," says Michelet, "that we still inhabit a very young world, a world still barbarous, a world of trial and apprenticeship, in the series of stars, a mere elementary step in the great final initiation." But he goes on to argue that we, too, shall have wings—handsome and powerful wings. This is not necessarily the case. The *vis inertia* of matter, the tendency of gravitation, and the resistance of the atmosphere, are

not overcome by mere mechanical force—by bones, tendons, and muscles—but by the force of mind. But mind is limited by the capabilities of the materials it employs, and when it is freed of these encumbrances, and enjoys that which St. Paul so eloquently designates as a “spiritual body,” and when the locomotion of that spiritual corporeity shall follow volition as a whole, as now the relative motion of the limbs follow it in man, or of wings in birds, who shall say what shall be the limits to such locomotive power?

Without carrying out his philosophy to so refined a height as that presented to us in “The Physical Theory of another Life,” the French historian says: “Ask a bird if he will be a man, and participate in the royalty of the world, gained by the sweat of the brow, by efforts, and pains, and cares innumerable and unceasing, and he would answer: ‘King myself by my birth in space and light, wherefore shall I abdicate, when man, in his loftiest ambition, in his supreme aspirations for happiness and liberty, dreams of making himself a bird and taking flight with wings?’”

How clumsy, how miserably inefficient, too, have been the attempts made to imitate wings! These attempts date as far back as the mythological era, and have come down to our own times. Yet, had wings been successfully imitated, nothing could have come of it. Apart from want of muscular power, man could not have admitted, as the bird does, air into expansive lungs and cellular bones and feathers. He would have been stifled, struck down by apoplexy, or exhausted by rarefaction.

“The smallest bird puts to shame the largest quadruped. Chain a lion to a balloon and his deep roar would be lost in space. The little lark, so far more powerful in voice and respiration, ascends singing, and is heard when it is no longer visible. Its song, gay, light, without fatigue, that costs no effort, seems like the gladness of an invisible spirit, which would console the earth.

“Force constitutes joy. The most exuberantly joyful of beings is a bird, because it feels strength beyond its action—because cradled, lifted by the breath of heaven, it swims, it ascends without an effort, as in a dream. The unlimited force, the sublime faculty of taking its force at will from the maternal source, of inspiring life by torrents, obscure among inferior beings, is clear and lively in birds; it is in them a divine inebriation.”

If poverty of wing is to be seen in the

southern *Aptenyx* and Patagonian penguins, and an imperfect development in the ostrich and its congeners, the triumph of the same organ is undoubtedly witnessed in the frigate-bird. The gull, in its white dress and playful flight, is a charming bird, beloved by sailors, whom it always reminds of home. The stormy petrel—not black, but of an indescribable smoky brown—surging out of the waves, coming no one knows whence, and riding the tempest, is, on the contrary, looked upon with horror. Poor thing, it probably seeks for a little shelter from the storm in the vessel's wake.

“But darkness disappears; day returns. I see a little blue point in the sky. Happy and serene region which was at peace above the region of storms. In this blue point, a little bird with an immense wing hovers royally at an elevation of ten thousand feet. A gull? no; the wing is dark. An eagle? no; the bird is small.

“It is the eaglet of the sea, the first of the winged race, the audacious navigator, that never furls its sails, the prince of the tempest, contemner of all dangers; the warrior, or the frigate-bird.

“We attained the term of the series in commencing with the wingless birds. Here we have a bird that is almost all wings. With a body scarcely larger than that of a domestic fowl, it has prodigious wings that sometimes extend fourteen feet. The great problem of flight is solved, and even surpassed; for flight seems to be useless. Such a bird, naturally sustained by such appliances, has only to let itself be borne along. The storm comes, it ascends to such heights that it finds peace. The poetic metaphor, false for every other bird, is no longer a figure of speech in this instance; it sleeps to the letter on the storm.

“If it wishes seriously to travel, all distance disappears. It breakfasts in Senegal and dines in America.

“Or if it wishes to take it more quietly, to amuse itself on the way, it can do so; it can lay by for the night, certain of repose; on what? on its great motionless wings, that it has only to stretch out in the atmosphere, which takes all charge of the fatigues of the journey, or upon the bosom of the wind, its slave, which is obliged to cradle it.”

Strong and swift, the frigate-bird can afford to despise the tyrants of the air. It could in an instant leave the condor leagues behind it. But even this king of the air, fearless and indefatigable, master of space, and seemingly more than any other creature detached from the miserable fatalities of being, has its cares, its

apprehensions. They show themselves in its anxious eye. The very magnificence of its wings unfit it for the earth; it dare not land or swim, and it has to depend for nourishment upon meeting with other birds that are fishing, and that have lifted their fish out of the water. It attacks them, makes them disgorge their prey, and catches it ere it reaches what to him is almost a fatal element. Thus it is in all things; even in the triumph of winged power there is not perfect freedom. "There must be, therefore, another state that the soul awaits, asks, and hopes for:

"Des ailes par-dessus la vie!
Des ailes par-delà la mort!"

All birds are not esteemed equally happy by our author. Some, he thinks, as the heron, are gradually disappearing. This lonely bird of the marsh, flying with only one limb, extended like some strange hieroglyph, he pictures to his fancy as some great lord ruined, some king tumbled down from his throne. He traces back its history to the time when the earth was inhabited by those great monsters, which now lie entombed in its crust, when man could not have lived; for what could the club of Hercules have done against a Plesiosaurus? and when birds, such as the Epiornis—an eagle twenty feet high, and fifty from wing to wing—first prepared the earth for the reception of humanity, by extirpating the colossal creatures of mixed characters—toad-birds, winged-fish, and mythological dragons.

The swan—spared by man for its grace and beauty, and because it is not esteemed at table—has almost disappeared from the waters of Italy, where it once abounded. Driven to the north, it has lost the power of song, so much vaunted by antiquity. "Is its existence a fable, or has it expired away from the mild climate of Greece and Italy?"

Cranes have also almost disappeared from France and England. In Buffon's time, he said there was scarcely a province without a heronry. There is only one now in France, between Epernay and Rheims. How few of these bird relics of the middle ages are now to be met with in England!

An anecdote, related by Michelet—after drawing a fine portrait of Wilson—of a snake imbibing the milk of a human being, has been contested, and again defended.

It does not in any way affect either the philosophy or the purport of the work, and we shall not therefore trouble ourselves with the vexed question. At the best it is a tale at second-hand from Louisiana.

Birds, according to our author, continue in the present day the labor imposed upon them in bygone epochs, that of preparing the earth for the habitation of men. The cranes and storks defend men against reptiles in Asia and in Africa. The giant jabiru (*Mycteria Americana*) prepares the way for man in those forests of Guyana in which he dare not yet venture to dwell. The noble Kamichi toils away at the same great purport.

There are also the purifiers, cleansers, or scavengers. Such are the urubus, or little vultures of America, without which some of the cities of the south would be untenable. Vultures, crows, storks, ibises, all contribute to the salubrity of the earth, more especially in warm climates. Gulls will not leave the floating carcase of a whale; the vulture will not sometimes be driven from its prey. Levassant shot one on a hippopotamus, which still ate on after being fatally wounded. In some parts of Syria there is no expelling them from the burial-grounds, where inhumation is sadly too superficial. When the murrain attacks a flock of sheep, we have seen them so glutted and hardy as to scorn even the shepherd's stick. In America the law protects these public benefactors. Egypt did more; it loved them and venerated them. The Egyptian fellah, or peasant, never drives the crow from the buffalo's horn or the camel's back; he knows it is there for beneficent purposes. It is only the so-called civilized man who persecutes birds with a senseless hostility, as if they were the enemies instead of the kind friends of man. What should we do, for example, without the insectivorous birds? Look at the roseate thrush—the Seleucidæ, as the ancients called them—whose advent, on the approach of locusts, was looked upon as a manifestation of divine beneficence. Throughout the East, the mission of the bird is better understood than in the West. The vulture treads the streets of Antioch undisturbed. The beautiful bee-eater builds in the rare pathways and horse-tracks, (the soil is so hard, the jackal can not get so easily at its nest.) The little owlet winks ominously from

the tombstone close by; the doves of Cairo salute the bridal festival, or cheer the lonely inmates of the harem; the stork rears its young actually within reach of the urchin so mischievous in other climes.

The observation of the priest of Sais to the Greek Herodotus, "You will always be children," had, Michelet tells us, much depth in it. Conquerors always deride the native respect for the animal creation. As it was with the Romans in Egypt, so it is with the English in India and the French in Algeria; they can not appreciate the regard of the native for animal life. It may appear puerile; it is not so. If the meaning was sought for, it would be found, even in apparently the most contemptible instances. What is a flea, or its still more repulsive congener? A warning, by their bites, that man is living in an atmosphere of impurity, and that there is not around and about him, or in his domicile, that cleanliness which is essential to perfect salubrity.

The men of the West—to return again to Michelet—will always be children so long as, subtle but superficial reasoners, they shall not embrace with a more simple and comprehensive view the reason of things. To be a child, is to contemplate life only by partial glimpses; to be a man, is to be able to understand the unity and the harmony that pervades all things.

But what, then, amidst so much optimism, of the rapacious birds? "Birds of death, robbers by day and by night, frightful masks of birds, phantoms that terrify even by day. It is grievous to observe their cruel arms; I do not say those terrible beaks that can kill with one blow, but those claws, those sharp points, those instruments of torture, which fix the trembling prey, and prolong the last agony and the great anguish of the pains of death."

"May not pain itself be an advertisement which teaches us to foresee and to provide, to preserve ourselves by all possible means from our dissolution? This cruel school is wakefulness, the stimulus to prudence on the part of all that has life; a powerful contraction of the mind upon itself, which would otherwise let itself float away with nature, and be enervated by soft and debilitating impressions.

"Can it not be said that happiness has a centrifugal attraction, which expands itself outwardly, unframes, evaporates, and would give us back to the elements, if we were to give our-

selves up to it altogether? Pain, on the contrary, if experienced on only one point, brings back every thing to the center, strengthens, fortifies, continues, and assures existence.

"Pain is—so to say—the artist of the world, that makes us, fashions us, sculpts us out with the sharp edge of a pitiless chisel; it prunes superabundant life; and that which remains, more exquisite and more enduring, enriched by the very loss, draws from it the gift of a superior life."

The world of fish is silence, that of insects is for the most part night. But the world of birds is light. Those of the south have its reflection on their wings, those of the north salute it with their songs. The bird's flight depends upon it. That flight is at once swiftest and boldest among those who see furthest; with the falcon, that can distinguish a wren in a bush from the skies, to the swallow that detects a fly at a distance of a thousand feet. So perfect is the sight in some birds, as the pigeon, the stork, the crow, or the swallow, that they remember every feature of a country which they have once traversed. Let us acknowledge this superiority. Let us contemplate without envy these sources of enjoyment which we shall also, perhaps, participate in in a better existence. The delight of seeing so much, and so far, of piercing the infinite with the eye, what does it attach itself to? To this life, which is our remote idea: "To live in full light and with no shade." Night, again, is the reverse of day. The fatality that chains even winged creatures to the terrestrial globe, makes night their time of trial, as it is to all other creatures. Little does man, in the security of civil associations, know of the anguish of savage life at the hours when Nature leaves such limited means of defense, when its terrible impartiality opens the way to death, as legitimate as is life. All nocturnal animals of prey have this in common, that they arrive without making any noise.

Again, what joy, when in the morning light dispels the terror of the night! What chatting, what chirping, what singing! It is like a universal felicitation at seeing one another again, of still living. The lark ascends and sings, it bears the gladness of the earth upwards into the skies. "Birds chant the morning hymn, and the blessing of the day for all nature. Their innocent and divine voices are its priest and its augur."

Beings eminently electrical, birds are in closer relation than any other creatures with numerous phenomena of meteorology, heat and magnetism, that are inappreciable to our senses. That they have a kind of physical forewarning for such is a fact known to all antiquity, and familiar to every observer of nature. Had Napoleon taken notice of the premature migration southward of the birds of the north in 1811, he would have saved an army.

It has been said that these migrations take place in their season without any choice of day at indeterminate epochs. Michelet combats this view of the case. Being at Nantes in October, 1851, he saw the swallows gather together one fine morning on the roof of the Church of St. Felix. Their discussions were loud, anxious, and prolonged, but at length they took flight. They had not traveled some three hundred leagues (four or five hours' flight) when it came on to rain, as if threatening a deluge. Not an insect but was struck down to the ground, and had the swallows remained one day longer it would have been too late.

A chapter on the swallow, free in virtue of its admirable powers of flight, free by its facility of obtaining food, and free in its choice of climate, never singing but in praise of life, and blessing the Creator, appropriately closes the subject of migration. Another on the harmonies of the temperate zone, repeating some points previously noticed; and another on birds as workmen and architects for themselves and for man, lead the way to the final discourses on song, crowned by "the nightingale."

This little songster of our woods is, in Michelet's estimation, the only artist among birds. It alone is a creator; it alone varies, enriches, amplifies its song, and adds to it new songs. It alone is fecund and capable of variation within itself; others are so only by education and by imitation. It alone resumes all that others can do, and accomplishes all that others can do; other birds, even the most brilliant, can only give one melody of the nightingale's. Only one other bird can produce sublime effects by simple means, and that is the lark, "daughter of the sun."

We have said enough to give an idea of the spirit which guides and pervades this new philosophy of ornithology. Looking over the concluding summary and

éclaircissements, we find we have not left out any suggestion or speculation of interest or importance. Good-will towards all living creatures, and a more correct sense of the relations in which birds stand to man; the domestication of such species as are fitted for it, and forbearance towards all, as only fulfilling each its own part in the great scheme of creation—such are the great lessons taught us by these philosophic views of the nature of being.

It is time to turn, then, to see how far the same principles are applicable to insect life. Birds, Michelet says, he had understood and loved. "We exchanged languages. I spoke for them, they sang for me." But it is different when, fallen from the skies, he finds himself in presence of the mysterious and dumb offspring of night. What language is he to use, what signs of intelligence must he invent, and how shall he contrive to establish relations of intimacy with insect life?

An insect is an enigma. What is not understood, is distrusted. It is therefore killed to save the trouble of inquiry. Besides, an insect is so small, that one is not expected to act upon principles of justice towards it.

"Yet to the systems of philosophers and to the fears of children (which are perhaps the same thing) this would be about its answer:

"It would insist, in the first place, that justice is universal—that size makes no difference in respect to right—and that if it could be supposed that right is not equal, and that universal love could move the balance, it would be in favor of the little ones.

"It would say that it is absurd to judge by appearances, to condemn organs the uses of which are unknown, and which are, for the most part, tools of special professions, or the instruments of a thousand trades; that it (the insect) is the great destroyer and fabricator, preëminently an industrious creature, and one of the most active workmen endowed with life.

"It would say, (and its assurance would seem to participate of pride,) that to judge by visible signs, works, and results, it is among all creatures that which loves the most. Love gives to it wings, a marvelous display of colors, and even visible flames. Love is to it a proximate or instantaneous death, with an astonishing maternal foresight, which enables it to continue its ingenious protection to its orphan. Lastly, this maternal genius goes so far as to surpass and even eclipse the rare instances of association among birds and quadrupeds, and to induce the insect to create republics and cities!"

In the long studies which paved the way to the production of his work on

birds, "insects," Michelet says, "appeared to him, as seen by the side of the former, sometimes in harmony, at others in antagonism, but still oftener in profile, as a subordinate creation." As with birds, however, Michelet would have us to understand that his experiences were real. He had published "*L'Oiseau*," and desirous of repose, he sought for it in a way-side inn—once a convent—at about half a league from Lucerne. The Alps, which he had designated in his works as "the common altar of Europe," were still the same to him. He could salute without horror the great shadows that fell from the mountains, and contemplate with religious ecstasy the great harmonies which, vague elsewhere, are there palpable to the eye. Close by was a pine forest elevated above the lake, behind the rock called Seeburgh. This was his favorite haunt, and in its recesses he was in the company of tomtits and wasps, of scolyti, eating up the hearts of the old pines, and themselves again attacked by the woodpecker. In one of these trees, hollowed out by these tiny insects, and then, when exhausted, abandoned by them, he found what he calls "a real palace, or rather a vast and superb city." This, the work possibly of generations of ants, he compares to Thebes and to Babylon. His wife, the companion of his travels and his studies, had removed with a stick the green and moist mosses which constituted the outer ramparts to this insect acropolis; and accustomed as he was to the falls of republics and of empires, still this accident suggested a train of painful thought. "What can I do," he exclaimed, inwardly, "for this world destroyed, for this city ruined? What can I do for this great insect population, so laborious and so meritorious, and which yet all living things despise, persecute, or devour; which itself only exhibits bright evidences of disinterested love and public devotion—the social sense in its most brilliant energy? One thing: understand it, explain it, and, if I can, bring to it the light of a kindly interpretation."

It was at Fontainebleau, however, that he brought his experiences to maturity. That strange, gloomy, fantastic, and alternately sandy and rocky forest, was just the place for such studies. The true fairy is nature. Convinced that there is harmony in every thing, even in "dead nature," he says that he understood that

"in this limited space, in this apparent disorder of stones, trees, and rocks, there lay a form sufficiently regular to hide within itself a mystery which nothing betrayed at first sight." The well-known sandstone of Fontainebleau is very pervious to moisture. The rain-waters percolate through it, and flow into a common central reservoir, leaving the surface dry, yet nourishing the roots of the trees. This is the genius of the place. "Yet the word 'genius' is too definite. The word 'fairy' is too lax." A great Italian artist gives it expression in the saloon of Henri II. It is the *Nemorosa*, her hands full of wild flowers, secreted behind a rude rock, yet herself sympathizing and dreamy, her eyes full of tears.

The real inhabitants of this forest are the ants. They constitute an infinitely numerous population. The quarriers and the ants now alone give life to the scene. Formerly there were bees, but the introduction of pines and fir-trees, that allow nothing to grow under them, have killed the flowers and the heather. The ants labored in the sands, the quarrymen worked at the sandstone. Michelet admired the similarity of their destiny, their laborious patience, their admirable perseverance. "Men-ants above, ants almost men below." Free possessors of the sky, birds hovered over men, but grovelling ants imitated the laborious destiny of humanity. "I, too," says Michelet, "have resembled much more a bee, or an ant, than a bird, in the indefatigable labor that has kept me to my work."

The world of insects may be that of darkness and of mystery; yet is it, nevertheless, that in which we find the most striking light thrown upon the two treasures so dear to the soul—love and immortality. This is so particularly manifested in the metamorphoses of certain species, that it has been a favorite image from all antiquity with poets, with philosophers, and with pious men alike.

"The artist Gros saw one day one of his pupils come into his study, a handsome, thoughtless youth, who had deemed it a clever thing to pin a superb butterfly to his hat, where it still flapped in agony. The painter was indignant, and his passion so roused, that he exclaimed: "What, wretch! is that the feeling that you have for great things? You find a beautiful creature, and you know of nothing better than to crucify it, and to kill it barbarously! Go out of this, and never come back again! never appear again in my presence!"

This anger will not surprise those who know how lively were the sensibilities of the great artist, how deep his worship of the beautiful. It is more surprising to hear the anatomist Lyonnet comforting himself, at the conclusion of his dissertation on the structure of the caterpillar, that to acquire all that information he had only had to destroy three individuals. Insects are repulsive, cause anxiety, and even create fear in proportion to our ignorance. Almost all, especially in our climates, are totally inoffensive. But we always suspect the unknown, and we almost always kill them as the shortest way of solving the riddle. We say of insects, Little things, insignificant, unworthy of notice. Yet this insignificance is infinity. They constitute a world enormously powerful, which is despised in detail, and yet which at times terrifies us when it appears before our eyes in some of its unforeseen revelations. Look at the mighty ocean, illuminated at night by myriads of imperceptible animalculæ? Who can contemplate such a scene, and not be filled with wonder and admiration at the fecundity of nature! Look at the molluscs, who are neither more nor less than the constructors of the globe we inhabit. They have prepared with their remains the soil that is under our feet. They have passed by decomposition into the state of chalk or limestone; they do not the less constitute the basis of a large portion of the earth's crust.

Strange to say, it is the smallest creatures that have effected the greatest results. The rhizopode, invisible to the naked eye, has raised a monument to itself greater than the Pyramids—nothing less than Central Italy and a large proportion of the Apennines. A great portion of the vast cordillera of the Andes has no other origin than the relics of molluscs tilted up and changed by volcanic action. It was not the great animals, the rhinoceroses or the mastodons, which contributed by their bones to make up the soil. It was the smallest living creatures. The siliceous tripoli, Ehrenberg has shown, is made up of animalcules so small that it would require one hundred and eighty-seven millions of them to weigh one grain!

In our own times we see the calcareous polypi, corals, and madrepores creating islands, nay, whole archipelagoes, and we also find further that numerous other animals of the fish and molluscous tribes

feed upon these lithophytes whilst still in a soft condition, when they have not secreted so much stony substance as to constitute an adequate protection, and, digesting them, void them in the shape of chalk. English navigators have recently discovered at the bottom of the sea this great animo-chemical factory of chalk going on, and in which the living is constantly passing to the inorganic state. Not only this, but in other places where the coral and madrepore rocks of former times have been disrupted and broken up by changes that have since taken place, nature sends another laborer who throws out a stony envelope to its soft body, which it goes on ever prolonging, uniting stone to stone, coral to madrepore, throwing bridges across chasms, and welding reef to reef—a labor such as man, in all his pride, could never dream of undertaking, and by which the island of Sicily, without some unanticipated geological change, will one day be surrounded by a continuous rocky reef.

Michelet treats of insects under the three aspects of their metamorphoses, their mission and their arts, and their social condition. The first embraces what he is pleased to designate as "love and death," something more than instinct—the orphan, the mummy nymph or chrysalis, and the phoenix or perfect insect. The second embraces the insect as an agent of nature in the acceleration of death and of life, insects that are auxiliaries to man, the phantasmagory of colors and of light, the silkworm, the instruments of insects and their chemical energies, the renovation of art from the study of insects, and the spider. The third aspect opens to us "the city of darkness—the termites," ants, wasps, and bees.

Our philosopher's efforts to place himself in social relation with insects were not so successful as with birds, whose language excessive sympathy almost led him to believe he could understand. But insects had no language; they breathed by their sides; they had no communication with the outer world but by their electric antennæ. He could not even detect that they had a physiognomy, an expression.

"This fixed mask, (he says,) motionless, condemned to silence, is it that of a monster or of a specter? No. On contemplating its motions and its many acts marked by reflection, its arts more advanced than those of great animals, one is more than tempted to believe that there is some one in that head. And, from the top to

the lowest in the scale of life, one perceives the identity of mind."

If insects speak to us neither by the voice nor by their physiognomy, by what do they appeal to us? By their energies. By the prodigious destruction which they effect in the over-productiveness of nature; by their colors, fires, and poisons, and by their arts. In all these manifestations, if properly understood, there is nothing but wisdom and beneficence. Even the persecution of domestic animals by flies constitutes, according to our philosopher, their safety. Without the stimulus given by these tiny persecutors, cattle would remain at times stupidly resigned, till, no longer capable of movement, they would perish on the spot. Flies drive them to running waters, or to more salubrious places. In Central Africa the *nam* regulates the migrations of whole herds. The *taetæ*, it is to be supposed, is sent by some such similar provision of nature. Even the terrible ant, when it invades a house and expels the inhabitants, does so for wise purposes. They destroy every living thing; mice, toads, snakes, are all devoured—not an insect, nor even an insect's egg is left. The house is thoroughly cleansed, and then the visitors leave it to its master, going on to another. The spiders of the Antilles are such good servants, and so useful in the destruction of flies, that they are sold in the markets as birds are with us.

Among the other auxiliaries of man are the dragon-fly, that kills its thousands of insects in a day; the cicindela, which, with its two sabres for jaws, is immensely destructive of insect life; the carabi, a tribe of warriors armed to the teeth, real "gardes champêtres." It is cruel to destroy these useful little creatures; they should, on the contrary, be respected.

Of auxiliaries of another description, we have worms, which digest, cleanse, and renew the soil. In a similar manner the necrophori are ever busy in removing putridity. Gardeners are often exasperated at the presence of insects in tubercles, as of the dahlia, when they are really there only to remove the dead or diseased parts. Nothing would be more advantageous to all who are interested in gardens than to know how to distinguish useful from hurtful insects. People would not then be daily committing violence to the harmonies of nature.

Some insects are edible: a learned entomologist tells us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds, and spiders of nuts. The Roman ladies used to eat the cossi, as the Eastern ladies still do the blaps, and the Portuguese of Brazil ants, "at the moment when their wings raise them in the air like an aspiration of love."

But to be enabled truly to appreciate insect life we must study their labors in the social state. The bee and the ant exhibit life in its highest state of harmony. Both are highly endowed, intelligent, educated alike as artists and architects. The ant is more especially remarkable as an educator, the bee as a geometrician. The ant is republican; the bee, on the contrary, finds a moral support in a queen. It is, then, with insects as with man, Providence permits a diversity of political condition. "In a city of virgins," Michelet tells us, "a queen bee is a common mother—the type of a religion of love. In both maternity constitutes the social principle, but fraternity also flourishes, and attains a ripe and active development."

If the organization of insects is so low as is generally supposed, they are only so much the more to be admired for being able to accomplish such great works with such inferior organs.

It is especially to be remarked that the most perfect works are executed by those very insects (in the instance of ants, for example) that are not endowed with especial organs to facilitate their execution, and which have, therefore, to supply their place by skill and invention.

"If these artists were not so small, in what high consideration would not their arts and their labors be held! If the cities of the termites were compared with the huts of negroes, and the subterranean labors of ants with the excavations of the Tourangeaux on the Loire, how significantly would the superior art of insects shine forth! Is it, then, size that influences the moral judgment of men? What is the size necessary to be attained to win your esteem?"

These are the dreams of a democratic optimist, teeming with exquisite fancies and noble aspirations, but more fitted for another and a better world than for this. No wonder that the work on "Birds" has met with little acceptance in this utilitarian country, albeit the home of a Wilson, a Bewick, and a White. The work on

"Insects" has not been before introduced to the reading public: it is as yet almost unfledged. If we have done any thing towards making the intent and purport of

both more generally understood and better appreciated, we shall not regret the pains bestowed on what has been truly a labor of love.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE TIMES AND "THE LONDON TIMES."

WHEN galvanic spasm is elevated by statesmen to the dignity of Life, and the despot replaces volition with the string of the puppet, we are apt to inquire into the sanity of the former, and the honesty of the latter. Numbers and Antiquity are the little household gods to which men bow down. Not the less are they the great gods of entire nations. There, they usurp the hallowed throne of Truth. If man be taught by advancing from the known to the unknown—if the organs of sensation form his stepping-stones to the edifice of knowledge—if he thus proceeds from the concrete to the abstract, and, by the aid of the former, at last rears the temple of science, that is no reason why he should obstinately confound the scaffolding with the solid masonry of the towering structure. Still less is the blindness of that individual to be eulogized, who can mistake the freedom of the oak for the rigidity of the column. We can not stunt the growth of men nor of states by the bare assertion that the one is a marble statue, the other a gorgeous building. Each must expand, or it dies. At this very moment, England is an evidence of the fact, in her commerce, her government, and above all, her Parliament. Wherever free men live, free institutes will arise. These, like the offspring of man, or that of the forest, grow without legislation. The law of growth lies in their very being—it is not impressed from without. The soil is free—the sap is strong. The plant, alike human and vegetable, upshoots not at the military word of command. It grows—it is not built. How strangely, then, do statesmen think of England's state! Her con-

stitution is not, can never be, a pile of building. It is the forest oak ever growing the more mightily, ever spreading its branches the more widely, ever striking its roots the more deeply from the shades of distant ages forward, down through sun-lit glades to that expanse of verdure which now allows the breath of heaven to play around its branches, and exhibits beneath its majestic shelter the elastic step of the Freeman. In a word, it is the man that makes the state, and not the state the man. The might of Great Britain is but the aggregate moral power of each single individual. In England, then, policy has not arisen from politicians, nor institutions from institutes. No doctors of the Sorbonne have squared her constitution; no salaried legislature has struck out its decorous length, and breadth, and depth, and height; no communists have laid down on paper trim and elaborate schemes for its formation. It is just what it has grown to be, and it is nothing more. Let us not, however, forget that it will continue to grow. Before we can stop that, we must root up the tree itself.

Perhaps there is no stronger instance of this vitality in our constitution, energizing, leavening, and leading the masses, than the power of the Press. Here we behold the singular spectacle of a body of men gradually forcing their way into the Commons' House and there sitting as the censors of an ancient body of legislators. This is the new Parliament of Publicity, in contradistinction to the parliament of closed doors—the rising physician called in to feel the pulse of the aged practitioner. Our parliamentary proceed-

ings are often painfully tortuous and methodical. Words are weighed, and precedent reverently worshiped. Cooped up within the arena of this national colosseum, our classical gladiators, alternately the *Retiarii* of the government, and the *Secutores* of the Opposition, are intent only on the petty conflict of the hour. Meanwhile, the mighty flood of life without is pursuing its grand course in freer tides of existence. Voice rises upon voice—wave rolls onward upon wave, an ocean of life and of sound. On the margin of this multitudinous deep, stands the true national Canute. It is the Press. His power, like that of his great prototype, lies not in listening to flatteries, but in the enunciation of Truth. The free press is the viceroy of a free people. To be faithful, or to fall—such is his destiny. Treachery would insure his deposition. While England presents us with this noble spectacle of an independent corrective of the deficiencies of our statesmen and legislators, we can not but be curious to ascertain that law which has produced so remedial a publicity in our own land and its colonial off-shoots: so compulsory a silence in nearly all others. In France, the press has been alternately the exponent of anarchical license and of abject submission. Throughout the whole of Europe it is, at this moment, either silenced or muzzled, as though it were some wild beast and not a reasoning power. Spurious civilization has tamely endured this ignominy; not so genuine enlightenment: for the latter consists not in the gloss of the exterior, but in inward purity of principle. Let us face the plain facts of the case as honest men should do. And here we would inquire, as we have done elsewhere, what that is which has given a superior moral tone to our press generally? We can not deny that it is genuine Christianity, in its uncorporate, individual, abstract form. All the decorative holiness of substance or of sound—of robe or of reverend—of altar or of music, which make up the religion of the Papal continent—have done nothing for the freedom or moral dignity of the English press. Had they done so, the evidences would have also appeared in that of Italy, of Spain, of France, and of Austria. We are, then, thrown back upon the fact, that the morality of our press has been raised, because a purer Christianity has raised it. In fact, a free Bible

has produced a free press. Possessed of this "GREAT CHARTER," no country can be permanently a slave; despoiled of it, none can be permanently free; its holiest sympathies flow in the life-blood of the enfranchised. The free press of England dates its real origin from Wickliffe and his Bible, Cobham and his Lollards; from Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, and Jewell, and Knox; know we that Milton, and Bunyan, and Baxter, and the Seven Bishops in the Tower, and Cameronians, and Covenanters, and Puritans, and Non-conformists, and Independents, and Baptists, and Wesleyans—those were founders: these builders of our free press. None but Christians could weary out oppression with the copious offering of their lives. They conquered when coward intellectuality had fled the field. Let our statesmen never lose sight of the fact, that the free policy of England has arisen out of its pure Christianity. That constitutes a moral grandeur which all the cabinets of statesmen, and all the autographs of princes, can never equal. It is in this point of view that we can not but regret the cheap religious flippancy of the principal political organ of the day.

It is in this spirit that the Metropolitan of the Press informs us, in one of its leaders, that though "the letter killeth in some cases, we do not think it does in the case of the Bank of England note;" or, in another, that such and such a one is like "the son who had his allowance of fatted calves so regularly, that he thought it a matter of course;" or, in a third, that "there are men who have their names down not only in the Book of Life, but also in the Peerage." In fact, discreditable levities of this stamp are of continual occurrence, constituting grave blots on the great mirror of public intelligence. Nor has this peculiarity been unobserved. That a part of the press, that is so strong an advocate of the union of the Church of England with the state, should descend to flippant remarks upon that Book, which the articles of our own Church declare to be "HOLY SCRIPTURE," is surely a strange mode of defending her. Such a line of conduct can not convey to foreign nations a very exalted opinion of the moral self-respect felt by writers who are dignified with the title of Protestant gentlemen and scholars; still less will it raise their character as Christians among

the reflecting portion of their fellow-countrymen. To desecrate the volume of Revelation by using it as a reference book for cheap witticisms, shows alike poverty of invention and bad taste. It does worse than this: it virtually countenances the Bible-burnings of papalized Italy, Austria, and Spain. Nay more, we have seen it, like the mediæval noble, take into its service the cap and bells of the professional jester; while, with a taste peculiarly its own, and more cannibal than Christian, it has esteemed the hunch of the buffoon as flavorful as that of the buffalo. We quarrel not with the poor deformed heathen, who submissively does the will of his master,

"And thinks, admitted to some equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Well would it be, however, if the misshapen creature would attire himself more decently in this Christian land, dressing his canine companion with a cleaner frill. He might then joyfully exclaim with Gloucester:

"I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favor with myself
I will maintain it with some little cost."

But what, we proceed to ask, are the special aptitudes which have made England the great colonizing power of the world? What has made her the great Mother? What is that which has given to Great Britain a healthy, surging vitality unknown to the dead sea of continental politics? We answer. It is, primarily, the mighty maternity of Revelation. Barrenness—utter barrenness, is the sentence passed upon the great despotisms of Europe. Effete of offspring—clad in armor, beneath whose ponderous weight they are well-nigh borne down, like the "Giant Despair" of Bunyan, they are ever ready to fall into one of the giant's fainting fits. What a moral for the statesman, the legist, and the Christian, is presented by the colonial history of Europe! Why is it that the great military powers of the West have been stript of their vast outlying possessions? France, overborne in a death-struggle in the East, and expelled from India, to make way for Eng-

land and her mighty sovereignty over two hundred millions of human beings—Canada, and the greater part of her island possessions torn from her grasp, with little more than the barren savagery of Algiers to console her for her losses; Spain, with her once vast empire of South-America and the Netherlands lost to her forever, with Cuba gasping under the pressure of the United States; Italian Genoa and Venice, with their former extensive commerce in the Black Sea and the East, long since decayed; and Austria, with the grasp of the Papacy upon her gorge, bidding her "deliver or die;" what and why are all these great facts in the world's history? Let the reflecting individual ponder deeply upon them, for they constitute the mirror of the future. Let the *Univers* meditate upon the singular spectacle, and honestly consider if such an array of remarkable facts harmonize with its own fond vaticinations of England's decay and proximate downfall. What a magnificent progeny shall, ere long, have sprung from these little islands! In less than fifty years, there will be a larger number of our race speaking the English tongue than any other throughout Europe; and with one or two exceptions, throughout the world. With the population of North-America trebled, and its teeming multitudes crowding downwards to its southern regions; with the Canadas swollen with a vigorous and industrious people; with Australia, India, and the Ocean Isles wondrously replenished with our great Anglo-Saxon stock; what a grand spectacle will there not be presented to the philanthropist and the Christian! And let us, above all, remember that this free race will not fail to take with it its own free institutions and its own free literature. Of the latter, what a mighty pabulum already exists for the intellectual nutriment of these energetic myriads! What nation is so rich as Great Britain in works of sterling, practical science; of wondrous travels; of interesting biography; of earnest and profound theology; of independent thought; of maritime discovery; of manly enterprise; of lofty Christianity? Here is an ample store for the mental aliment of England's world-wide progeny. Let us not willfully ignore the fact, that the true germ of policy in every land lies in the purity or impurity of its religion—in the unshackled independence of soul, of in-

* *Caste and Christianity*. By TEMPLE CHRISTIAN FABER. Robert Hardwick, Piccadilly, London.

tellect, of moral action. Let us not forget that when we talk of "social questions," we are, in fact, standing upon higher ground and breathing a purer atmosphere than belong to society. We can not even talk of "morality," without perceiving that this "morality" is not a parent but a child—not a master but a servant. Impartial history has taken the measure of these two stunted dwarfs of Rome and Greece, and has handed down to us no very laudable tales of their conduct. We have no desire to drink from a scoured pig-trough, when we can have access to a CRYSTAL FOUNT. Poor Mungo Park had no choice—he was dying of thirst, and he shared the liquid life with the swine. How long shall the masses of what is pompously called "Christendom" remain in a similar or even worse category? All freedom must begin from within. It is not a parasitic, but the tree. "What," it has been asked, "but the free spirit of the Reformation founded, Bible in hand, the majestic array of the American Colonies?"

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
Nor the trumpet that sings of fame:
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the forest gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

The golden proverbs, alike of national piety and national enterprise, are correlatives. There are, indeed, great things which have produced but little results; there are glorious things which have but tended to inglorious effects. The pomps of art and the gorgeousness of an hierarchic array may shed their magnificence over the dazzled senses—they may produce a delirious day-dream, but they have never yet produced a nation of FREEMEN. The spirit of commercial enterprise, and the national distinction of grand mechanical agencies, are diametrically opposed to superstition. The one flourishes by inquiry, the other exists by monotony; the one is the creature of light, the other of darkness. The former gratifies taste and gilds corruption; the latter grows mighty from judgment. The first clears the intellect of communities; the latter soothes by a narcotic. The one imparts to its offspring a giant mould; to the other is born a stunted progeny.

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"The railway, the steam-engine, the vast mechanism of the factory, the widening glories of our English constitution, and, finally, the free life of a world in the west—all these are the offspring, not of form, but of life—not of mendicant fraternities, but of the free brotherhood of Christians; not of Loyola, but of Luther: in one word, not of superstition, but of Christianity. A nation that can exhibit results so grand can well afford to endure the taunt of gross materialism. But let it be remembered that it was intellectual freedom that called into existence the ministering agency by which these wonders were produced, by which the sustenance and the intelligence of myriads were stimulated and insured."

But let us ask if these agencies have produced their natural effect. Let us listen to the same authority. He thus writes:

"We have lived to behold, even beneath the blaze of freedom's sunlight, the leprous progeny of mediæval priestcraft and mediæval tyranny, scornful to hide the ghastly whiteness of their taint, by robes empurpled by the blood of Christianity and Freedom. We have lived to see barbaric force and fraud struggling to realize the mad dream of universal empire. We have lived to see artificial nationalities made to order, and the soul of a free people made an inflated toy for the sport of imperial childhood. We have lived to see, unexposed by the gloom of the dark ages, ecclesiastical corporations stretching between the Christian and his sun the flimsy tawdriness of curtains, stained by the blood of martyrs; but the LIGHT still shines. We have seen them vainly banded together to arrest the revolution of the intellectual world—'e pur se muove,' we exclaim, with Galileo. Yes! it still moves with increasing majesty and momentum. We have lived to see the power, wealth, and dignity of a whole people deliberately laid low, on the very vestibule of nationality, as a mere mat for the cleansing of the pontifical shoe. We have lived to see, in our own Protestant Church, ecclesiastical arrogance enthroned on the dais of priestly caste, exclusive as its own brazen gates, and as narrow-minded as its phylacteries are broad. In lieu of living for souls, priests have conived at the sale of souls for a living. When Christianity is baptized with the pagan waters of Lethe, the national godfather is apt to confound the golden shower of Danaë with the sprinklings of regeneration. The scandal, however, is a genteel one, and it befits a people of caste like the English.

"Chapman of souls! that from fair Isis' banks,
Bring'st with thy purchase-price of flock and fold,
The way genteel to heaven—accept Rome's thanks
For thy new mercy-seat of purest gold—

* "Caste and Christianity."

For daily floral sacrifice for sin,
Where *SELF*, man's great high-priest, the Holiest,
enters in."

These are hard things; but after Mr. Osborne's letters, we fear they must be pronounced to be "proven." Meanwhile, we can not but deem the great political organ of the day essentially wrong in its almost dishonest system of Compromise. This compromise is its paradise of truth. But compromise has never yet produced great poets, great statesmen, nor great Christians. We can not laud that slavish servitude that waits on the chariot-wheels of success—that represses earnestness—earnestness, which is the very life-blood of British enterprise. Nor can we admire that singular idiosyncrasy which expects all mankind, Mr. Spurgeon not excepted, to be borne in the arms of its dry nurse, Mrs. Punch, to the baptism of its own leaden font. The impartial monkey who nibbled off the cheese of the litigant cats was certainly not a very respectable judge-in-equity; nor can we attach much greater judicial dignity to those astute similes of the Press, whose simulated gravity now passes sentence on the Protestant, now on the Catholic; anon jauntily takes its judicial seat on the Bible, and anon holds out its friendly paw to Christians. England does not want an overgrown Chimpanzee for its mentor, but an honest man. Somewhat more than versatility, time-serving, and simulation, is in requisition. A higher tone of morality is also demanded for our public men; nor will capacity be tolerated instead of steadfast integrity.

It is impossible not to be struck with the frequent collisions increasingly occurring between what is called the Executive and the Commons. It has become increasingly difficult to carry on the government. What does this show but that we have entered upon another phase of the so-called "constitution?" That constitution may not fully answer the requirements of this great country. No nation is less inclined to change for the sake of

change than ours. We are not naturally fickle-minded, but rather apathetic, phlegmatic, and contented. The nation will tolerate much from its professional statesmen, but it will not tolerate national degradation. Increased publicity in diplomatic affairs will be insisted on.

If the isolation of England has been complained of by foreign writers, let it be remembered that it is the isolation of the Freeman from the bondage of the Slave. Nay, more, it requires no great forecast to perceive that that isolation will be increased by the increase of national morality and a more simple Christianity. Publicity can not be made to chime in with Secrecy—a closed press with an open one—light with darkness—communities of religious harlequins with a people of rational piety. Whatever may be done by the rulers of France and England, we may rest assured that the bulk of either population will never harmonize until the first great principle be harmonized from which the legislation of each has sprung up. Congresses have been fashionable of late years; materialities and "material pledges" have been dealt with pretty liberally; but we have as yet had no notice of a Congress for securing the freedom of conscience for the entirety of Europe. We respectfully invite the Pope to the presidency of this conference. Before statesmen take one step in any direction, statistic or political, it behoves them publicly to lay down this great principle; and we beg of France, "the first of civilized nations," to see it carried out. There is no half-way house to TRUTH. That is the only promontory which has ever commanded one unbroken prospect over the tide of time. From any thing short of this, there is no prospect at all. The lightnings of the political heaven may play around its summit—the popular billows may thunder at its base; but the PILGRIM of TRUTH, and the mighty pedestal upon which he stands, remain alike unscathed by the elemental war and the red artillery of the skies.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

THE afternoon of a hot June day was drawing towards evening, and the great world of London—for it was the height of the season—were beginning to think of dinner. In a well-furnished dressing-room, the windows being open for air, and the blinds drawn down to exclude the sun, stood a lady, whose maid was giving the last touch to her rich attire. It was Lady Sarah Hope.

"What bracelets, my lady?" asked the maid, taking a small bunch of keys from her pocket.

"None now: it is so very hot. Alice," added Lady Sarah, turning to a young lady, who was leaning back on a sofa, "have them ready displayed for me when I come up, and I will decide then."

"I have them ready, Lady Sarah?" returned Miss Seaton.

"If you will be so kind. Hughes, give the key to Miss Seaton."

Lady Sarah left the room, and the maid, Hughes, began taking one of the small keys off the ring. "I have got leave to go out, miss, she explained, "and am going directly. My mother is not well, and wants to see me. This is the key, miss."

As Miss Seaton took it, Lady Sarah reappeared at the door. "Alice, you may as well bring the jewel-box down to the back drawing-room. I shall not care to come up here after dinner: we shall be late, as it is."

"What's that about a jewel-box?" inquired a pretty-looking girl, who had come from another apartment.

"Lady Sarah wishes me to bring her bracelets down to the drawing-room, that she may choose which to put on. It was too hot to dine in them, she said."

"Are you not coming in to dinner to-day, Alice?"

"No. I walked out, and it has tired me, as usual. I have had some tea instead."

"I would not be you for all the world, Alice! To possess so little capability of enjoying life."

"Yet if you were as I am, weak in health and strength, your lot would have been so soothed to you, that you would not repine at or regret it."

"You mean I should be content," laughed the young lady. "Well, there is nothing like contentment, the sages tell us. One of my detestable school-room copies used to be, 'Contentment is happiness.'"

"I can hear the dinner being taken in," said Alice: "you will be late in the drawing-room."

Lady Frances Chenevix turned away to fly down the stairs; her light, rounded form, her elastic step, all telling of health and enjoyment, presented a marked contrast to that of Alice Seaton. Alice's face was indeed strangely beautiful, almost too refined and delicate for the wear and tear of common life, but her figure was weak and stooping, and her gait feeble. Of exceedingly good family, she had been suddenly thrown from her natural position of wealth and comfort to comparative poverty, and had found refuge as "companion" to Lady Sarah Hope.

Colonel Hope was a thin, spare man, with sharp brown eyes and sharp features; looking so shrunk and short, that he must have been smuggled into the army under hight; unless he had since been growing downwards. No stranger could have believed him at ease in his circumstances, any more than they would have believed him a colonel who had seen hard service in India, for his clothes were frequently thread-bare. A black ribbon supplied the place of a gold chain, as guard to his watch, and a blue tin-looking thing of a galvanized ring did duty for any other ring on his finger. Yet he was rich; of fabulous riches, people said; but he was of a close disposition, especially as regarded his personal outlay. In his home and to his wife he was liberal. They had been married several years, but had no children, and his large property was not entailed: it was believed that his nephew,

Gerard Hope, would inherit it, but some dispute had recently occurred, and Gerard had been turned out the house. Lady Frances Chenevix, the sister of Lady Sarah, but considerably younger, had been paying them an eight months' visit in the country, and had now come up to town with them.

Alice Seaton lay on the sofa for half an hour, and then, taking the bracelet-box in her hands, descended to the drawing-rooms. It was intensely hot, a sultry, breathless heat, and Alice threw open the back-window, which in truth made it hotter, for the sun gleamed right athwart the leads which stretched themselves beyond the window, over the out-buildings at the back of the row of houses.

She sat down near this back-window, and began to put out some of the bracelets on the table before it. They were rare and rich: of plain gold, of silver, of pearl, of precious stones. One of them was of gold links studded with diamonds; it was very valuable, and had been the present of Colonel Hope to his wife on her recent birthday. Another diamond bracelet was there, but it was not so beautiful or so costly as this. When her task was done, Miss Seaton passed into the front drawing-room, and threw up one of its large windows. Still there was no air in the room.

As she stood at it, a handsome young man, tall and powerful, who was walking on the opposite side of the street, caught her eye. He nodded, hesitated, and then crossed the street as if to enter.

"It is Gerard!" uttered Alice, under her breath. "Can he be coming here?" She walked away from the window hastily, and sat down by the bedecked table in the other room.

"Just as I supposed!" exclaimed Gerard Hope, entering, and advancing to Alice with stealthy steps. "When I saw you at the window, the thought struck me that you were alone here, and they at dinner. Thomas happened to be airing himself at the door, so I crossed, and asked him, and came up. How are you, Alice?"

"Have you come to dinner?" inquired Alice, speaking at random, and angry at her own agitation.

"I come to dinner?" repeated Mr. Hope. "Why, you know they'd as soon sit down with the hangman."

"Indeed, I know nothing about it. I

was in hopes you and the Colonel might be reconciled. Why did you come in? Thomas will tell."

"No, he won't. I told him not. Alice, the idea of your never coming up till June! Some whim of Lady Sarah's, I suppose. Two or three times a week for the last month have I been marching past this house, wondering when it was going to show signs of life. Is Frances here still?"

"Oh! yes; she is going to remain some time."

"To make up for—Alice, was it not a shame to turn me out?"

"I was extremely sorry for what happened, Mr. Hope, but I knew nothing of the details. Lady Sarah said you had displeased the Colonel, and after that she never mentioned your name."

"What a show of smart things you have got here, Alice! Are you going to set up a bazar?"

"They are Lady Sarah's bracelets."

"So they are, I see! This is a gem," added Mr. Hope, taking up the fine diamond bracelet already mentioned. "I don't remember this one."

"It is new. The Colonel has just given it to her."

"What did it cost?"

Alice Seaton laughed. "Do you think I am likely to know? I question if Lady Sarah heard, herself."

"It never cost a farthing less than two hundred guineas," mused Mr. Hope, turning the bracelet in various directions that its rich diamonds might give out their gleaming light. "I wish it was mine."

"What should you do with it?" laughed Alice.

"Spout it."

"I do not understand," returned Alice. She really did not.

"I beg your pardon, Alice. I was thinking of the colloquial lingo familiarly applied to such transactions, instead of to whom I was talking. I meant raise money upon it."

"O Mr. Hope!"

"Alice, that's twice you have called me 'Mr. Hope.' I thought I was 'Gerard' to you before I went away."

"Time has elapsed since, and you seem like a stranger again," returned Alice, a flush rising to her sensitive face. "But you spoke of raising money: I hope you are not in temporary embarrassment."

"A jolly good thing for me if it turns

out only temporary," he rejoined. "Look at my position! Debts hanging over my head—for you may be sure, Alice, all young men, with a limited allowance and large expectations, contract them—and thrust out of my uncle's home with the loose cash I had in my pockets, and my clothes sent after me."

"Has the Colonel stopped your allowance?"

Mr. Hope laid down the bracelet from whence he had taken it, before he replied.

"He stopped it then: and I have not had a shilling since, except from my own resources. I first went upon tick; then I disposed of my watch and chain and all my other little matters of value; and now I am upon tick again."

"Upon what?" uttered Alice.

"You don't understand these free terms, Alice," he said, looking fondly at her, "and I hope you may never have occasion. Frances would: she has lived in their atmosphere."

"Yes, I know what an embarrassed man the Earl is, if you allude to that. But I am grieved to hear about yourself. Is the Colonel implacable? What was the cause of the quarrel?"

"You know I was to be his heir. Even if children had come to him, he had undertaken amply to provide for me. Last Christmas he suddenly sent for me, and told me it was his pleasure and Lady Sarah's that I should take up my abode with them. So I did, glad to get into such good quarters, and stopped there, like an innocent, unsuspecting lamb, till—when was it, Alice?—April. Then the plot came out. They had fixed upon a wife for me, and I was to hold myself in readiness to marry her at any given moment."

"Who was it?" inquired Alice, in a low tone, as she bent her head over the bracelets.

"Never mind," laughed Mr. Hope; "it wasn't you. I said I would not have her, and they both, he and Lady Sarah, pulled me and my want of taste to pieces, and assured me I was a monster of ingratitude. It provoked me into confessing that I liked somebody else better, and the Colonel turned me out."

Alice looked her sorrow, but she did not express it.

"And since then I have been having a fight with my creditors, putting them off

with fair words and promises. But they have grown incredulous, and it has come to dodging. In favor of my uncle, and his acknowledged heir, they would have given me unlimited time and credit, but the breach is known, and it makes all the difference. With the value of that at my disposal"—nodding at the bracelet—"I should stop some pressing personal trifles and go on again for a while. So you see, Alice, a diamond bracelet may be of use even to a gentleman, should some genial fortune drop such into his hands."

"I sympathize with you very much," said Alice, "and I wish I had it in my power to aid you."

"Thank you for your kind wishes; I know they are genuine. When my uncle sees the name of Gerard Hope figuring in the insolvent list, or amongst the outlaws, he—Hark! can they be coming up from dinner?"

"Scarcely yet," said Alice, starting up simultaneously with himself, and listening.

"But they will not sit long to-day, because they are going to the opera. Gerard, they must not find you here."

"And get you turned out as well as myself! No, not if I can help it. Alice!"—suddenly laying his hands upon her shoulders, and gazing down into her eyes—"do you know who it was I had learnt to love, instead of—of the other?"

She gasped for breath, and her color went and came. "No—no; do not tell me, Gerard."

"Why no, I had better not, under present circumstances, but when the good time comes—for all their high-roped indignation must and will blow over—*then I will*; and here's the pledge of it." He bent his head, took one long earnest kiss from her lips, and was gone.

Agitated almost to sickness, trembling and confused, Alice stole to look after him, terrified lest he might not escape unseen. She crept partly down the stairs, so as to obtain sight of the hall-door, and make sure that he got out in safety. As he drew it open, there stood a lady just about to knock. She said something to him, and he waved his hand towards the staircase. Alice saw that the visitor was her sister, a lady well married and moving in the fashionable world. She met her, and took her into the front drawing-room.

"I can not stay to sit down, Alice; I must make haste back to dress, for I am

engaged to three or four places to-night. Neither do I wish to horrify Lady Sarah with a visit at this untoward hour. I had a request to make to you, and thought to catch you before you went in to dinner."

"They are alone, and are dining earlier than usual. I was too tired to appear. What can I do for you?"

"In one word—I am in pressing need for a little money. Can you lend it me?"

"I wish I could," returned Alice; "I am so very sorry. I sent all I had to poor mamma the day before we came to town. It was only twenty-five pounds."

"That would have been of no use to me: I want more. I thought if you had been misering up your salary, you might have had a hundred pounds, or so, by you."

Alice shook her head. "I should be a long while saving up a hundred pounds, even if dear mamma had no wants. But I send to her what I can spare. Do not be in such a hurry," continued Alice, as her sister was moving to the door. "At least, wait one minute while I fetch you a letter I received from mamma this morning, in answer to mine. You will like to read it, for it is full of news about the old place. You can take it home with you."

Alice left her sister standing in the room, and went up-stairs. But she was more than one minute away, she was three or four, for she could not at first lay her hand upon the letter. When she returned, her sister advanced to her from the back drawing-room, the folding-doors between the two rooms being, as before, wide open.

"What a fine collection of bracelets, Alice!" she exclaimed, as she took the letter. "Are they spread out for show?"

"No," laughed Alice; "Lady Sarah is going to the opera, and will be in a hurry when she comes up from dinner. She asked me to bring them all down, as she had not decided which to wear."

"I like to dress before dinner on my opera nights."

"Oh! so of course does Lady Sarah," returned Alice, as her sister descended the stairs, "but she said it was too hot to dine in bracelets."

"It is fearfully hot. Good-by, Alice. Don't ring; I will let myself out."

Alice returned to the front room and looked from the window, wondering whether her sister had come in her

carriage. No. A trifling evening breeze was arising and beginning to move the curtains about. Gentle as it was, it was grateful, and Alice sat down in it. In a very few minutes the ladies came up from dinner.

"Have you the bracelets, Alice? Oh! I see."

Lady Sarah went into the back-room as she spoke, and stood before the table, looking at the bracelets. Alice rose to follow her, when Lady Frances Chenevix caught her by the arm, and began to speak in a covert whisper.

"Who was that at the door just now? It was a visitor's knock. Do you know, Alice, every hour, since we came to town, I have fancied Gerard might be calling. In the country he could not get to us, but here— Was it Gerard?"

"It—it was my sister," carelessly answered Alice. It was not a true answer, for her sister had not knocked, and she did not know who had. But it was the readiest that rose to her lips, and she wished to escape the questioning.

"Only your sister," sighed Frances, turning to the window with a gesture of disappointment.

"Which have you put on?" inquired Alice, going towards Lady Sarah.

"These loose fancy things; they are the coolest. I really am so hot: the soup was that favorite soup of the Colonel's, all capscums and cayenne, and the wine was hot; there had been a mistake about the ice. Hill trusted to the new man, and he did not understand it; it was all hot together. What the house will be to-night, I dread to think of."

Lady Sarah, whilst she spoke, had been putting the bracelets into the jewel-box, with very little care.

"I had better put them straight," remarked Alice, when she reached the table.

"Do not trouble," returned Lady Sarah, shutting down the lid. "You are looking flushed and feverish, Alice; you were wrong to walk so far to-day; Hughes will set them to rights to-morrow morning; they will do till then. Lock them up, and take possession of the key."

Alice did as she was bid. She locked the case and put the key in her pocket. "Here is the carriage," exclaimed Lady Frances. "Are we to wait for coffee?"

"Coffee in this heat!" retorted Lady Sarah, "it would be adding fuel to fire."

We will have some tea when we return. Alice, you must make tea for the Colonel; he will not come out without it. He thinks this weather just what it ought to be; rather cold, if any thing."

Alice had taken the bracelet-box in her hands as Lady Sarah spoke, and when they departed carried it up-stairs to its place in Lady Sarah's bed-room. The Colonel speedily rose from table, for his wife had laid her commands on him to join them early. Alice helped him to his tea, and as soon as he was gone she went up-stairs to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. Tired as she was, and exhausted in frame, sleep would not come to her. She was living over again her interview with Gerard Hope. She could not, in her conscious heart, affect to misunderstand his implied meaning—that *she* had been the cause of his rejecting the union proposed to him. It diffused a strange rapture within her, and though she had not perhaps been wholly blind and unconscious during the period of Gerard's stay with them, she now kept repeating the words, "Can it be? can it be?"

It certainly was so. Love plays strange pranks. There was Gerard Hope, heir to the fabulous wealth, consciously proud of his handsome person, his herculean strength, his towering form, called home and planted down by the side of a pretty and noble lady, on purpose that he might fall in love with her—Lady Frances Chevenix. And yet, the well-laid project failed: failed because there happened to be another at that young lady's side, a sad, quiet feeble-framed girl, whose very weakness may have seemed to others to place her beyond the pale of man's love. But love thrives by contrasts, and it was the feeble girl who won the love of the strong man.

Yes; the knowledge diffused a strange rapture within her, as she lay there that night, and she may be excused if, for a brief period, she gave range to the sweet fantasies it conjured up. For a brief period only: too soon the depressing consciousness returned to her, that these thoughts of earthly happiness must be subdued, for she, with her confirmed ailments and conspicuous weakness, must never hope to marry, as did other women. She had long known—her mother had prepared her for it—that one so afflicted and frail as she, whose tenure of

existence was likely to be short, ought not to become a wife, and it had been her earnest hope to pass through life unloving and unloved. She had striven to arm herself against the danger, against being thrown into the perils of temptation. Alas! it had come insidiously upon her; all her care had been set at naught; and she knew that she loved Gerard Hope with a deep and fervent love. "It is but another cross," she sighed, "another burden to surmount and subdue, and I will set myself, from this night, to the task. I have been a coward, shrinking from self-examination; but now that Gerard has spoken out, I can deceive myself no longer. I wish he had spoken more freely, that I might have told him it was useless."

It was only towards morning that Alice dropped asleep: the consequence was, that long after her usual hour for rising, she was still sleeping. The opening of her door, by some one, awoke her: it was Lady Sarah's maid.

"Why, miss! are you not up! Well, I never! I wanted the key of the jewel-box, but I'd have waited if I had known."

"What do you say you want?" returned Alice, whose ideas were confused, as is often the case on being suddenly awakened.

"The key of the bracelet-box, if you please."

"The key?" repeated Alice. "Oh! I remember," she added, her recollection returning to her. "Be at the trouble, will you, Hughes, to take it out of my pocket: it is on that chair, under my clothes."

The servant came to the pocket, and speedily found the key. "Are you worse than usual, miss, this morning," asked she, "or have you overslept yourself?"

"I have overslept myself. Is it late?"

"Between nine and ten. My lady is up, and at breakfast with master and Lady Frances."

Alice rose the instant the maid had left the room, and made haste to dress, vexed with herself for sleeping so long. She was nearly ready when Hughes came in again.

"If ever I saw such a confusion as that jewel-case was in!" cried she, in as pert and grumbling a tone as she dared to use. "The bracelets were thrown together without law or order—just as if they had

been so much glass and tinsel from the Lowther Arcade."

"It was lady Sarah did it," replied Alice. "I would have put them straight, but she said leave it for you. I thought she might prefer that you should do it, so did not press it."

"Of course her ladyship is aware there's nobody but myself knows how they are placed in it," returned Hughes, consequentially. "I could go to that, or to the other jewel-box, in the dark, miss, and take out any one thing my lady wanted, without disturbing the rest."

"I have observed that you have the gift of order," remarked Alice, with a smile. "It is very useful to those who possess it, and saves them from trouble and confusion."

"So it do, miss," said Hughes. "But I came to ask you for the diamond bracelet."

"The diamond bracelet!" echoed Alice. "What diamond bracelet? What do you mean?"

"It's not in the box, miss."

"The diamond bracelets are both in the box," rejoined Alice.

"The old one is there; not the new one. I thought you might have taken it out to show some one, or to look at, yourself, miss, for I'm sure it's a sight for pleasant eyes."

"I can assure you that it is in the case," said Alice. "All are there, except what Lady Sarah had on. You must have overlooked it."

"I must be a great donkey if I have," grumbled the girl. "It must be at the very bottom, amongst the cotton," she soliloquized, as she returned to Lady Sarah's apartments, "and I have just got to take every individual article out, to get to it. This comes of giving up one's keys to other folks."

Alice hastened down, begging pardon for her late appearance. It was readily accorded. Alice's office in the house was nearly a sinecure: when she had first entered upon it, Lady Sarah was ill, and required some one to sit with and read to her, but now that she was well again, Alice had little to do.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Alice was called from the room. Hughes stood outside.

"Miss," said she, with a long face, "the diamond bracelet is not in the box. I thought I could not be mistaken."

"But it must be in the box," said Alice.

"But it's *not*," persisted Hughes, emphasizing the negative; can't you believe me, miss? What's gone with it?"

Alice Seaton looked at Hughes with a puzzled, dreamy look. She was thinking matters over. It soon cleared again.

"Then Lady Sarah must have kept it out when she put in the rest. It was she who returned them to the case; I did not. Perhaps she wore it last night."

"No miss, that she didn't. She wore only those two—"

"I saw what she had on," interrupted Alice. "But she might also have put on the other, without my noticing. Then she must have kept it out for some other purpose. I will ask her. Wait here an instant, Hughes; for of course you will like to be at a certainty."

"That's cool," thought Hughes, as Alice went into the breakfast-room, and the Colonel came out of it with his newspaper. "I should have said it was somebody else would like to be at a certainty, instead of me. Thank goodness it wasn't in my charge, last night, if any thing dreadful has come to pass. My lady don't keep out her bracelets for sport. Miss Seaton has left the key about, that's what she has done, and it's hard to say who hasn't been at it: I knew the box had been ransacked over."

"Lady Sarah," said Alice, "did you wear your new diamond bracelet last night?"

"No."

"Then did you put it into the box with the others?"

"No," languidly repeated Lady Sarah, attaching no importance to the question.

"After you had chosen the bracelets you wished to wear, you put the others into the box yourself," explained Alice.

"Did you you put in the new one, the diamond, or keep it out?"

"The diamond was not there."

Alice stood confounded. "It was on the table at the back of all, Lady Sarah," she presently said. "Next the window."

"I tell you, Alice, it was not there. I don't know that I should have worn it, if it had been, but I certainly looked for it. Not seeing it, I supposed you had not put it out, and did not care sufficiently to ask for it."

Alice felt in a mesh of perplexity; curious thoughts, and very unpleasing ones, were beginning to come over her. "But,

Lady Sarah, the bracelet was indeed there when you went to the table," she urged. "I put it there."

"I can assure you that you labor under a mistake, as to its being there when I came up from dinner," answered Lady Sarah. "Why do you ask?"

"Hughes has come to say it is not in the case. She is outside, waiting."

"Outside, now? Hughes," called out her ladyship: and Hughes came in.

"What's this about my bracelet?"

"I don't know, my lady. The bracelet is not in its place, so I asked Miss Seaton. She thought your ladyship might have kept it out yesterday evening."

"I neither touched it nor saw it," said Lady Sarah.

"Then we have had thieves at work," decided Hughes.

"It must be in the box, Hughes," spoke up Alice. "I laid it out on the table, and it is impossible that thieves—as you phrase it—could have come there."

"Oh! yes, it is in the box, no doubt," said her ladyship, somewhat crossly, for she disliked to be troubled, especially in hot weather. "You have not searched properly, Hughes."

"My lady," answered Hughes, "I can trust my hands and I can trust my eyes, and they have all four been into every hole and crevice of the box."

Lady Frances Chenevix laid down the *Morning Post*, and advanced. "Is the bracelet really lost?"

"It can not be lost," returned Lady Sarah. "You are sure you put it out, Alice?"

"I am quite sure of that. It was lying first in the case, and——"

"Yes, it was," interrupted Hughes. "That was its place."

"And was consequently the first that I took out," continued Alice. "I put it on the table; and the others round it, nearer to me. Why, as a proof that it lay there——"

What was Alice going to add? Was she going to adduce as a proof that Gerard Hope had taken it up, and it had been a subject of conversation between them? If so, recollection came to her in time, and she faltered, and abruptly broke off. But a faint, horrible dread, to which she would not give a shape, came stealing over her, and her face turned white, and she sank on a chair, trembling visibly.

"Now look at Alice!" uttered Frances

Chenevix; "she is going into one of her agitation fits."

"Do not allow yourself to be agitated, Alice," cried Lady Sarah; "that will do no good. Besides, I feel sure the bracelet is all safe in the case: where else can it be? Fetch the case, Hughes, and I will look for it myself."

Hughes whisked out of the room, inwardly resenting the doubt cast on her eyesight.

"It is so strange," mused Alice, "that you did not see the bracelet when you came up."

"It was certainly not there," returned Lady Sarah.

"Perhaps you'll look for yourself now, my lady," cried Hughes, returning with the jewel-box in her hands.

The box was well searched. The bracelet was not there.

"This is very strange, Hughes," uttered Lady Sarah.

"It's very ugly as well, my lady," answered Hughes, in a lofty tone, "and I'm thankful to the presiding genuses which rules such things, that I was not in charge when it happened. Though maybe, if I had been, it never would have took place, for I can give a guess how it was."

"Then you had better," said her ladyship curtly.

"If I do," returned Hughes, "I shall offend Miss Seaton."

"No you will not, Hughes," cried Alice. "Say what you please: I have need to wish this cleared up."

"Then, miss, if I may speak my thoughts, I think you must have left the key about. And there are strange servants in the house, you know, my lady; there's that kitchen-maid only came in it when we did, and there's the new under-butler."

"Hughes, you are wrong," interrupted Alice. "The servants could not have touched the box, for the key never was out of my possession, and you know the lock is a Bramah. I locked the box last night in Lady Sarah's presence, and the key was not out of my pocket afterwards, until you took it from thence this morning."

"The key seems to have had nothing to do with it," interposed Frances Chenevix. "Alice says she put the diamond bracelet on the table with the rest; Lady Sarah says when she went to the table, after dinner, it was not there: so it must have been in the intervening period that the—the—disappearance took place."

"And only a few minutes to do it in!" ejaculated Lady Sarah. "What a mystery!"

"It beats conjuring, my lady," said Hughes. "Could any visitor have come up stairs?"

"I did hear a visitor's knock while we were at dinner," said Lady Sarah. "Don't you remember, Fanny? You looked up, as if you noticed it."

"Did I?" answered Lady Frances, in a careless tone.

At that moment, Thomas happened to enter with a letter, and the question was put to him. Who knocked? His answer was ready.

"Sir George Danvers, my lady. When I said the Colonel was at dinner, Sir George began to apologize for calling, but I explained that you were dining earlier than usual, because of the opera."

"Nobody else called?"

"Nobody knocked but Sir George, my lady."

"A covert answer," thought Alice; "but I am glad he is true to Gerard."

"What an untruth!" thought Lady Frances, as she remembered the visit of Alice's sister. "Thomas's memory must be short."

All the talk—and it was much prolonged—did not tend to throw any light upon the matter, and Alice, unhappy and ill, retired to her own room. The agitation had brought on a nervous and violent headache, and she sat down in a low chair, and bent her forehead on to her hands. One belief alone possessed her: that the unfortunate Gerard Hope had stolen the bracelet. Do as she would, she could not put it from her: she kept repeating that he was a gentleman, that he was honorable, that he would never place her in so painful a position. Common-sense replied that the temptation was laid before him, and he had confessed his pecuniary difficulties to be great: nay, had he not wished for this very bracelet, that he might make money—

A knock at the door. Alice lifted her sickly countenance, and bade the intruder enter. It was Lady Frances Chenevix.

"I came to—Alice, how wretched you look! You will torment yourself into a fever."

"Can you wonder at my looking wretched?" returned Alice. "Place yourself in my position, Frances: it must appear to Lady Sarah as if I—I—had made

away with the bracelet. I am sure Hughes thinks so."

"Don't say unorthodox things, Alice. They would rather think that I had done it, of the two, for I have more use for diamond bracelets than you."

"It is kind of you to try to cheer me," sighed Alice.

"Just the thing I came to do. And to have a bit of chat with you as well. If you will let me."

"Of course I will let you."

"I wish to tell you I will not mention that your sister was here last evening. I promise you I will not."

Alice did not immediately reply. The words and their hushed tone caused a new trouble to arise within her, one which she had not glanced at. Was it possible that Lady Frances could imagine her sister to be the—

"Lady Frances Chenevix!" burst forth Alice, "you can not think it! She! my sister—guilty of a despicable theft! Have you forgotten that she moves in your own position in the world? that our family is scarcely inferior to yours?"

"Alice, I forgive your so misjudging me, because you are not yourself just now. Of course your sister can not be suspected; I know that. But as you did not mention her when they were talking of who had been here, I supposed you did not wish her name dragged into so unpleasant an affair, and I hastened up to say there was no danger from me that it would be."

"Believe me, she is not the guilty party," returned Alice, "and I have more cause to say so than you think for."

"What do you mean by that," briskly cried Lady Frances. "You surely have no clue?"

Alice shook her head, and her companion's eagerness was lulled again. "It is well that Thomas was forgetful," remarked Lady Frances. "Was it really forgetfulness, Alice, or did you contrive to telegraph him to be silent?"

"Thomas only spoke truth. At least, as regards my sister," she hastily added, "for he did not let her in."

"Then it is all quite easy; and you and I can keep our own counsel."

Quite easy, possibly, to the mind of Frances Chenevix, but any thing but easy to Alice; for the words of Lady Frances had introduced an idea more repulsive, and terrifying even, than the one which

cast the guilt to the door of Gerard Hope. Her sister acknowledged that she was in need of money, "a hundred pounds, or so," and Alice had seen her coming from the back room where the jewels lay. Still—*she* take a bracelet! it was preposterous.

Preposterous or not, Alice's torment was doubled. Which of the two had been the black sheep? One of them it must have been. Instinct, sisterly relationship, reason, and common-sense, all combined to turn the scale against Gerard. But that there should be a doubt at all, was not pleasant, and Alice started up impulsively and put her bonnet on.

"Where now?" cried Lady Frances.

"I will go to my sister's and ask her—and ask her—if—she saw any stranger here—any suspicious person in the hall or on the stairs," stammered Alice, making the best excuse she could.

"But you know you were in the drawing-rooms all the time, and no one came in to them, suspicious or unsuspicious; so how will that aid you?"

"True," murmured Alice, "but it will be a relief to go somewhere or do something."

Alice found her sister at home. The latter instantly detected that something was wrong, for the suspense, illness, and agitation had taken every vestige of color from her cheeks and lips.

"Whatever is the matter, Alice?" was her greeting; "you look just like a walking ghost."

"I felt that I did," breathed poor Alice, "and I kept my veil down in the street, lest I might be taken for one, and scare the people. A great misfortune has fallen upon me. You saw those bracelets last night, spread out on the table?"

"Yes."

"They were in my charge, and one of them has been abstracted. It was of great value; gold links, holding diamonds."

"Abstracted!" uttered the elder sister, in both concern and surprise, but certainly without the smallest indications of a guilty knowledge. "How?"

"It is a mystery. I only left the room when I met you on the staircase, and when I went up-stairs to fetch the letter for you. Directly after you left, Lady Sarah came up from dinner, and the bracelet was not there."

"It is incredible, Alice. And no one

else entered the room at all, you say? No servant? no——"

"Not any one," interrupted Alice, determined not to speak of Gerard Hope.

"Then, child, it is simply impossible," was the calm rejoinder. "It must have fallen on the ground, or been mislaid in some way."

"It is hopelessly gone. Do you remember seeing it?"

"I do remember seeing, amidst the rest, a bracelet set with diamonds, but only on the clasp, I think. It——"

"That was another; that is all safe. This was of fine gold links interspersed with brilliants. Did you see it?"

"Not that I remember. I was there scarcely a minute, for I had only strolled into the back-room just before you came down. To tell you the truth, Alice, my mind was too fully occupied with other things, to take much notice even of jewels. Do not look so perplexed: it will be all right. Only you and I were in the room, you say, and we could not take it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands, and lifting up her white beseeching face to her sister's, "did you take it? In—in sport; or in—— Oh! surely you were not tempted to take it for any thing else? You said you had need of money."

"Alice, are we going to have one of your old scenes of excitement? Strive for calmness. I am sure you do not know what you are implying. My poor child, I would rather help you to jewels than take them from you."

"But look at the mystery."

"It does appear to be a mystery, but it will no doubt be cleared up. Alice, what could you have been dreaming of, to suspect me? Have we not grown up together in our honorable home? You ought to know me, if any one does."

"And you really know nothing of it?" moaned Alice, with a sobbing catching of the breath.

"Indeed I do not. In truth I do not. If I could help you out of your perplexity I would thankfully do it. Shall I return with you and assist you to search for the bracelet?"

"No, thank you. Every search has been made."

Not only was the denial of her sister fervent and calm, but her manner and countenance conveyed the impression of truth. Alice left her, inexpressibly relieved; but the conviction, that it must

have been Gerard, returned to her in full force. "I wish I could see him!" was her mental exclamation.

And for once fortune favored her wish. As she was dragging her weary limbs along, he came right upon her at the corner of a street. In her eagerness, she clasped his arm with both her hands.

"I am so thankful," she uttered. "I wanted to see you."

"I think you most want to see a doctor, Alice. How ill you look!"

"I have cause," she returned. "That bracelet, the diamond, that you were admiring last evening, it has been stolen; it was taken from the room."

"Taken—when?" echoed Mr. Hope, looking her full in the face—as a guilty man would scarcely dare to look.

"Then, or within a few minutes. When Lady Sarah came up from dinner, it was not there."

"Who took it?" he repeated, not yet recovering his surprise.

"I don't know," she faintly said. "It was under my charge. No one else was there."

"You do not wish me to understand that you are suspected?" he burst forth, with genuine feeling. "Their unjust meanness can not have gone to that length!"

"I trust not, but I am very unhappy. Who could have done it? How could it have gone? I left the room when you did, but I only lingered outside on the

stairs, watching—if I may tell the truth—whether you got out safely, and then I returned to it. Yet when Lady Sarah came up from dinner, it was gone."

"And did no one else go into the room?" he repeated. "I met a lady at the door, who asked for you; I sent her up-stairs."

"She went in for a minute. It was my sister, Gerard."

"Oh! indeed, was that your sister? Then she counts as we do, for nobody, in this. It is strange. The bracelet was in the room when I left it——"

"You are sure of it?" interrupted Alice, drawing a long breath of suspense.

"I am. When I reached the door, I turned round to take a last look at you, and the diamonds of that particular bracelet gleamed at me from its place on the table."

"O Gerard! is this the truth?"

"It is the truth, on my sacred word of honor," he replied, looking at her agitated face and wondering at her words. "Why else should I say it? Good-by, Alice, I can't stay another moment, for there's somebody coming I don't want to meet."

He was off like a shot, but his words and manner, like her sister's, had conveyed their conviction of innocence to the mind of Alice. She stood still, looking after him in her dreamy wonderment, and was jostled by the passers-by. Which of the two was the real delinquent? one of them it must have been.

From Titan.

EARLY COPIES OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.*

THE Paternoster, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments had been lately published in English. Fathers of

families, schoolmasters, and heads of households were to take care that these fundamental elements of the Christian faith should be learnt by the children and servants under their care; and the law of the land was to be better observed, which directed that every child should be brought up either to learning or to some

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1858.

honest occupation, "lest they should fall to sloth and idleness, and being brought after to calamity and misery, impute their ruin to those who suffered them to be brought up idly in their youth." An order follows, of more significance:

"Every parson or proprietary of every parish church within this realm shall, on this side of the feast of St. Peter ad Vincula next coming, provide a book of the whole Bible, both in Latin and also in English, and lay the same in the quire, for every man that will to read and look therein; and shall discourage no man from reading any part of the Bible, but rather comfort, exhort, and admonish every man to read the same, as the very word of God and the spiritual food of man's soul; ever gently and charitably exhorting them, that using a sober and modest behavior in the reading and inquisition of the true sense of the same, they do in no wise stiffly or eagerly contend or strive one with another about the same, but refer the declaration of those places that be in controversy to the judgment of the learned."

The publication of the English translation of the Bible, with the permission for its free use among the people—the greatest, because the purest victory so far gained by the Reformers—was at length accomplished; a few words will explain how, and by whom. Before the Reformation, two versions existed of the Bible in English—two certainly, perhaps three. One was Wycliffe's; another based on Wycliffe's, but tinted more strongly with the peculiar opinions of the Lollards, followed, at the beginning of the fifteenth century; and there is said to have been a third, but no copy of *this* is known to survive, and the history of it is vague. The possession or the use of these translations was prohibited by the Church, under pain of death. They were extremely rare, and little read; and it was not till Luther's great movement began in Germany, and his tracts and commentaries found their way into England, that a practical determination was awakened among the people, to have before them, in their own tongue, the book on which their faith was built.

I have already described how William Tyndal felt his heart burn in him to accomplish this great work for his country; how he applied for assistance to a learned bishop; how he discovered rapidly that

the assistance which he would receive from the Church authorities would be a speedy elevation to martyrdom; how he went across the Channel to Luther, and thence to Antwerp; and how he there, in the year 1526, achieved and printed the first edition of the New Testament. It was seen how copies were carried over secretly to London, and circulated in thousands by the Christian Brothers. The council threatened; the bishops anathematized. They opened subscriptions to buy up the hated and dreaded volumes. They burned them publicly in St. Paul's. The whip, the jail, the stake, did their worst; and their worst was nothing. The high dignitaries of the earth were fighting against Heaven, and met the success which ever attends such contests. Three editions were sold before 1530; and in that year a fresh installment was completed. The Pentateuch was added to the New Testament; and afterwards, by Tyndal himself, or under Tyndal's eyes, the historical books, the Psalms, and Prophets. At length, the whole canon was translated, and published in separate portions.

All these were condemned with equal emphasis—all continued to spread. The progress of the evil had, in 1531, become so considerable as to be the subject of an anxious protest to the Crown from the episcopal bench. They complained of the translations as inaccurate—of unbecoming reflections on themselves in the prefaces and side-notes. They required stronger powers of repression, more frequent holocausts, a more efficient inquisitorial police. In Henry's reply they found that the waters of *their* life were poisoned at the spring. The King, too, was infected with the madness. The King would have the Bible in English; and directed them, if the translation was unsound, to prepare a better translation without delay. If they had been wise in their generation they would have secured the ground when it was offered to them, and gladly complied. But the work of Reformation in England was not to be accomplished, in any one of its purer details, by the official clergy; it was to be done by volunteers from the ranks, and forced upon the Church by the secular arm. The bishops remained for two years inactive. In 1533, the King becoming more peremptory, Cranmer carried a resolution for a translation through Convocation. The resolution, however, would not advance into act. The next

year he brought the subject forward again; and finding his brother prelates fixed in their neglect, he divided Tyndal's work into ten parts, sending one part to each bishop to correct. The Bishop of London alone ventured an open refusal; the remainder complied in words, and did nothing.

Finally, the King's patience was exhausted. The legitimate methods having been tried in vain, he acted on his own responsibility. Miles Coverdale, a member of the same Cambridge circle which had given birth to Cranmer, to Latimer, to Barnes, to the Scotch Wishart, silently went abroad with a license from Cromwell; with Tyndal's help he collected and edited the scattered portions; and in 1536 there appeared in London, published *cum privilegio* and dedicated to Henry VIII., the first complete copy of the English Bible. The separate translations, still anomalously prohibited in detail, were exposed freely to sale in a single volume, under the royal sanction. The fountain of the new opinions—so long dreaded, so long execrated—was thenceforth to lie open in every church in England; and the clergy were ordered not to permit only, but to exhort and encourage, all men to resort to it and read.

In this act was laid the foundation-stone on which the whole later history of England, civil as well as ecclesiastical, has been reared; and the most minute incidents become interesting, connected with an event of so mighty moment.

"Caiaphas," says Coverdale in the dedicatory preface, "being bishop of his year, prophesied that it was better to put Christ to death than that all the people should perish: he meaning that Christ was a heretic and a deceiver of the people, when in truth he was the Saviour of the world, sent by his Father to suffer death for man's redemption.

"After the same manner the Bishop of Rome conferred on King Henry VIII. the title of Defender of Faith, because his Highness suffered the bishops to burn God's word, the root of faith, and to persecute the lovers and ministers of the same; where in very deed the bishop, though he knew not what he did, prophesied that, by the righteous administration of his grace, the faith should be so defended that God's word, the mother of faith, should have free course through all

Christendom, but especially in his own realm.

"The Bishop of Rome has studied long to keep the Bible from the people, and specially from princes, lest they should find out his tricks and his falsehoods, lest they should turn from his false obedience to the true obedience commanded by God; knowing well enough that, if the clear sun of God's word came over the heat of day, it would drive away the foul mist of his devilish doctrines. The Scripture was lost before the time of that noble king Josiah, as it hath also been among us unto the time of his Grace. Through the merciful goodness of God it is now found again as it was in the days of that virtuous king; and praised be the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, world without end, which so excellently hath endowed the princely heart of his Highness with such ferventness to his honor and the wealth of his subjects, that he may be compared worthily unto that noble King, that lantern among princes, who commanded straitly, as his Grace doth, that the law of God should be read and taught unto all the people.

"May it be found a general comfort to all Christian hearts—a continual subject of thankfulness, both of old and young, unto God and to his Grace; who, being our Moses, has brought us out of the old Egypt, and from the cruel hands of our spiritual Pharaoh. Not by the thousandth part were the Jews so much bound unto King David for subduing of great Goliath as we are to his Grace for delivering us out of our Babylonish captivity. For the which deliverance and victory I beseech our only mediator, Jesus Christ, to make such mean with us unto his heavenly Father, that we may never be unthankful unto him nor unto his Grace, but increase in fear of God, in obedience to the King's Highness, in love unfeigned to our neighbors, and in all virtue that cometh of God, to whom, for the defending of his blessed Word, be honor and thanks, glory and dominion, world without end."

Equally remarkable, and even more emphatic in the recognition of the share in the work borne by the King, is the frontispiece.

This is divided into four compartments.

In the first, the Almighty is seen in the clouds with outstretched arms. Two scrolls proceed out of his mouth, to the

right and the left. On the former is the verse: "The word which goeth forth from me shall not return to me empty, but shall accomplish whatsoever I will have done." The other is addressed to Henry, who is kneeling at a distance bareheaded, with his crown lying at his feet. The scroll says: "I have found me a man after my own heart, who shall fulfill all my will." Henry answers: "Thy word is a lantern unto my feet."

Immediately below, the King is seated on his throne, holding in each hand a book, on which is written: "The Word of God." One of these he is giving to Cranmer and another bishop, who, with a group of priests, are on the right of the picture, saying, "Take this and teach;" the other on the opposite side he holds to Cromwell and the lay peers, and the words are: "I make a decree that, in all my kingdom, men shall tremble and fear before the living God." A third scroll, falling downwards over his feet, says alike to peer and prelate: "Judge righteous judgment. Turn not away your ear from the prayer of the poor man." The King's face is directed sternly towards the bishops, with a look which says: "Obey at last, or worse will befall you."

In the third compartment, Cranmer and Cromwell are distributing the Bible to kneeling priests and laymen; and, at the bottom, a preacher with a benevolent beautiful face is addressing a crowd from a pulpit in the open air. He is apparently commencing a sermon with the text: "I exhort therefore that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men—for kings." And at the word "kings" the people are shouting, "Vivat Rex! Vivat Rex!" children who know no Latin lisping, "God save the king!" and, at the extreme left, at a jail-window, a prisoner is joining in

the cry of delight, as if he too were delivered from a worse bondage.

This was the introduction of the English Bible—this the seeming acknowledgment of Henry's services. Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted—which breathes through it—the mingled tenderness and majesty—the Saxon simplicity—the preternatural grandeur—unequaled, unapproached, in the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndal. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked, under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him—his spirit, as it were divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air.

His work was done. He lived to see the Bible no longer carried by stealth into his country, where the possession of it was a crime, but borne in by the solemn will of the King—solemnly recognized as the word of the Most High God. And then his occupation in this earth was gone. His eyes saw the salvation for which he had longed, and he might depart to his place. He was denounced to the regent of Flanders; he was enticed by the suborned treachery of a miserable English fanatic beyond the town under whose liberties he had been secure; and with the reward which, at other times as well as those, has been held fitting by human justice for the earth's great ones, he passed away in smoke and flame to his rest.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE BARON GRANDENIGO'S DAUGHTERS.*

THE three young daughters of the great Baron Grandenigo having been deprived by death of their mother, who had always rather inclined towards spoiling them, her place was excellently supplied by an ancient female relative, who came unasked to superintend the domestic affairs of the Baron's secluded stronghold among the green mountains. There she regulated the household, jingled the keys, and was especially particular in watching over defenses and drawbridge, the baron himself being usually absent at his sovereign's court, or fighting his sovereign's battles; so that old Madame Offugo felt she had a responsibility in her selfimposed task, which made her doubly careful. The three young ladies of Grandenigo were good-natured girls on the whole, but they had their faults like the rest of us; and Madame Offugo made it her study to discover and root out, as far as possible, those noxious weeds which disfigured the otherwise fair and promising parterres. Lisa, Lotá, and Lora, as the three young ladies were named, greatly revered and respected Madame Offugo; nor had she failed to inspire them with a good deal of awe, though she never scolded them, nor treated them with harshness, but, on the contrary, was always kind and considerate. Yet Madame Offugo had queer ways of her own; and as those were the days, and theirs was the country, when fairies were still authentic facts, it is not in the least surprising that some folks went so far as to hint that Madame Offugo claimed kin with the elfin race.

At Grandenigo they all led a life of comparative retirement, free from the cares, anxieties, and turmoils of the outer world; but this could not be expected to last always, as Baron Grandenigo was a person of importance in the solemn councils of the land, and his daughters would in time be summoned to the sovereign's

court—roses and lilies fresh from the mountains, and sweet as their wild-thyme and blooming heather. Madame Offugo did not spare to tell her young charges of their faults, whenever she saw occasion to do so; to warn, exhort, and instruct. To Lisa, the eldest, she would say: "You are prone to search for defects in every thing, and not only that, but you see a great many things you ought not to see. People must sometimes walk with a shade over their eyes in this world; ay, even blind-folded it may be. Your eyes are not given to you in order to pick out flaws and to make quarrels, but for good and wise purposes; to be useful, and to behold the glories of a beautiful universe, the work of a beneficent Creator."

Lisa perfectly understood old Madame Offugo's words; for her bright black eyes were dreaded at Grandenigo—poking and peering about every where, and into every thing, and seeing things in such a manner, that the poor maids said Lady Lisa must surely wear a pair of magnifying-glasses. This did not effect much harm or perplexity in the quiet retreat of Grandenigo; but Lady Lisa was going to a town-life, to a courtly circle, and therefore Madame Offugo lectured her in time, and of course, as all lecturing is, for her "own good."

Lady Lotá, though not quick-sighted, like her eldest sister, but, in fact, quite otherwise, made up for that defect by the extraordinary acuteness of her hearing—her ears doing as much mischief, in the way of quarreling and magnifying, as the Lady Lisa's bright eyes. Madame Offugo had more than once, and with much majesty and severity, impressed on Lady Lotá's mind that well-known adage—applicable at grand baronial Grandenigo as elsewhere—that "listeners never hear any good of themselves." Hence it may be inferred, alas! that the Lady Lotá—despite her descent from the ancient Grendenigos—was not wholly free from human failings, or rather, we might more justly say, meannesses. Hence the Lady Lotá's

* A short story with three morals or useful lessons.—EDITOR.

temper, it is to be feared, was ruffled and disturbed by not hearing "good of herself;" "and if," as Madame Offugo sagely remarked, "good is not spoken of us at home, what shall be said of us in the cold, hard world?"

The Lady Lora, the youngest of the three sisters of Grandenigo, did not make so much use of her eyes and ears as she did of her own little tongue; she retailed what Lisa *saw*, and what Lota *heard*, fluently, unfailingly, and, we regret to add, exaggeratingly. She did not like the trouble of doing any thing but talk—talk: she left her eldest sister to look about her, and poke and peer here, there, and every where; she left her second sister to saunter unsuspected, with her ears wide open, because *she* was so near-sighted, and who dare accuse a Grandenigo lady of listening? Now, that troublesome little member, the tongue, can do a world of mischief, as we all know; and Madame Offugo said every thing to Lady Lora that was right, and true, and kind, and wholesome on this topic. And the Lady Lora listened with respectful attention, and promised not only to remember what was said, but to try to follow the kind and motherly advice. And so did the Lady Lisa, and the Lady Lota; but in the mean time, the unruly eyes, and ears, and tongue often rebelled, and occasioned a vast deal of petty trouble and vexation among the small community of Grandenigo.

Suddenly Madame Offugo was wanted elsewhere; the drawbridge was let down, and she crossed it quickly, disappearing in the winding road leading up the hill-side from Grandenigo, and leaving the three young ladies weeping bitterly, and waving their white handkerchiefs, and kissing their hands as the good old lady receded.

"Don't forget us, dear Madame Offugo," said they on parting.

"I will not, my dears," she replied, and she spoke with impressive emphasis.

And now Baron Grandenigo took his three girls away to the court of his sovereign, in the midst of a gay and populous city. The change was very great indeed for young ladies brought up in retirement, like our Lisa, Lota, and Lora; and at first they forgot good old Madame Offugo and her excellent advice and tender admonitions. But as time progressed, they were never out of "hot-water," as

the saying is—always getting into trouble, from seeing what ought not to have been seen, hearing what was not meant to be heard, and speaking what it was inconvenient and dangerous to retail; far, far more so here in the city and the courtly circle, than at quiet Grandenigo, sleeping among the pleasant heathery hills. And their troubles and perplexities so increased, that one evening when they had retired rather earlier than usual, and had dismissed their attendants, and were conversing with terror and dismay on their lamentable position, all three exclaimed together: "Oh! that dear old Offugo was here to direct and aid us! I wonder if she has quite forgotten us by this time: she said she wouldn't."

At that instant, a gentle tap, tap, came to their door, and a little page in green gave in a small packet, silken-bound, addressed to the ladies Lisa, Lota, and Lora. Quickly they opened it, and what did they behold? First the words written in golden type: "*I have not forgotten you—do not you forget old Offugo.*" And the contents of the packet? Each sister blushed consciously as she appropriated to herself one of the three gifts it contained; thus proving that they had not altogether forgotten old Offugo's lessons. How the court circle would have laughed and jested had they seen these "remembrances," so carefully bound up with silken cord, and so fondly and reverently received by the sisters in the privacy of their own chamber. And what were they?—what mysterious and inexplicable things to send from a distance to three fair young ladies, daughters of the grand Baron Grandenigo?

First, there was a woven bandage—thick and smooth, flexible and elastic—to bind over the eyes, as if for playing at blind-man's-buff. Lady Lisa fitted it on directly; intuitively she understood its meaning and arrangement. Then came a bundle of fine white cotton-wool, rolled up in golden tissue. Lady Lota stuffed some into her ears on the spot. Then, what a funny-looking thing! They all three laughed aloud as the Lady Lora put it into her pretty month, though she declared afterwards it became as sweet as a sugar-plum to her taste. But the greatest wonder of these gifts was—proving beyond a doubt that Offugo *must* be a fairy—that although the three fair daughters of Grandenigo continued to wear them at all times and on state occasions,

their true significance continued unsuspected. The bandage, by fairy contrivance, only resembled a becoming fillet round the ivory brow; the cotton-wool was hidden by the ebon tresses, so coquettishly disposed for the purpose; and as to the uncourtly *gag*, being inside the mouth, it was not seen at all. A fascinating reticence was the consequence of *that*; and forever afterwards, the ladies of Grandenigo walked through this weary world with far less stumbling and discom-

fort to themselves, than if they had seen too much, heard too much, and spoken too much by the way.

Some of us in these days need the gifts of a good fairy Offugo, and we might even appropriate all three for our own share; for sometimes, if we desire to live in peace, it is better to tie a bandage over our eyes, and to stuff our ears with cotton-wool, and furnish our mouths with a gag—even though it does not taste like a sugar-plum.

From Crabbe's Poetical Works.

JESSE BOURN AND COLIN GREY.

Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect.

Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii. scene 2.

A VICAR died, and left his daughter poor—
It hurt her not, she was not rich before :
Her humble share of worldly goods she sold,
Paid every debt, and then her fortune told ;
And found, with youth and beauty, hope and health.

Two hundred guineas was her worldly wealth ;
It then remained to choose her path in life,
And first, said Jesse : " Shall I be a wife ?
Colin is mild and civil, kind and just,
I know his love, his temper I can trust ;
But small his farm, it asks perpetual care,
And we must toil as well as trouble share :
True, he was taught in all the gentle arts
That raise the soul, and soften human hearts ;
And boasts a parent, who deserves to shine
In higher class, and I could wish her mine ;
Nor wants he will his station to improve,
A just ambition waked by faithful love ;
Still is he poor—and here my father's friend
Deigns for his daughter, as her own, to send ;
A worthy lady, who it seems has known
A world of griefs and troubles of her own :
I was an infant, when she came, a guest
Beneath my father's humble roof to rest ;
Her kindred all unfeeling, vast her woes,
Such her complaint, and there she found
repose ;

Enriched by fortune, now she nobly lives,
And nobly, from the blest abundance, gives ;
The grief, the want of human life, she knows,
And comfort there and here relief bestows ;
But are they not dependents ?—Foolish pride !

Am I not honored by such friend and guide ?
Have I a home," (here Jesse drooped a tear,)
" Or friend beside ?"—A faithful friend was near.

Now Colin came, at length resolved to lay
His heart before her and to urge her stay ;
True, his own plow the gentle Colin drove,
An humble farmer with aspiring love ;
Who, urged by passion, never dared till now,
Thus urged by fears, his trembling hopes avow :
Her father's glebe he managed ; every year
The grateful vicar held the youth more dear ;
He saw indeed the prize in Colin's view,
And wished his Jesse with a man so true ;
Timid as true, he urged with anxious air
His tender hope, and made the trembling
prayer ;

When Jesse saw, nor could with coldness see,
Such fond respect, such tried sincerity :
Grateful for favors to her father dealt,
She more than grateful for his passion felt ;
Nor could she frown on one so good and kind,
Yet feared to smile, and was unfixed in mind ;
But prudence placed the female friend in view—
What might not one so rich and grateful do ?
So lately, too, the good old vicar died,
His faithful daughter must not cast aside
The signs of filial grief, and be a ready bride :
Thus, led by prudence, to the lady's seat
The village-beauty purposed to retreat ;
But, as in hard-fought fields the victor knows
What to the vanquished he in honor owes,
So in this conquest over powerful love,

Prudence resolved a generous foe to prove;
And Jesse felt a mingled fear and pain
In her dismissal of a faithful swain,
Gave her kind thanks, and when she saw his

wo,
Kindly betrayed that she was loth to go;
"But would she promise, if abroad she met
A frowning world, she would remember yet
Where dwelt a friend!" "That could she not
forget."

And thus they parted; but each faithful heart
Felt the compulsion and refused to part.

Now by the morning mail the timid maid
Was to that kind and wealthy dame conveyed;
Whose invitation, when her father died,
Jesse as comfort to her heart applied;
She knew the days her generous friend had
seen—

As wife and widow, evil days had been;
She married early, and for half her life
Was an insulted and forsaken wife;
Widowed and poor, her angry father gave,
Mixed with reproach, the pittance of a slave;
Forgetful brothers passed her, but she knew
Her humbler friends, and to their home with-
drew;

The good old vicar to her sire applied
For help, and helped her when her sire denied;
When in few years death stalked through
bower and hall,

Sires, sons, and sons of sons, were buried all;
She then abounded, and had wealth to spare
For softening grief she once was doomed to
share;

Thus trained in misery's school, and taught to
feel,

She would rejoice an orphan's woes to heal:
So Jesse thought, who looked within her breast,
And thence conceived how bounteous minds
are blessed.

From her vast mansion looked the lady down
On humbler buildings of a busy town;
Thence came her friends of either sex, and all
With whom she lived on terms reciprocal:
They passed the hours with their accustomed
ease,

As guests inclined, but not compelled to please;
But there were others in the mansion found,
For office chosen, and by duties bound;
Three female rivals, each of power possessed,
Th' attendant-maid, poor friend, and kindred-
guest.

To these came Jesse, as a seaman thrown
By the rude storm upon a coast unknown:
The view was flattering, civil seemed the race,
But all unknown the dangers of the place.

Few hours had passed, when, from attendants
freed,

The lady uttered: "This is kind indeed;
Believe me, love! that I for one like you
Have daily prayed, a friend discreet and true;
Oh! wonder not that I on you depend,
You are mine own hereditary friend:
Hearken, my Jesse, never can I trust
Beings ungrateful, selfish, and unjust;
But you are present, and my load of care
Your love will serve to lighten and to share:

Come near me, Jesse—let not those below
Of my reliance on your friendship know;
Look as they look, be in their freedoms free—
But all they say do you convey to me."

Here Jesse's thoughts to Colin's cottage flew,
And with such speed she scarce their absence
knew.

"Jane loves her mistress, and should she
depart,

I lose her service, and she breaks her heart;
My ways and wishes, looks and thoughts, she
knows,

And duteous care by close attention shows:
But is she faithful? in temptation strong?
Will not she wrong me? ah! I fear the wrong:
Your father loved me; now, in time of need,
Watch for my good, and to his place succeed.

"Blood doesn't bind—that girl, who every day
Eats of my bread, would wish my life away;
I am her dear relation, and she thinks
To make her fortune, an ambitious minx!
She only courts me for the prospect's sake,
Because she knows I have a will to make;
Yes, love! my will delayed, I know not how—
But you are here, and I will make it now.

"That idle creature, keep her in your view,
See what she does, what she desires to do;
On her young mind may artful villains prey,
And to my plate and jewels find a way;
A pleasant humor has the girl: her smile
And cheerful manner tedious hours beguile:
But well observe her, ever near her be,
Close in your thoughts, in your professions free.

"Again, my Jesse, hear what I advise,
And watch a woman ever in disguise;
Issop, that widow, serious, subtle, sly—
But what of this—I must have company:
She markets for me, and although she makes
Profit, no doubt, of all she undertakes,
Yet she is one I can to all produce,
And all her talents are in daily use;
Deprived of her, I may another find
As sly and selfish, with a weaker mind:
But never trust her, she is full of art,
And worms herself into the closest heart;
Seem then, I pray you, careless in her sight,
Nor let her know, my love, how we unite.

"Do, my good Jesse, cast a view around,
And let no wrong within my house be found;
That girl associates with—I know not who
Are her companions, nor what ill they do;
'Tis then the widow plans, 'tis then she tries
Her various arts and schemes for fresh supplies;
'Tis then, if ever, Jane her duty quits,
And, whom I know not, favors and admits:
Oh! watch their movements all; for me 'tis
hard,

Indeed is vain, but you may keep a guard;
And I, when none your watchful glance deceive,
May make my will, and think what I shall
leave."

Jesse, with fear, disgust, alarm, surprise,
Heard of these duties for her ears and eyes;
Heard by what service she must gain her bread,
And went with scorn and sorrow to her bed.

Jane was a servant fitted for her place,
Experienced, cunning, fraudulent, selfish, base;

Skilled in those mean humiliating arts
That make their way to proud and selfish
hearts;

By instinct taught, she felt an awe, a fear,
For Jessie's upright, simple character;
Whom with gross flattery she awhile assailed,
And then beheld with hatred when it failed;
Yet trying still upon her mind for hold,
She all the secrets of the mansion told;
And to invite an equal trust, she drew
Of every mind a bold and rapid view;
But on the widowed friend with deep disdain,
And rancorous envy, dwelt the treacherous
Jane:

In vain such arts; without deceit or pride,
With a just taste and feeling for her guide,
From all contagion Jesse kept apart,
Free in her manners, guarded in her heart.

Jesse one morn was thoughtful, and her sigh
The widow heard as she was passing by;
And—"Well!" she said, "is that some distant
swain,

Or aught with us, that gives your bosom pain?
Come, we are fellow-sufferers, slaves in thrall,
And tasks and griefs are common to us all;
Think not my frankness strange: they love to
paint

Their state with freedom, who endure restraint;
And there is something in that speaking eye
And sober mien; that prove I may rely:
You came a stranger; to my words attend,
Accept my offer, and you find a friend;
It is a labyrinth in which you stray,
Come, hold my clue, and I will lead the way.

"Good Heaven! that one so jealous, envious,
base,

Should be the mistress of so sweet a place,
She, who so long herself was low and poor,
Now broods suspicious on her useless store;
She loves to see us abject, loves to deal
Her insult round, and then pretends to feel:
Prepare to cast all dignity aside,
For know your talents will be quickly tried;
Nor think, from favors past, a friend to gain,
'Tis but by duties we our posts maintain:
I read her novels, gossip through the town,
And daily go, for idle stories, down;
I cheapen all she buys, and bear the curse
Of honest tradesmen for my niggard purse;
And, when for her this meanness I display,
She cries, 'I heed not what I throw away';
Of secret bargains I endure the shame,
And stake my credit for our fish and game;
Oft has she smiled to hear 'her generous soul
Would gladly give, but stoops to my control.'
Nay! I have heard her, when she chanced to
come

Where I contended for a petty sum,
Affirm 'twas painful to behold such care,
'But Isop's nature is to pinch and spare';
Thus all the meanness of the house is mine,
And my reward—to scorn her, and to dine.

"See next that giddy thing, with neither
pride

To keep her safe, nor principle to guide:
Poor, idle, simple flirt! as sure as fate
Her maiden-fame will have an early date:

Of her beware; for all who live below
Have faults they wish not all the world to
know;

And she is fond of listening, full of doubt,
And stoops to guilt to find an error out.

"And now once more observe the artful maid,
A lying, prying, jilting, thievish jade;
I think, my love, you would not condescend
To call a low, illiterate girl your friend:
But in our troubles we are apt, you know,
To lean on all who some compassion show;
And she has flexible features, acting eyes,
And seems with every look to sympathize;
No mirror can a mortal's grief express
With more precision, or can feel it less;
That proud, mean spirit, she by fawning courts,
By vulgar flattery, and by vile reports;
And, by that proof she every instant gives
To one so mean, that yet a meaner lives.

"Come, I have drawn the curtain, and you
see

Your fellow-actors, all our company;
Should you incline to throw reserve aside,
And in my judgment and my love confide,
I could some prospects open to your view,
That ask attention—and, till then, adieu."

"Farewell!" said Jesse, hastening to her
room,

Where all she saw within, without, was gloom:
Confused, perplexed, she passed a dreary hour,
Before her reason could exert its power;
To her all seemed mysterious, all allied
To avarice, meanness, folly, craft, and pride;
Wearied with thought, she breathed the gar-
den's air,

Then came the laughing lass, and joined her
there.

"My sweetest friend has dwelt with us a
week,

And does she love us? be sincere and speak;
My aunt you can not—Lord! how I should hate
To be like her all misery and state;
Proud, and yet envious, she disgusted sees
All who are happy, and who look at ease.
Let friendship bind us, I will quickly show
Some favorites near us, you'll be blessed to
know;

My aunt forbids it—but, can she expect
To soothe her spleen, we shall ourselves neglect?
Jane and the widow were to watch and stay
My free-born feet; I watched as well as they;
Lo! what is this? this simple key explores
The dark recess that holds the spinster's stores?
And led by her ill star, I chanced to see
Where Isop keeps her stock of ratasie;
Used in the hours of anger and alarm,
It makes her civil, and it keeps her warm;
Thus bled with secrets, both would choose to
hide,

Their fears now grant me what their scorn de-
nied.

"My freedom thus by their assent secured,
Bad as it is, the place may be endured;
And bad it is, but her estates you know,
And her beloved hoards, she must bestow;
So we can slyly our amusements take,
And friends of demons, if they help us, make."

"Strange creatures these," thought Jessy, half-inclined
To smile at one malicious and yet kind;
Frank and yet cunning, with a heart to love
And malice prompt—the serpent and the dove.
Here could she dwell? or could she yet depart?
Could she be artful? could she bear with art?—
This splendid mansion gave the cottage grace,
She thought a dungeon was a happier place;
And Colin pleading, when he pleaded best,
Wrought not such sudden change in Jesse's breast.

The wondering maiden, who had only read
Of such vile beings, saw them now with dread;
Safe in themselves—for nature has designed
The creature's poison harmless to the kind;
But all beside who in the haunts are found
Must dread the poison, and must feel the wound.

Days full of care, slow weary weeks passed on,
Eager to go, still Jesse was not gone;
Her time in trifling or in tears she spent,
She never gave, she never felt content:
The lady wondered that her humble guest
Strove not to please, would neither lie nor jest:
She sought no news, no scandal would convey,
But walked for health, and was at church to pray;

All this displeased, and soon the widow cried:
"Let me be frank—I am not satisfied;
You know my wishes, I your judgment trust;
You can be useful, Jesse, and you must;
Let me be plainer, child—I want an ear,
When I am deaf, instead of mine to hear;
When mine is sleeping, let your eye awake;
When I observe not, observation take;
Alas! I rest not on my pillow laid,
Then threatening whispers make my soul afraid;
The tread of strangers to my ear ascends,
Fed at my cost, the minions of my friends;
While you, without a care, a wish to please,
Eat the vile bread of idleness and ease."

Th' indignant girl astonished answered—
"Nay!"

This instant, madam, let me haste away;
Thus speaks my father's, thus an orphan's friend?

This instant, lady, let your bounty end."

The lady frowned indignant—"What!" she cried,

"A vicar's daughter with a princess' pride!
And pauper's lot! but pitying I forgive;
How, simple Jessy, do you think to live?
Have I not power to help you, foolish maid?
To my concerns be your attention paid;
With cheerful mind th' allotted duties take,
And recollect I have a will to make."

Jessy, who felt as liberal natures feel,
When thus the baser their designs reveal,
Replied: "Those duties were to her unfit,
Nor would her spirit to her tasks submit."
In silent scorn the lady sate awhile,
And then replied with stern contemptuous smile:

"Think you, fair madam, that you came to share

Fortunes like mine without a thought or care?
A guest, indeed! from every trouble free,

Dressed by my help, with not a care for me;
When I a visit to your father made,
I for the poor assistance largely paid;
To his domestics I their tasks assigned,
I fixed the portion for his hungry hind;
And had your father (simple man!) obeyed
My good advice, and watched as well as prayed,
He might have left you something with his prayers,
And lent some color for these lofty airs.

"In tears! my love! Oh, then my softened heart

Can not resist—we never more will part;
I need your friendship—I will be your friend,
And thus determined, to my will attend."

Jesse went forth, but with determined soul
To fly such love, to break from such control;
"I hear enough," the trembling damsel cried:
"Flight be my care, and Providence my guide:
Ere yet a prisoner, I escape will make;
Will, thus displayed, th' insidious arts forsake,
And, as the rattle sounds, will fly the fatal snake."

Jesse her thanks upon the morrow paid,
Prepared to go, determined though afraid.

"Ungrateful creature," said the lady, "this
Could I imagine?—are you frantic, miss?
What! leave your friend, your prospects—is it true?"

This Jessie answered by a mild "Adieu!"

The dame replied: "Then houseless may you rove,

The starving victim to a guilty love;
Branded with shame, in sickness doomed to nurse

An ill-formed cub, your scandal and your curse;
Spurned by its scoundrel father, and ill fed
By surly rustics with the parish-bread!
Relent you not?—speak—yet I can forgive;
Still live with me"—"With you," said Jesse,
"live?"

No! I would first endure what you describe,
Rather than breathe with your detested tribe;
Who long have feigned, till now their very hearts

Are firmly fixed in their accursed parts;
Who all profess esteem, and feel disdain,
And all, with justice, of deceit complain;
Whom I could pity, but that, while I stay,
My terror drives all kinder thoughts away;
Grateful for this, that when I think of you,
I little fear what poverty can do."

The angry matron her attendant Jane
Summoned in haste to soothe the fierce disdain:

"A vile detested wretch!" the lady cried,
"Yet shall she be, by many an effort, tried,
And, clogged with debt and fear, against her will abide;

And once secured, she never shall depart
Till I have proved the firmness of her heart;
Then when she dares not, would not, can not go,
I'll make her feel what 'tis to use me so."

The pensive Colin in his garden strayed,
But felt not then the beauties it displayed;
There many a pleasant object met his view,
A rising wood of oaks behind it grew;
A stream ran by it, and the village-green

And public road were from the gardens seen ;
Save where the pine and larch the bound'ry
made,

And on the rose-beds threw a softening shade.

The mother sat beside the garden-door,
Dressed as in times ere she and hers were poor ;
The broad-laced cap was known in ancient days,
When madam's dress compelled the village
praise ;

And still she looked as in the times of old,
Ere his last farm the erring husband sold ;
While yet the mansion stood in decent state,
And paupers waited at the well-known gate.

"Alas! my son!" the mother cried, "and

why

That silent grief and oft-repeated sigh?
True we are poor, but thou hast never felt
Pangs to thy father for his error dealt ;
Pangs from strong hopes of visionary gain,
Forever raised, and ever found in vain.
He rose unhappy! from his fruitless schemes,
As guilty wretches from their blissful dreams ;
But thou wert then, my son, a playful child,
Wondering at grief, gay, innocent, and wild ;
Listening at times to thy poor mother's sighs,
With curious looks and innocent surprise ;
Thy father dying, thou, my virtuous boy,
My comfort always, waked my soul to joy ;
With the poor remnant of our fortune left,
Thou hast our station of its gloom bereft :
Thy lively temper, and thy cheerful air,
Have cast a smile on sadness and despair ;
Thy active hand has dealt to this poor space
The bliss of plenty and the charm of grace ;
And all around us wonder when they find
Such taste and strength, such skill and power
combined ;

There is no mother, Colin, no not one,
But envies me so kind, so good a son ;
By thee supported on this failing side,
Weakness itself awakes a parent's pride :
I bless the stroke that was my grief before,
And feel such joy that 'tis disease no more ;
Shielded by thee, my want becomes my wealth—
And soothed by Colin, sickness smiles at health ;
The old men love thee, they repeat thy praise,
And say, like thee were youth in earlier days ;
While every village-maiden cries, 'How gay,
How smart, how brave, how good is Colin
Grey !'

"Yet art thou sad ; alas! my son, I know
Thy heart is wounded, and the cure is slow ;
Fain would I think that Jesse still may come
To share the comforts of our rustic home :
She surely loved thee ; I have seen the maid,
When thou hast kindly brought the vicar aid—
When thou hast eased his bosom of its pain,
Oh! I have seen her—she will come again."

The matron ceased ; and Colin stood the while
Silent, but striving for a grateful smile ;

He then replied : "Ah! sure, had Jesse staid,
And shared the comforts of our sylvan shade,
The tenderest duty and the fondest love
Would not have failed that generous heart to
move ;

A grateful pity would have ruled her breast,
And my distresses would have made me blest.

"But she is gone, and ever has in view
Grandeur and taste—and what will then ensue?
Surprise and then delight, in scenes so fair and
new ;

For many a day, perhaps for many a week,
Home will have charms, and to her bosom speak ;
But thoughtless ease, and affluence, and pride,
Seen day by day, will draw the heart aside :
And she at length, though gentle and sincere,
Will think no more of our enjoyments here."

Sighing he spake—but hark! he hears th'
approach

Of rattling wheels! and lo! the evening coach ;
Once more the movement of the horses' feet
Makes the fond heart with strong emotion beat ;
Faint were his hopes, but ever had the sight
Drawn him to gaze beside his gate at night ;
And when with rapid wheels it hurried by,
He grieved his parent with a hopeless sigh ;
And could the blessing have been bought—
what sum

Had he not offered, to have Jessie come !
She came—he saw her bending from the door,
Her face, her smile, and he beheld no more ;
Lost in his joy—the mother lent her aid
T' assist and to detain the willing maid ;
Who thought her late, her present home to
make,

Sure of a welcome for the vicar's sake :
But the good parent was so pleased, so kind,
So pressing Colin, she so much inclined,
That night advanced ; and then so long detained,
No wishes to depart she felt, or feigned ;
Yet long in doubt she stood, and then perforce
remained.

Here was a lover fond, a friend sincere ;
Here was content and joy, for she was here :
In the mild evening, in the scene around,
The maid, now free, peculiar beauties found ;
Blended with village-tones, the evening gale
Gave the sweet night-bird's warblings to the
vale ;

The youth emboldened, yet abashed, now told
His fondest wish, nor found the maiden cold ;
The mother smiling whispered—"Let him go
And seek the license!" Jesse answered, "No :"
But Colin went. I know not if they live
With all the comforts wealth and plenty give ;
But with pure joy to envious souls denied,
To suppliant meanness and suspicious pride ;
And village-maids of happy couples say,
"They live like Jesse Bourn and Colin Grey."

FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A WOLF once passed a meadow fair;
 A lonely lamb was feeding there,
 A helpless object to behold,
 This little straggler from the fold:
 Its shepherd listless in the shade,
 As on his rustic pipe he played;
 The watch-dogs on their post asleep,
 Now mute protectors to the sheep.
 The crafty wolf, with glad surprise,
 The solitary lamb espies,
 And in a soft and flattering style
 Essays to catch his prey with guile.
 "My pretty lamb, how snug you look
 In this serene and sunny nook!
 Methinks it must be passing sweet,
 To spend one's days in such retreat;
 To wander down these meadow ways,
 And on this juicy herbage graze;
 Then quench one's thirst beside the stream
 That mirrors back each sunny gleam.
 How sociably upon its brink
 Each to the other's health might drink,
 But for this ugly hedge of green,
 That lifts so high its sullen screen."
 "If this be true," replied the lamb,
 "You're inoffensive as I am;
 And it must be a false report,
 The charge I've heard against you brought.

Folks say that herbs you never eat,
 But living flesh or butcher's meat;
 By your account on herbs you feed,
 And simple plants that deck the mead:
 Then what occasion to divide?
 Let's feed together, side by side.
 Just twenty yards, it may be, hence,
 You'll find a gap within the fence;
 Enlarge the hole—your teeth are strong,
 The labor will not take you long."
 With eager joy the wolf obeyed,
 And soon the opening wider made;
 Then clutched his victim in his claws,
 And tore him piece-meal with his jaws.
 We all, like silly sheep are prone
 To wander forth in paths alone;
 And Scripture tells us of a foe,
 Who on the earth "walks to and fro,"
 An enemy with cunning power,
 Still seeking whom he may devour;
 And yet whose flattering speech the while
 Is full of artifice and guile:
 But safe that "little flock" of sheep,
 Who by their Heavenly Shepherd sleep;
 The "sheep of his right hand" they are,
 The people of his pasture fair.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

CLOUD-DREAMS.

The sun-set clouds are fleeting by:
 Look in the glowing west;
 The shining clouds float dreamily
 Upon the sky's blue breast.
 Look at an eagle, white as snow,
 His wings are tinged with red;
 And purple ships, which sailing go
 Where waves of fire are spread!

The sun-set clouds are changing now:
 Mountains rise high and higher,
 And stately towers crown their brow
 With pinnacle and spire.
 And now upon an azure lake
 White water-lilies float,
 And Naiads fair the pure blooms take
 To wreath a golden boat.

The sun-set clouds with glory flush;
 The sky, and all is bright;
 And rainbow colors burn and blush
 Amid the amber light;
 While angels bear o'er land and main
 A loved form, cold and dead,
 Two hold the feet, and two sustain
 The flower-crowned, drooping head.

The sun-set clouds are fading fast,
 The dim west glows no more;
 A gloom is o'er my spirit cast,
 Which was so light before.
 In vain the radiant stars, gold-bright,
 On the blue silence start;
 A dreary shadow rests to-night,
 Pall-like, upon my heart.

ADA TREVANION.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

CHARLES SCRIBNER announces—

A History of the Christian Church in tabular form. In Fifteen Tables. Presenting in Parallel Columns a Synopsis of the External and Internal History of the Church from the Birth of Christ to A.D. 1858. By Professor H. B. Smith. 1 volume. Folio.

EACH table contains twelve synchronistic columns, namely, three upon the general characteristics, the contemporaneous history, and the state of Culture and Philosophy in each period; three upon the external history, and six upon the internal history, under the heads of church literature, polity, worship, discipline and life, doctrines, and controversy, heresies and schisms. One table will be devoted to the history of the Church in this country; alphabetical and chronological lists of Councils, Popes and Patriarchs, with a full index, will be appended. This work differs from other chronological tables in aiming at a scientific digest of the materials, rather than a mere collection of facts and dates. The divisions into periods and tables are made, not by centuries, but by signal historic epochs. It will be published in a folio volume of about eighty pages, in the highest style of typography.

CLARK, AUSTIN & SMITH announce—

The Works of the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor, late of New-Haven.

A MANUSCRIPT copy of "Divina Commedia," supposed to be in the handwriting of Petrarch, has lately been discovered at Florence. The Grand Duke and the Hereditary Prince have commissioned the well-known *savant*, Signor Amici, to visit such libraries as possess examples of Petrarch's handwriting, and to take photographic pictures of these documents, in order to compare them with the manuscript which has now come to light, after being for so many years buried in obscurity.

THE REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON has published—

The Divine Library; or, Encyclopedia of Inspiration. The Acts of the Apostles: Received Version in paragraph form. Useful in the department of sacred literature. Also, the Student's memorandum of the Old and New Testaments, a page for every chapter, and an index of subjects for the use of preachers, teachers, parents, and private readers. Baltimore, 68 Lexington street. All good and useful.

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.—The Duchess of Orleans died at Twickenham on Tuesday last, of influenza, after a short illness. The deceased lady, Helen Louise Elizabeth, daughter of the late Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was born in 1814, and on the 30th May, 1837, was married to the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, Ferdinand Duke of Orleans, then in the 27th year of his age. That Prince met with an accidental death on the 13th of July, 1842, leaving two children, of whom the elder, Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans, Comte de Paris, born August 24, 1838, is the present heir of

Orleanist pretensions to the French throne; the younger, Louis Charles, Duc de Chartres, was born in 1840. The Duchess was by Louis Philippe, in his act of abdication on the 24th of February, 1848, appointed guardian to the two sons of the Duke of Orleans and regent of the French kingdom. She behaved with great courage and dignity upon that occasion, making her way through an armed and infuriated mob to the Chamber of Deputies, to whom she appealed in vain for the recognition of her son's title to the crown. The republic having been proclaimed, she quitted the French territory. The confiscation of the Orleans property by Louis Napoleon, and the spirited protest which that measure elicited from the Duchess, who refused to accept the pension with which the Emperor proposed to endow her, are matters of recent history. The Duchess, only a fortnight since, dined at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, and was apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.—*London paper*, May 22.

RESTORATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The Birthplace Committee are disposing of the munificent gift of £2500 from Mr. John Shakespeare in proceeding with the proposed isolation and renovation of the house in which the immortal poet first saw the light. Adopting the suggestion of Mr. Edward Barry, they intend to restore the building, as far as possible, to the state in which it was when Shakespeare was born, stamping any new features which, for safety's sake, may be introduced, that future pilgrims may not confound the modern with the ancient. The house is already detached from its neighbors, and it is intended to surround it with a hedge of yew. The committee also contemplate laying out a garden in a style coeval with the house, and are now laying down in front of it a handsome and appropriate pavement.

THE great catalogue of the British Museum Library now in progress has just received the important addition of two more letters, G and H—the former consisting of eighty-eight, the latter of thirty-seven folio volumes. At the present rate (says the *Athenæum*) we may hope in ten years to see the completion of the great catalogue in 2000 folio volumes.

LORD LYNDHURST has completed his eighty-sixth year; his Lordship is in excellent health. His seniors in the House of Peers are Lord Sinclair, who will complete his 90th year if he lives to the 30th of July next, and the Marquis of Bristol and Viscount St. Vincent, who were born in 1769 and 1767 respectively.

EDWARD CAPERN, the rural postman and poet, is now in London, preparing for publication his second volume of poems, which is to be dedicated, by permission, to Miss Burdett Coutts.

THE mortal remains of Havelock are to be removed from the Allumbagh to England, at the expense of his fellow-officers, and will probably be deposited in Westminster Abbey.

